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July 8, 1939

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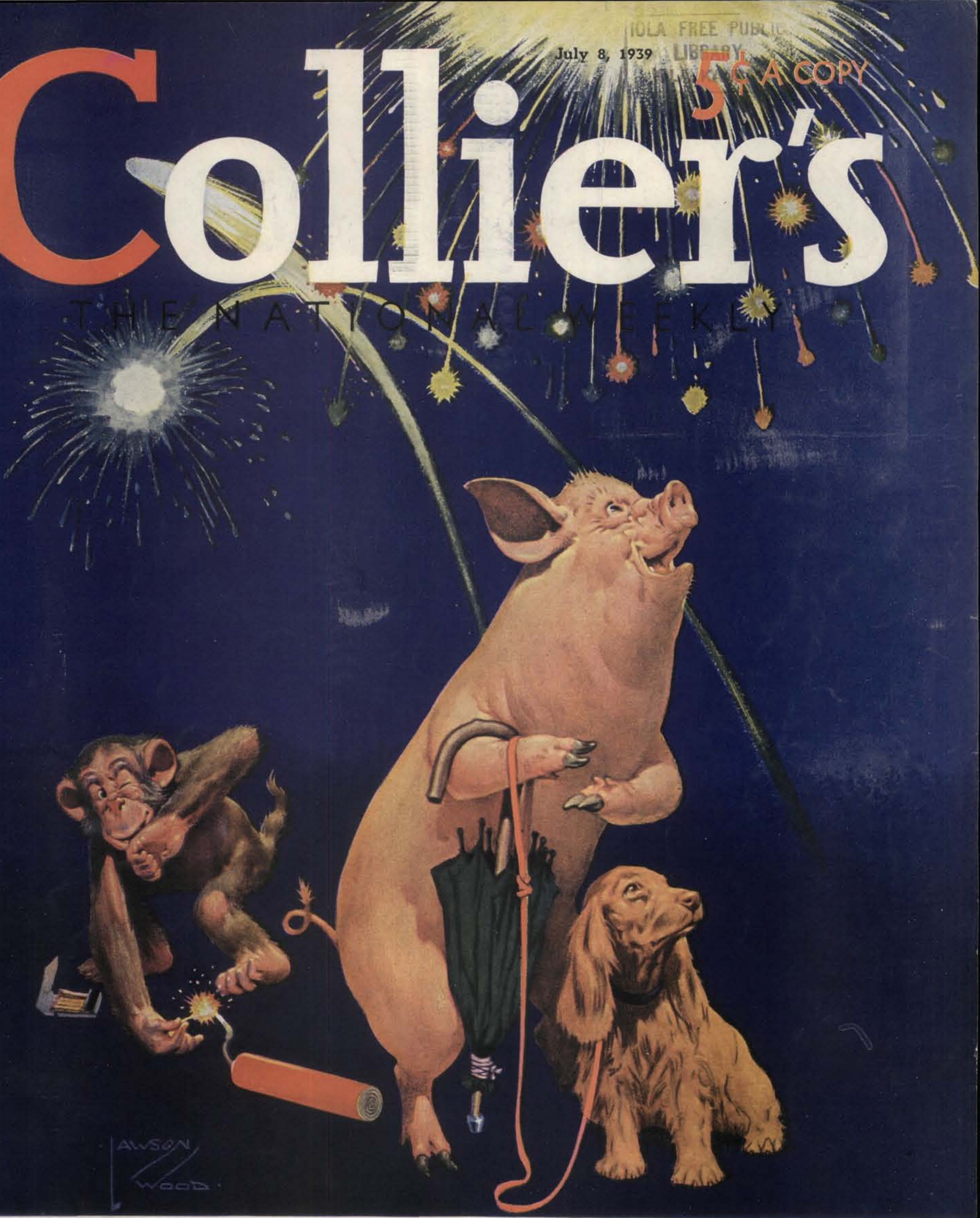
Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



ERICH MARIA REMARQUE'S
GREAT NOVEL OF FUGITIVES FRO

JUNE E THOMPSON
412 EAST ST
IOLA
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JULY 8, 1939

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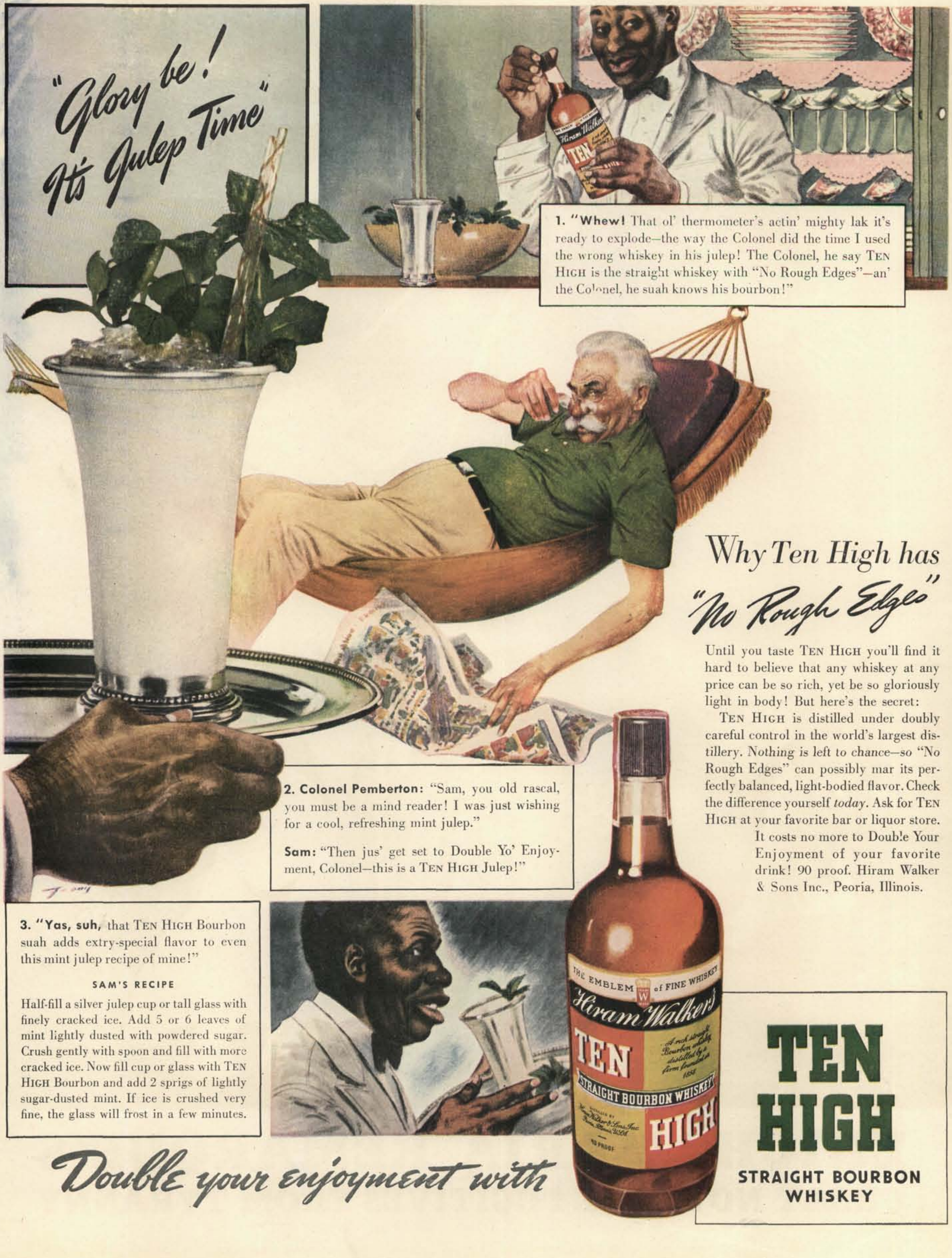


"Glory be! It's Julep Time"

1. **"Whew!** That ol' thermometer's actin' mighty lak it's ready to explode—the way the Colonel did the time I used the wrong whiskey in his julep! The Colonel, he say TEN HIGH is the straight whiskey with "No Rough Edges"—an' the Colonel, he suah knows his bourbon!"

2. **Colonel Pemberton:** "Sam, you old rascal, you must be a mind reader! I was just wishing for a cool, refreshing mint julep."

Sam: "Then jus' get set to Double Yo' Enjoyment, Colonel—this is a TEN HIGH Julep!"

3. **"Yas, suh,** that TEN HIGH Bourbon suah adds extry-special flavor to even this mint julep recipe of mine!"

SAM'S RECIPE

Half-fill a silver julep cup or tall glass with finely cracked ice. Add 5 or 6 leaves of mint lightly dusted with powdered sugar. Crush gently with spoon and fill with more cracked ice. Now fill cup or glass with TEN HIGH Bourbon and add 2 sprigs of lightly sugar-dusted mint. If ice is crushed very fine, the glass will frost in a few minutes.

Why Ten High has "No Rough Edges"

Until you taste TEN HIGH you'll find it hard to believe that any whiskey at any price can be so rich, yet be so gloriously light in body! But here's the secret:

TEN HIGH is distilled under doubly careful control in the world's largest distillery. *Nothing is left to chance*—so "No Rough Edges" can possibly mar its perfectly balanced, light-bodied flavor. Check the difference yourself *today*. Ask for TEN HIGH at your favorite bar or liquor store. It costs no more to Double Your Enjoyment of your favorite drink! 90 proof. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois.

Double your enjoyment with

TEN HIGH

STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

THE NEW, EASY, SCIENTIFIC WAY TO GET RID of DANDRUFF

New Treatment with Listerine Antiseptic attacks the germ itself . . . actual clinical tests resulted in amazing record of quick relief

IF YOU have the slightest evidence of dandruff, don't waste time and money fooling around with remedies which may treat surface symptoms only. Get at the root of the trouble—the germ itself—with a scientifically *proved* treatment, Listerine Antiseptic and massage.

You'll be absolutely amazed how fast this simple, delightful home treatment begins to improve the appearance of the hair and to restore the scalp to its natural healthy condition. Even after the first few treatments you notice a difference.

STRIKES AT CAUSE

Why? Because, when you douse Listerine Antiseptic on, it soaks hair follicles and scalp in an antiseptic bath. It annihilates the stubborn little germ—*Pityrosporum ovale, which Scientists only recently discovered causes dandruff.*

Remember, this scientific treatment with Listerine Antiseptic is *not* based on empty theory. It has been proved, in test after test, both in laboratory and clinic. In one typical test, for example, a group of dandruff sufferers at a great mid-western skin clinic were instructed to use the daily Listerine Antiseptic Treatment. *Within the first two weeks, on an average,* a substantial number had obtained marked relief.

In another instance, 76% of a group at a New Jersey clinic who were told to use the Listerine Antiseptic Treatment twice daily showed either complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, the symptoms within a single month.

GET REAL RESULTS

So start getting rid of your dandruff *today,* with Listerine Antiseptic . . . the same Listerine Antiseptic which you keep on your bathroom shelf as a germicidal mouth wash and gargle. Feel the delightful, invigorating tingle as you massage with it. And even when the last sign of dandruff has disappeared, continue to enjoy a Listerine Antiseptic treatment from time to time to guard against re-infection.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Louis, Mo.*

THE TREATMENT

MEN: Douse Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp *at least once a day.*

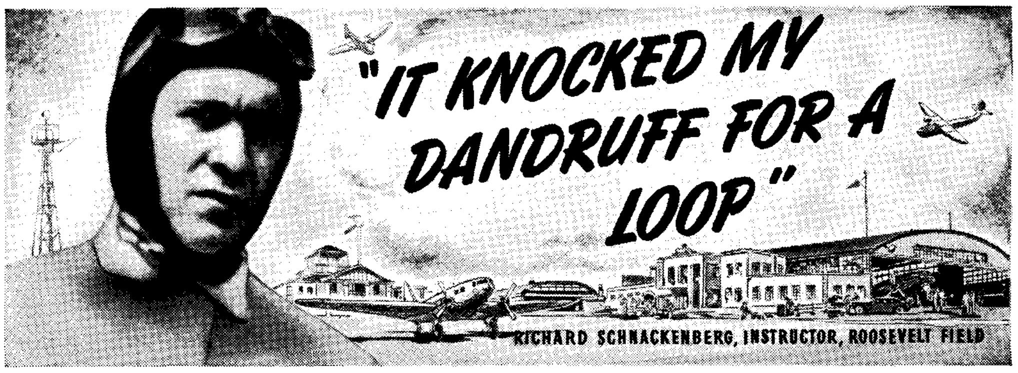
WOMEN: Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic right along the part with a medicine dropper, to avoid wetting the hair excessively.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage with fingers or a good hair brush. But don't expect overnight results, because germ conditions cannot be cleared up that fast.

Genuine Listerine Antiseptic is guaranteed not to bleach the hair or affect texture.

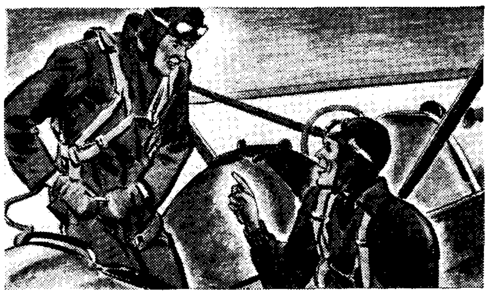
LISTERINE
Tested and Approved
4602
by Good Housekeeping Bureau
Conducted by Good Housekeeping Magazine

LISTERINE *THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC*


"IT KNOCKED MY DANDRUFF FOR A LOOP"

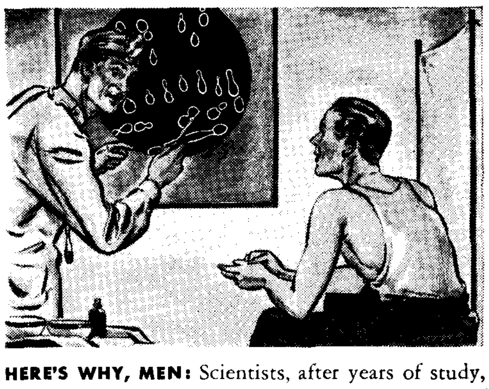
RICHARD SCHNACKENBERG, INSTRUCTOR, ROOSEVELT FIELD

"TEACHING STUDENTS TO FLY is no soft snap. It's a business like any other . . . and, don't fool yourself, appearances count in business. That's why I was so *extra* anxious to clear up a stubborn case of dandruff I had suffered from for years. I guess I tried every dandruff remedy put out. But it was no go. I just couldn't get rid of my dandruff.



"THEN, ONE DAY a pal of mine told me about Listerine. 'Cleaned up an ugly case I had in a few short weeks,' he said, 'haven't had a trace since I've been on the Listerine treatment.' Using a mouthwash on my hair didn't seem to make much sense. But Bill was so enthusiastic I gave Listerine a try.

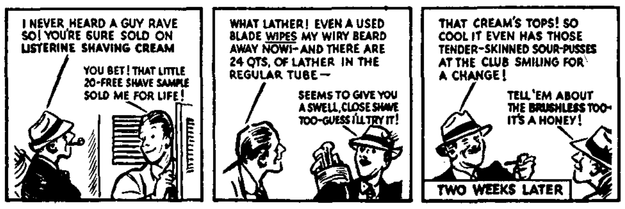
"AND AM I GLAD! In a short time . . . every trace of dandruff had disappeared. Next time I have my regulation physical checkup I am going to ask the Doc about Listerine Antiseptic . . . why it cleared up dandruff so fast."



HERE'S WHY, MEN: Scientists, after years of study, have only recently discovered the tiny dandruff germ—*Pityrosporum ovale.* Once they knew the germ, they made real headway. First, rabbits were infected . . . then cured by killing the germ with Listerine Antiseptic. Finally, the same Listerine Antiseptic Treatment was tried out on humans.

RESULTS WERE SENSATIONAL. In one test, for example, 76% of a group who used the Listerine Antiseptic Treatment twice a day, showed complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, the symptoms within 30 days! And after all, what could be more logical? Dandruff is a germ disease. Use an antiseptic—a germicide—to clear it up.

HERE'S WHY WE CAN AFFORD TO OFFER YOU *20 FREE SHAVES*


I NEVER HEARD A GUY RAVE SO! YOU'RE SURE SOLD ON LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM
YOU BET! THAT LITTLE 20-FREE SHAVE SAMPLE SOLD ME FOR LIFE!
WHAT LATHER! EVEN A USED BLADE WIPES MY WIRY BEARD AWAY NOW!—AND THERE ARE 24 QTS. OF LATHER IN THE REGULAR TUBE—
SEEMS TO GIVE YOU A SWELL, CLOSE SHAVE TOO—GUESS I'LL TRY IT!
THAT CREAM'S TOPS! SO COOL IT EVEN HAS THOSE TENDER-SKINNED SOUR-PUSSES AT THE CLUB SMILING FOR A CHANGE!
TELL 'EM ABOUT THE BRUSHLESS TOO—IT'S A HONEY!
TWO WEEKS LATER

Clip this coupon
20
SHAVES FREE

Lambert Pharmacal Co., Dept. 49, St. Louis, Mo. Please send me free and post-paid your large sample tube of ☐ Listerine Shaving Cream; ☐ Listerine Brushless Cream. (Check whichever is desired.)

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Collier's

July 8, 1939

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IFOR THOMAS Photographs
MAX WILKINSON Fiction
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
JOHN T. FLYNN Associate Editor

Next Week

THE tremendous price all of us must pay for our hypocrisy about birth control already is showing up in graphic red ink on the national ledger.

Scientists are looking at the cold figures—too much human scrub stock is breeding too fast, too little healthy intelligence is being reproduced.

You may be surprised at how intimately such things affect you. Dr. Robert C. Cook, eminent authority on genetics and population problems, tells the story of "Bootleg Birth Control."

ALONG the coast of Ulster and Connaught are many islands—Inish this and Inish that. Brave and mighty are the Irish there, and sure, their stalwart womenfolk are of a breed seen nowhere else on this broad earth. The Irish wolf dogs—but such is not for our telling. R. G. Kirk, and he alone, is fit to spin this roaring tale of sea and wind, and of the love that women save for heroes. He titles it, "A Priest for the MacLir."

THERE are radios easily tunable to Hollywood, Broadway and Chicago, even along the mudbanks of the remote streams which feed the Ohio. Even wide places in the road have movie houses. But the showboat, with its corny histrionics, its calliope and its limestone candy, still is a revered institution. Kyle Crichton takes you aboard Cap Reynolds' craft and shows you why the old ways are the best ways—for "Showboat" customers.

FOR the benefit of those unenlightened readers who may not know baseball slang, let it be here recorded that an "Ivory Hunter" is a very important person in the industry. We record that because we think that even unenlightened readers will be interested in Quentin Reynolds' story of Ivory-Hunter Charlie Graham.

GURNEY WILLIAMS is just a little "teched" on the subject of model airplanes. We just want to forewarn you lest you be too easily affected by his enthusiasm for the "Small Fly" with their tiny hornet motors and their heartbreaking pickishness.

ERNEST HAYCOX, Frank Condon, Pat Frank and Nancy Hale are going to be in there with new short stories, but we won't urge you to rush out and buy next week's issue until you've read the first installment of Erich Maria Remarque's "Flotsam" in this one. Then we won't need to urge you.

This Week

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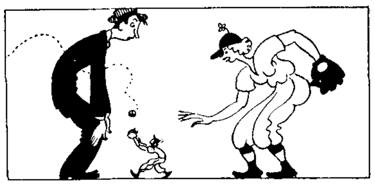
Rake's Progress. Page 58

COVER LAWSON WOOD

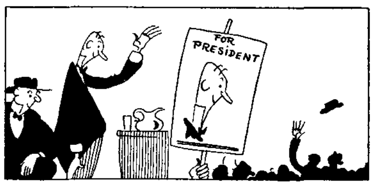
Any Week

A FRIEND of ours reports that "one of the most celebrated bubble-minds in the Administration" was observed by him walking down Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington, talking pretty violently to himself and driving his words home with appropriate gestures. Directly behind this somewhat overwrought gentleman came a middle-aged lady "obviously a veteran of many years in a government bureau." And she was glaring at the brain-truster's back, saying aloud to herself: "Look at him, look at him. Crazy as a June bug." Says our friend: "It was all very funny to me until I suddenly realized that I was saying: 'Couple of screwballs, couple of screwballs.' And this," says our friend, "was nowhere near the Treasury Department either, where talking to oneself has been going on so long that it's regarded as normal."

MR. J. P. GERMAN of Mount Vernon, New York, went to see a couple of girl teams play a softball double-header. Mr. German was in excellent humor, filled, he explains, with a will to be amused and "three Swiss cheese on rye and a few beers." The girls amazed Mr. German, seeing his first game, with their fast play, their hitting and their well-distributed beauty. He tells us that they "looked very lady-like, too." In fact, everything went off so well that Mr. German was inspired to speak to the captain of the winning team—"a blonde, oh, boy, oh, boy"—who reminded him rather sharply of a gentle creature he knew when he was young and tender. Said Mr. German to the lass: "Congratulations, my dear young lady. You're a fine ballplayer." Said the pretty child: "Why the hell oughtn't I be, ya big ape. These mugs are paying me for being good." Mr. German left the park with a sadness that nothing but a few more beers could relieve.



ALSO we appreciate the self-assurance of a brilliant but slightly underdone young man in the attorney general's department who, when told that a manufacturer in strike-stricken Detroit had referred to him as a "pop-bottle pup," snapped his fingers and dismissed the whole affair with: "But I'm Uncle Sam; who is he?" That, we think, is the spirit that makes for harmony and understanding between industry and government, between capital and labor. A little more co-ordination of that sort and we'd all be wallowing in an unprecedented prosperity. Which reminds us that a considerable number of you, notably Mrs. Ella Seeker of Lewiston, Maine, have insisted that we say something about "the inability of the employer and the worker to get together on anything except scorn of the National Labor Relations Board, which," sighs Mrs. Seeker, "can arrive at the wrong decision quicker than Prime Minister Chamberlain."



FOR all we know, the world's troubles may be the result of too much brilliance in high places. The vast majority of us aren't able to keep up with such dazzling show of blazing force and iridescent oratory. We're not intellectually geared to such omniscience from so many sources. We shouldn't be at all surprised if Dr. Bern H. Kemble of New Orleans, Louisiana, were right. The doctor says: "We need a return to the old dull days and the undisturbed quiet of the prewar era. Please use your influence to defeat the presidential aspirations of all bright minds and flashing intellects. Let both parties nominate stolid, uninspired candidates, even stuffed shirts. Mistakes made under such cement-heads are easily remedied. But when you're blasted by Jovian bolts you're permanently disabled. Let the people rule, say I. They'll make a hell of a mess of things but they'll have a much better time."

AS MUCH as we enjoy reading the reports of the Honorable Martin Dies' burrowing deeply into our more superficial un-American activities, we regret, like Mr. George Charles Bangs of Birmingham, Alabama, the absence from Mr. Dies' witness stand of the most furious and to us the most entertaining of all American menace-hounders. There was a fellow who knew subversive influences when he saw, heard, scented or sensed them. Long before Mr. Dies, this ignored gentleman was shouting himself hoarse, screaming so fearfully that the menaces of his day fled with their hands over their ears. Mr. Bangs thinks, and so do we, that it's unfair not to summon him.

THE Honorable Tom Heflin. W. D.

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RUN NO RISK!

YOU...YOUR FAMILY...YOUR CAR! CAN NOW BE COMPLETELY SAFE!

As Necessary As
4-WHEEL BRAKES
ALL-STEEL BODY
SAFETY GLASS

GOODYEAR LIFEGUARDS

LIFEGUARD is a trade-mark of The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company.

LIFEGUARDS prevent accidents! Now you don't have to risk any danger from blowouts! You . . . your family . . . and your car can be as *completely protected* against blowout dangers as if blowouts didn't exist!

LifeGuards take all of the danger out of blowouts! Pioneered and developed by Goodyear . . . proved by countless millions of miles of service in the hands of hundreds of thousands of owners . . . LifeGuards have become accepted as motoring's fourth great safety achievement!

They're as necessary to *complete motoring safety* as 4-wheel brakes, all-steel body and safety glass!

A Safety Tire Within Your Tire

LifeGuard is considered by many as Goodyear's greatest achievement. Unquestionably it is Goodyear's greatest safety achievement!

LifeGuard is a 2-ply safety tire built inside an extra-sturdy tube which replaces the conventional inner tube in your tire. If outer casing and tube blow out or collapse from any cause, LifeGuard remains inflated long enough to enable you to bring your car to a smooth, controlled stop. No weave . . . no lurch . . . no wheel-fight! A blowout becomes merely an incident . . . not an accident!

Only Goodyear Makes LifeGuard

LifeGuard is an exclusive Goodyear development! Don't confuse LifeGuard with so-called puncture-proof tubes, which afford no protection against blowouts.

In sizes available, LifeGuard fits any make of tire, new or now in service. New tires need LifeGuards, because no tire—not even the finest built—is blowout-proof . . . no tire is puncture-proof! Old tires need LifeGuards, because the likelihood of a blowout increases as the tire wears.

So don't wait until you buy new casings. Put LifeGuards in your present tires. LifeGuards will outwear more than one set of casings, and you can easily transfer them to new tires later, or to another car when you buy one!

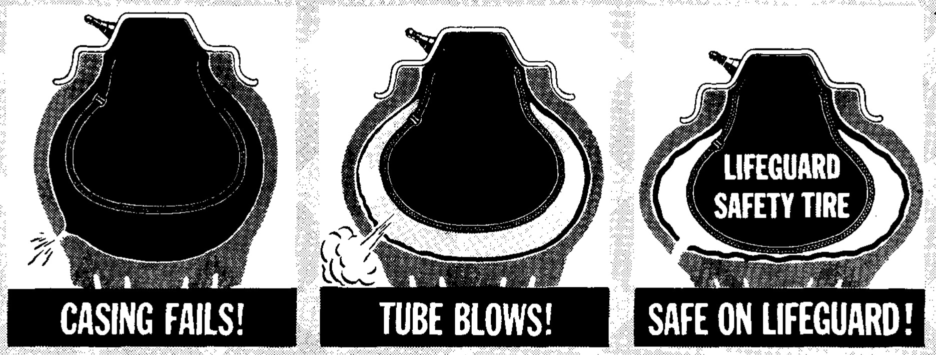
In the meantime, don't run any risk with your safety...your family's safety...your car's safety. Get LifeGuards from your Goodyear dealer or your car dealer! *You can't get better protection to save your life!*

* * *

PAY FOR THIS SAFETY AS YOU RIDE!

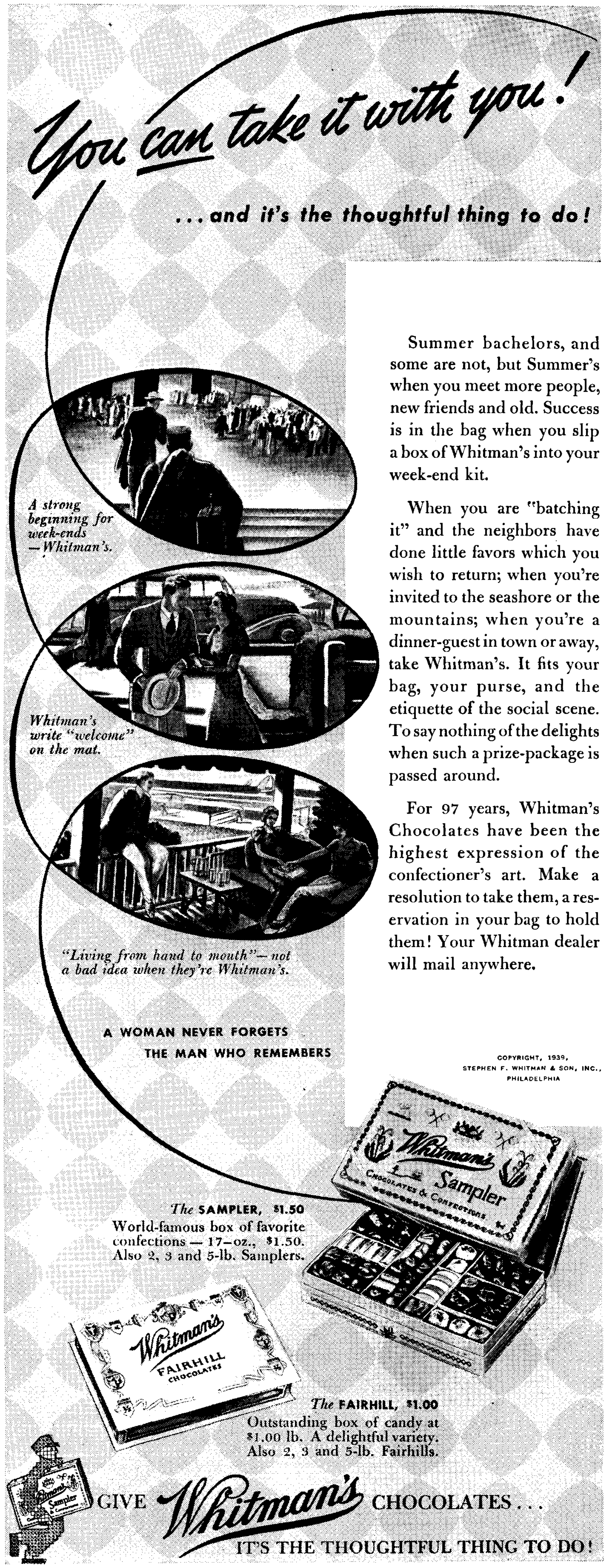
Your car dealer can equip your new car with LifeGuards—in sizes available—from his own stock, or arrange to have it equipped through local Goodyear dealers. The slight extra cost can be added to your financing plan or handled on an Easy Pay Plan.

LIFEGUARDS PREVENT ACCIDENTS!



NOT A TIRE...NOT A TUBE...BUT AN ENTIRELY NEW SAFETY INVENTION!

Modern successor to the inner tube, the LifeGuard replaces the conventional tube. It is a 2-ply *safety tire* inside a tube . . . both inflated through the same valve. If casing and tube fail, front or rear, the inner tire holds air to support the car until it can be brought to a smooth, safe stop. *A LifeGuard-equipped car may be readily identified by the yellow and blue valve stems.*



You can take it with you!
... and it's the thoughtful thing to do!
A strong beginning for week-ends — Whitman's.
Whitman's write "welcome" on the mat.
"Living from hand to mouth"— not a bad idea when they're Whitman's.
Whitman's Sampler Chocolates & Confections
Whitman's Fairhill Chocolates

Summer bachelors, and some are not, but Summer's when you meet more people, new friends and old. Success is in the bag when you slip a box of Whitman's into your week-end kit.

When you are "batching it" and the neighbors have done little favors which you wish to return; when you're invited to the seashore or the mountains; when you're a dinner-guest in town or away, take Whitman's. It fits your bag, your purse, and the etiquette of the social scene. To say nothing of the delights when such a prize-package is passed around.

For 97 years, Whitman's Chocolates have been the highest expression of the confectioner's art. Make a resolution to take them, a reservation in your bag to hold them! Your Whitman dealer will mail anywhere.

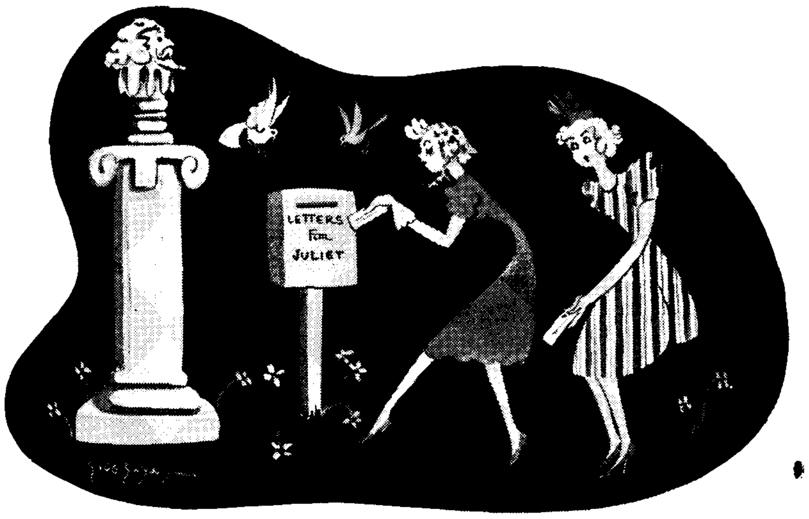
A WOMAN NEVER FORGETS
THE MAN WHO REMEMBERS

COPYRIGHT, 1939,
STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, INC.,
PHILADELPHIA

The **SAMPLER, $1.50**
World-famous box of favorite confections — 17-oz., $1.50. Also 2, 3 and 5-lb. Samplers.

The **FAIRHILL, $1.00**
Outstanding box of candy at $1.00 lb. A delightful variety. Also 2, 3 and 5-lb. Fairhills.

GIVE Whitman's CHOCOLATES...
IT'S THE THOUGHTFUL THING TO DO!



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

A small chapel in Verona, Italy, city in which the story of "Romeo and Juliet" was laid, contains a tomb of this fictitious lady, guarded by a bust of Shakespeare. Beside it is a box labeled "Letters for Juliet" in which optimistic damsels drop notes asking her advice and help in their love affairs.

The total number of descendants of any colonial family that settled in this country between 1620 and 1640 is estimated to be more than two hundred thousand.

Probably the closest approach to death without actually dying is a condition occurring in mitelike water creatures known as *Tardigrada*. When dried they completely stop their metabolism. Yet when moistened again, even after a lapse of several weeks, they revive and regain their normal life rhythm.—*By G. Arthur Somers, Oakland, California.*

Since 1843 a London firm has specialized in the auction of wills made by their clients and wills in which the clients were the beneficiaries. Those selling their own wills have usually been older persons who needed money but did not wish to give up their homes; those selling the wills of their relatives have usually been young people who preferred a small amount in the hand to a larger sum later.

Approximately 1,500 of the marriage licenses issued in the United States each week are never used. —*By Wilda A. Miller, New York City.*

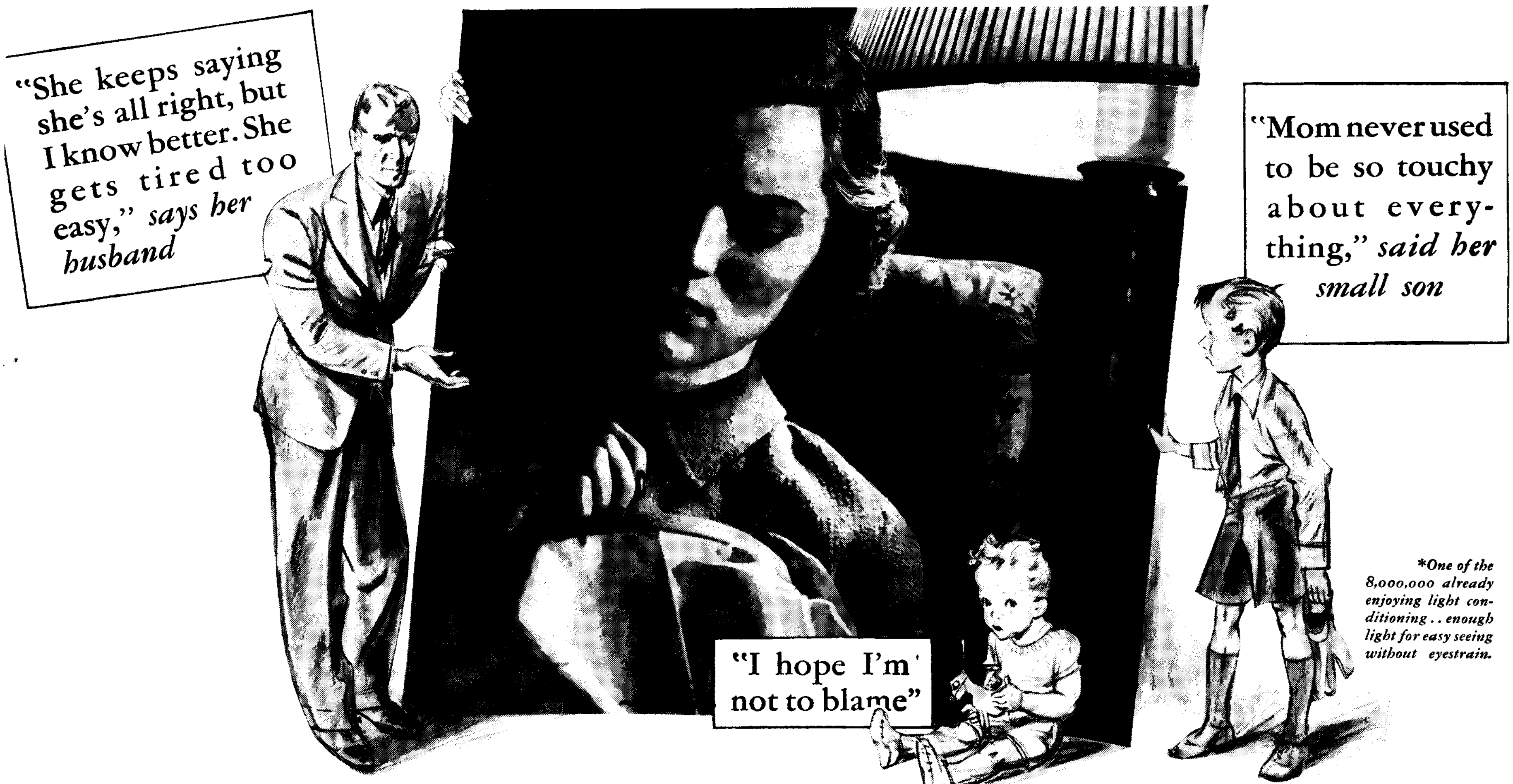
A rare case of compensation for the imprisonment of an innocent man is that of Oscar Slater of Glasgow, Scotland. In 1909 he was convicted and sentenced to death for the murder of a woman, but the sentence was later commuted to one of penal servitude for life. In 1927, after spending eighteen years in Peterhead Prison, he established his innocence, was released and awarded $30,000.

Albania's new Premier, Shefket Verlaci Bey, has finally succeeded in satisfying his honor and fulfilling his revenge against his greatest enemy and countryman, ex-King Zog, who jilted his daughter about twenty years ago. Sworn to avenge this blackest of all Albanian crimes, Bey was not only instrumental in bringing about the Italian coup, but he now has Zog's job.

A rolling stone, symbolic of "the stone rolled away from the sepulcher" of Jesus, will be a unique feature of the Catholic Cathedral now being built in Liverpool, England. Already finished and weighing almost six tons, it is to be used to open and close the entrance to the Chapel of Relics.

High-pressure steam, which is invisible, can be made so hot that it will light a cigarette.—*By George M. Thorpe, Topeka, Kansas.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher



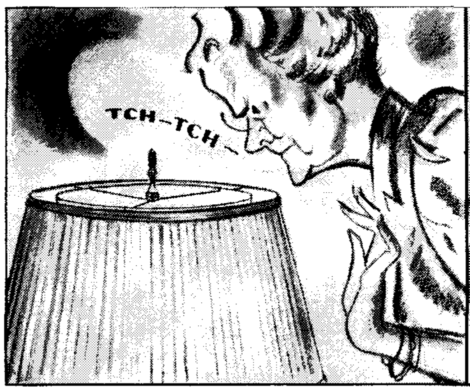
"She keeps saying she's all right, but I know better. She gets tired too easy," *says her husband*

"Mom never used to be so touchy about everything," *said her small son*

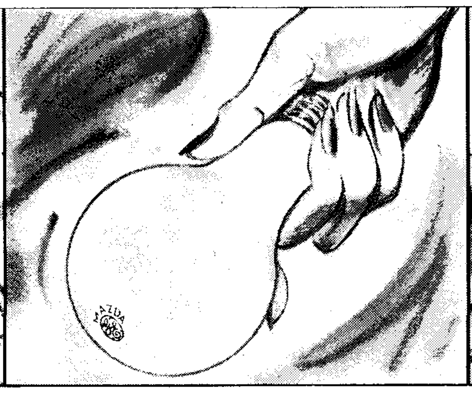
"I hope I'm not to blame"

**One of the 8,000,000 already enjoying light conditioning.. enough light for easy seeing without eyestrain.*

..and then Aunt Emma* arrived



1. Aunt Emma: *"Cranky, is she? No wonder..with a 40-watt bulb for sewing."*



2. *"Here's what you need..a 150-watt G-E bulb for that I. E. S. lamp."*

3. *"See what a difference the right bulb makes to your eyes."*

LIGHT-CONDITIONING COST NOTE:

Better light-better sight for a big basket of sewing or reading a "best seller" costs less than a package of gum

4. *"And don't worry about using it .. costs less than you think."*

See for yourself how "LIGHT CONDITIONING" helps and protects your eyes

In your clothes closet, try a 60-watt G-E MAZDA lamp. Stops groping.

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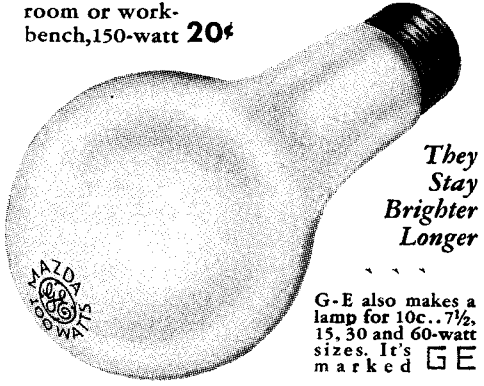

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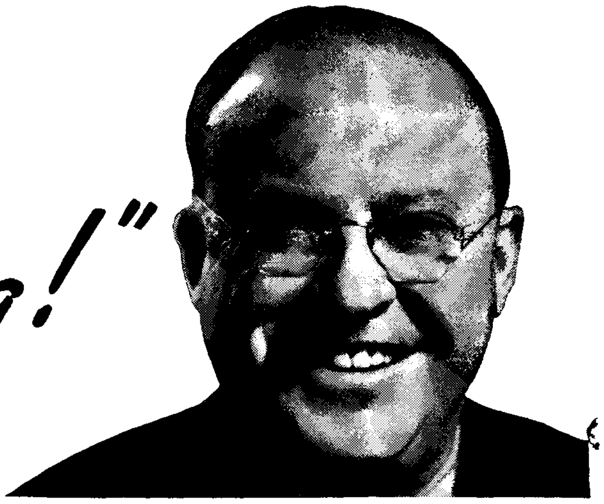
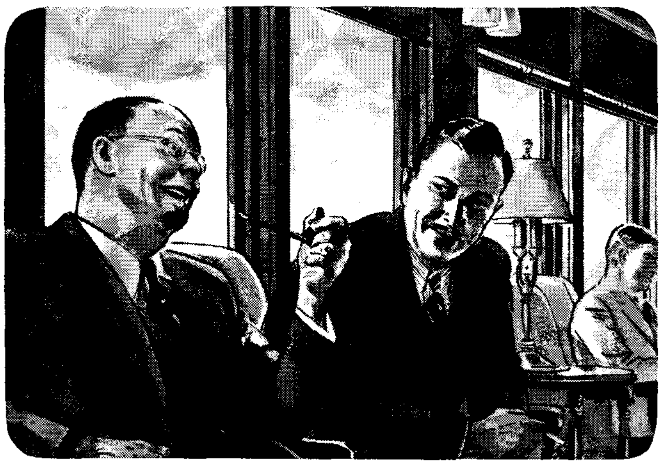
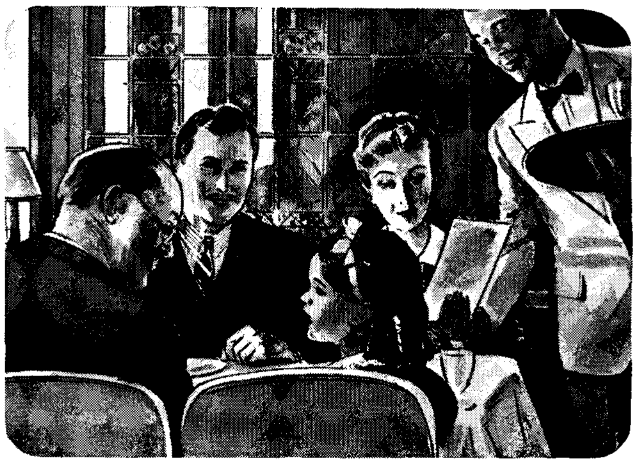


WRITES DELMAR GEE, OF CHICAGO, ILL., ABOUT HIS RECENT PULLMAN TRIP

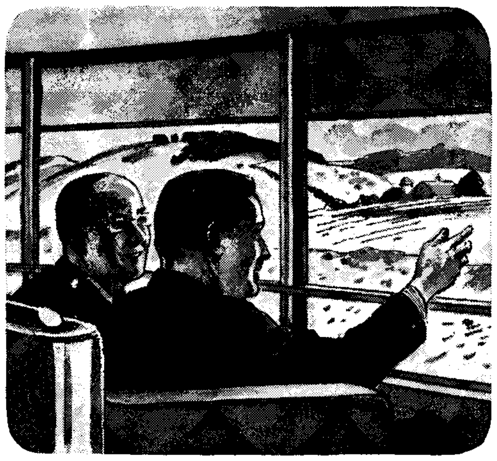
"Your amazing service and wealth of conveniences, I should think would make every Pullman trip a pleasant one," writes Mr. Gee. "But when you get right down to it—it's the people you meet and talk to that count! They can make a trip so thoroughly enjoyable, you're sorry about arriving! That's how I felt about the recent Pullman trip I made to Los Angeles . . .



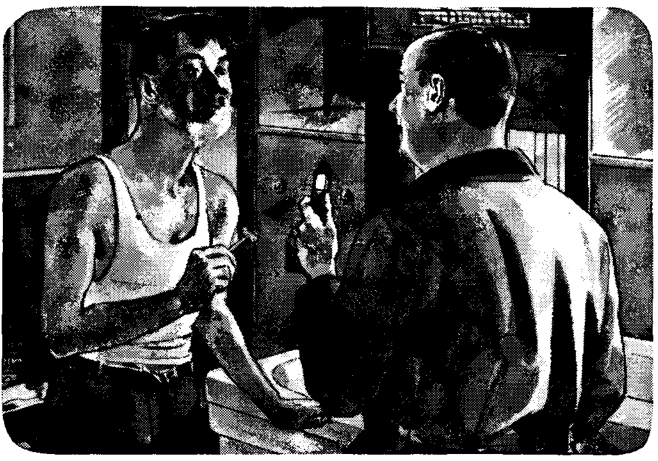
"THERE'S SOMETHING about a Pullman lounge car that conveys an immediate air of friendliness. It's so comfortable and roomy, you're bound to feel at home! And it seems the most natural thing in the world to start up a conversation with your 'neighbors'! The chap I got acquainted with proved to be mighty interesting . . . ➜



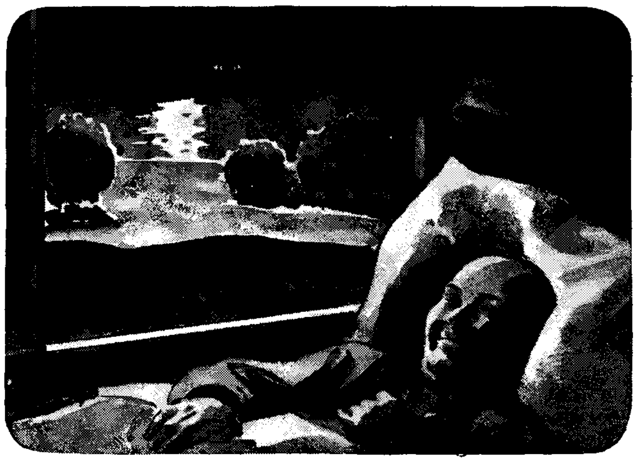
"HE WAS TRAVELING with his wife and young daughter. And he insisted that I join them all at their table in the dining car. I don't mind saying I was a bit lonely—and I'm one of these people that dislike eating alone. So you can imagine how much that one act of genuine friendliness meant to me!



"LATER, this chap started to talk about the countryside we were crossing. He knew it like a book—and, as he spoke, I began to see those farmlands and prairie towns through new eyes! Began to feel as if I really knew the country! ➜



"THEN THERE WAS the chap I met in the men's dressing room the next morning. I mentioned something about hating to shave, and he said, 'Try my shaving cream—and see what a difference it makes!' He was so friendly and earnest, I accepted his offer. Incidentally, I got the best shave of my life! So there's congeniality, *plus* . . . ➜



"THAT NIGHT (the last of my trip) I was lying in my lower, thinking of the people I had met. Without exception they had been the friendliest of fellow travelers. And when you add this to the services and conveniences you people provide, there's only one answer . . . it's a *real* pleasure to go Pullman!"

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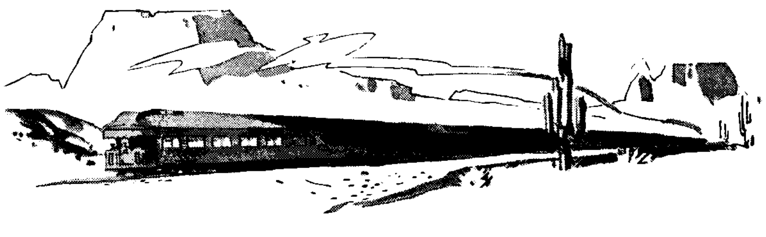

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KANSAS

Collier's The National Weekly for July 8, 1939

FLOTSAM

BY ERICH MARIA REMARQUE

TRANSLATED BY DENVER LINDLEY

"I don't know," Kern whispered. "Something woke me, something I heard"

A new novel by the author of All Quiet on the Western Front—the story of the victims of tyranny

KERN awoke with a start out of deep, dream-haunted sleep and listened. Like all hunted creatures he was completely conscious at once, alert and ready for flight. As he sat motionless on the bed, his thin body bent forward, his eyes intent on the door, he turned over in his mind ways of escape in case the entry hall was blocked.

The room was small with a high ceiling. It was on the fourth floor and its one window opened on a courtyard. There was no balcony outside and no cornice from which he could reach the rain pipes. Flight in that direction was impossible. There was only one other way: along the hall on the floor above to the attic and from there across the roof to the next house.

Kern glanced at the illuminated dial of his watch. It was a little after five. The room was still almost completely black. Through the darkness the sheets on the two other beds shimmered, an uncertain gray. The Pole, who slept next to the wall, was snoring.

Cautiously Kern slid out of bed and crept to the door. At that moment the man in the middle bed moved. "Is something wrong?" he whispered.

Kern made no reply; he had his ear pressed against the door.

The other sat up and fumbled among the things hanging on the iron bedstead. A pocket flash went on, casting a weak, uncertain beam over a section of the brown door, from which paint was scaling, and the figure of Kern, with mussed hair, standing in rumpled underwear and socks at the keyhole, listening.

"Damn it, what's up?" hissed the man on the bed.

"I don't know," Kern whispered. "Something woke me, something I heard."

"Something! What was it, you idiot?"

"Downstairs, something downstairs. A rumpus, steps, something like that."

THE man got up and came to the door. He wore a yellow shirt beneath which a pair of hairy, muscular legs could be seen in the glow of the flashlight. He listened intently for a moment. Then he asked, "How long have you been staying here?"

"Two months."

"Has there been a raid in that time?"

Kern shook his head. "No, there hasn't been any."

"There you are!" the man snorted. "You've been hearing things. When you're asleep a squeak sounds like thunder."

He threw the light in Kern's face. "You're just a kid. Eighteen or nineteen, eh?"

"*Jesu Christo na piero donclapca*—" gurgled the Pole in the corner.

The man in the shirt turned his flashlight across the room. Out of the darkness emerged a wild, black beard, a great, gaping mouth and two deep-set, staring eyes under bushy brows.

"Shut up about Jesus Christ, Polack," he growled good-humoredly. "He's not alive any more. Died at the Somme fighting as a volunteer."

"*Peremnje?*"

"There! There it is again!" Kern stepped back from the door. "Someone's coming. We've got to beat it across the roof."

The other spun around like a top. There was a sound of closing doors and lowered voices. "Damn it! Get going! Polski, run for it! Police!"

He seized his things from the bed. "Know the way?" he asked Kern.

"Yes. Along the hall to the right, up the stairs beside the sink."

"Hurry it up!" He opened the door quietly.

"Madonna," gurgled the Pole.

"Shut up! Don't give us away!"

The man shut the door. He and Kern raced along the narrow, dirty hall. Now they could distinctly hear noises and commands from below. They ran so silently they could hear the tap dripping in the sink.

"Turn here," Kern whispered. He swung around the corner, ran into something and staggered. He saw a uniform and tried to turn back. At that instant he was struck on the arm. "Halt! Raise your hands!" came an order from the darkness.

Kern let his things tumble to the floor. The blow had landed on his left elbow and his arm was numb. The man in the shirt seemed to be considering making a break for the street in the darkness. Then he glanced at the barrel of the revolver that a second policeman was pressing against his chest and slowly raised his arms.

"Turn around!" ordered the voice. "Stand by the window!"

The two obeyed.

"See if there's anything in that stuff," said the policeman with the revolver.

THE second policeman searched the clothes on the floor. "Thirty-five schillings—a pipe—a pocketknife—nothing else—"

"No papers?"

"Couple of letters."

"No passports?"

"No."

"Where are your passports?" asked the policeman with the revolver.

"I haven't a passport," Kern said.

"Of course not. And you there?" The policeman poked his revolver into the ribs of the man in the shirt.

The man turned around slowly. "You there?" he said. "Who do you mean by you there?"

The policemen looked at each other. The one without a revolver began to laugh. The other licked his lips. "Just look," he said slowly, "a fine gentleman! His Excellency the Bum! General Stinker!" He drew back his arm and struck the man on the chin. "Keep your hands up!" he roared as the other staggered.

The man looked at him. Kern thought he had never seen such a glance. "I mean you, you scum," said the policeman. "We'll attend to you."

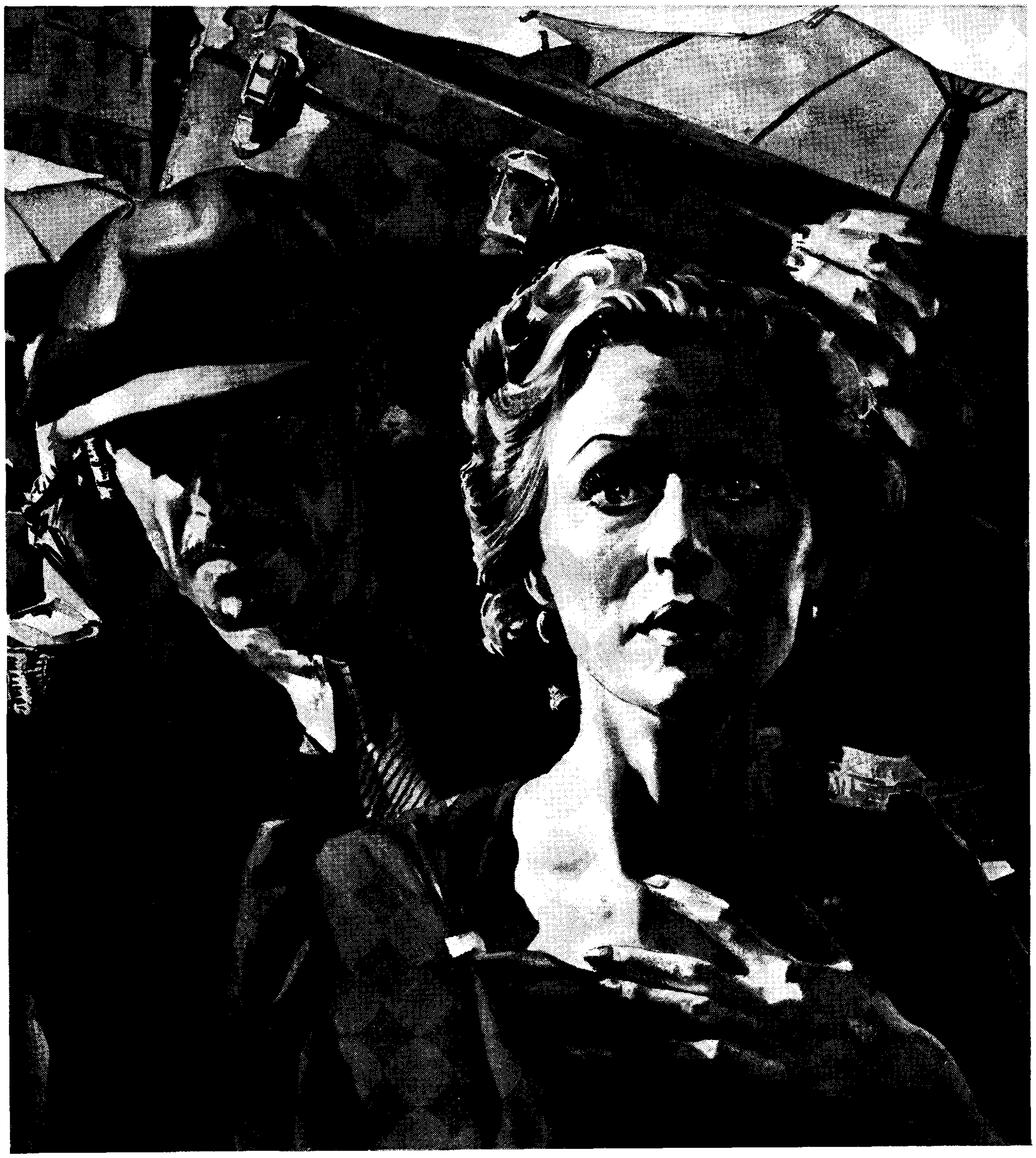
"I haven't a passport," the man said.

"I haven't a passport," the policeman mimicked. "No, indeed. And so we have to be respectful in addressing such a fine gentleman! Now get dressed and make it snappy!"

A group of policemen came along the hall. They were pulling open doors. One of them with shoulder stripes came up. "What have you got there?"

"A couple of birds who wanted to fly away over the roof."

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE



"Don't look around," he said. "It's me. Go on walking." Her shoulders quivered and she threw back her head

"Aha!" The officer looked at them. His face was narrow and pale. He wore a carefully trimmed, small, black mustache and smelled of eau de Cologne. "We'll take special care of these two. Handcuffs!"

"Are the Viennese police allowed to strike a man while making an arrest?" asked the man in the shirt.

The officer looked up. "What's your name?"

"Steiner. Josef Steiner."

"He hasn't a passport and he threatened us," explained the policeman with the revolver.

"There's a lot more allowed than you think," the officer said sharply. "Get them downstairs!"

The two put on their clothes, and the policeman got out handcuffs. "Come, my pets. There, now you look better. They fit like they were made to order."

Kern felt the cool steel on his wrists. It was the first time in his life he had been fettered.

Outside it was the gray of dawn. Three police trucks stood in front of the house. Steiner made a wry face. "First-class funeral. Pretty fine, eh kid?"

Kern did not answer.

About thirty people had been arrested and now stood on the street. They were being loaded into the trucks. Most of them climbed in silently. The owner of the building, a fat, bright-blond woman of fifty, alone was raising an angry protest. Several months before, she had converted two empty floors of her dilapidated house into a kind of cheap rooming place. Word had soon got around that you could sleep there without reporting to the police if you paid for the night in advance. The price was one schilling; with sheets, one schilling fifty groschen. The woman had only four legitimate boarders who had passports and were registered with the police—a peddler, a rat-killer and two prostitutes. The others crept in after dark. Almost half of them were emigrants and refugees from Germany, Poland, Russia and Italy.

"GET in, get in!" the lieutenant with the little mustache was saying to the landlady. "You can explain all that at the police station. You'll have time enough for it there."

"I protest—" screamed the woman.

"Protest all you like. For the time being come along with us."

Two policemen seized the woman under the arms and pushed her into the truck.

The lieutenant glanced at Kern and Steiner. "Now, these two. Keep an eye on them."

"Thanks," said Steiner and got in. Kern was silent.

The trucks were filled and pulled away.

The streets were almost deserted and the trucks moved fast. Near the Franz Josef bridge a car loaded with vegetables crossed in front of them. Brakes screamed; then the trucks started on again. At that moment one of the prisoners climbed to the side of the second truck and leaped. His coat caught. He fell diagonally across the mudguard, made a swimming motion with his arms and struck the cobblestones with a sharp, dry crack.

"Stop! Back there!" shouted the leader. "Shoot if he doesn't stay where he is!"

The truck jolted to a stop. Policemen scrambled down and ran to the place where the man lay. The chauffeur, seeing that he was making no attempt to escape, slowly backed up the machine.

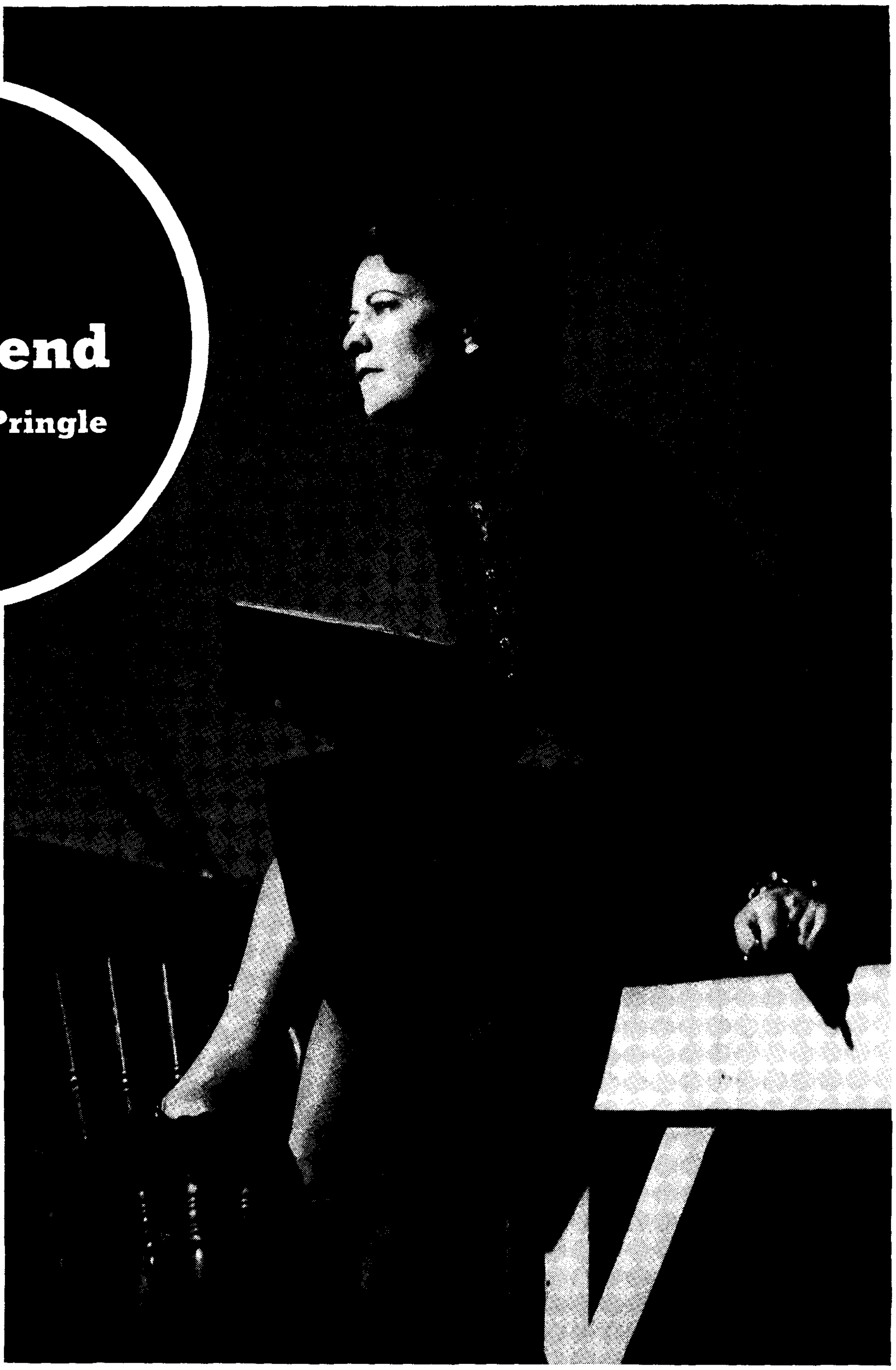
The man lay on his back. His head had struck the pavement. Lying there with arms and legs outspread in his open overcoat, he looked like a giant bat that had crashed to earth.

(Continued on page 48)

The Bard's Girl Friend

By Henry F. Pringle

When William Shakespeare began to make steady money on Broadway it was thanks to a redheaded girl named Margaret Webster. She is the director who discovered how to make Shakespearean actors act



VALENTE

Five-hour tragedies or 45-minute comedies—it's all Shakespeare to Director Margaret Webster

IT IS still the fashion among many Broadway directors to be queer cattle. One of the really eminent among them becomes acutely deaf at some point during rehearsals and can hear nothing the actors, actresses or technicians say. At that, it may be a smart trick. Another director blows up periodically and hurls a chair or table across the stage while screaming like a banshee.

Miss Margaret Webster, unusual because she is a lady director and famous because she has helped to make Shakespeare incomparably popular on Broadway, is also unusual because she is sane, calm and cheerful. But this doesn't mean that she can't lose her temper. Last fall she was commanding the final dress rehearsal of Maurice Evans' Hamlet the night before the opening. A vital point in one scene was an exactly correct sound effect off stage. All that week the assistant electrician in charge had missed his cue. Prior to the curtain, this crucial night, he had been warned and rehearsed and instructed. He muffed it again, though, and Miss Webster, her red hair flying, catapulted toward him from the wings.

"What the bloody hell!" escaped from her normally restrained British lips.

She can be pretty mean, too, when an actor is late for a rehearsal, and it makes no difference at all if this is Mr. Evans, who is the star as well as the producer and thus, in certain technical matters, her boss. Evans and another principal were late one morning.

"A star has finally risen!" murmured Miss Webster just loud enough for the entire company to hear her. Mr. Evans, who shares the universal dislike for being laughed at, hasn't been tardy since.

In a little more than two years Peggy Webster—nearly everybody calls her Peggy—has directed three Evans productions of Shakespeare and all have made history. The first, Richard II, averaged $17,500 weekly for twenty-three weeks. Hamlet, done without the omission of a single scene and running from 6:30 o'clock in the evening until after 11 o'clock, played to about $16,000. The third production, Henry IV, was earning $17,000 a week this spring. All of the three, needless to say, returned comfortable profits. As a consequence, Miss Webster is in great demand as a director. The Hollywood moguls are making eyes at her, but without success thus far.

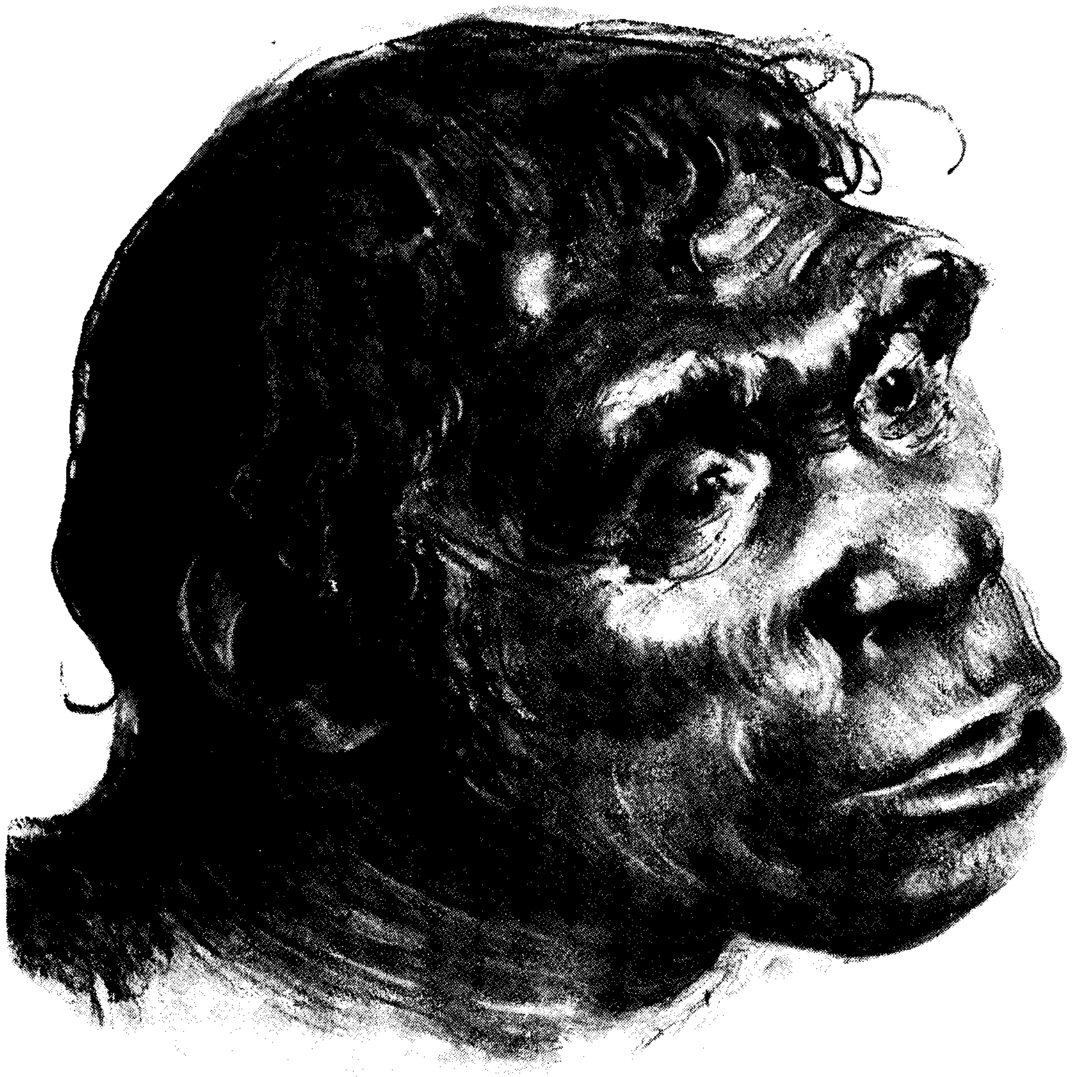
Meanwhile, at the New York World's Fair this summer, Miss Webster is staging tabloid Shakespearean dramas for the entertainment of the multitudes. A replica of the Elizabethan Globe Theater has been erected. It isn't a new idea; Chicago's Century of Progress found that people really enjoyed Shakespeare if the productions were not too long. So four or five plays, in condensed form, will be offered and Margaret Webster will direct all of them. The versions will be drastically condensed; forty-five minutes, on the average, will be enough for As You Like It, The Taming of the Shrew, The Comedy of Errors and A Midsummer Night's Dream. That the actors as well as Miss Webster have their work cut out for them is indicated by the schedule of seven performances a day.

She may go to Hollywood. She will doubtless continue to guide Maurice Evans in Shakespearean and other productions. At heart, though, Peggy Webster is an actress. She played Masha, a relatively small part in the Alfred Lunt-Lynn Fontanne version of The Sea Gull, last year and did it superbly. This spring she both directed and acted in Family Portrait. And thereby hangs one of those strange contradictions that seem to haunt most people of the theater.

"I'm an actor and I'd rather be a director," Maurice Evans has admitted. "Getting a play ready is lots of fun. When it's all set, I'm bored."

"Common sense would tell me to forget being an actress," Peggy has confessed. "Broadway is full of actors out of jobs. But I never get the kick out of directing that comes from being out in front, playing a part."

Her solution, for the present at least, is to be both director and actress. At thirty-two, she is a slender, pretty girl with large blue eyes, hair that is perhaps more brown than red, and with a booming laugh. At work, she is undeniably grubby. She gets smudges on her face and her hair is soon a tangled mess due to a habit of running her hands through it. Maurice Evans summoned her to New York from London about two years ago to direct *(Continued on page 54)*



The Java Ape Man, the earliest creature that might be called human, lived from 500,000 to a million years ago, walked erect, had a great many apelike qualities. His brain was about half the size of ours

What We'll Look Like Tomorrow

By Roy Chapman Andrews

DIRECTOR, THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

I OFTEN stop for a moment if several visitors are looking at the Gorilla Group in The American Museum of Natural History. I stop because I want to irritate myself by hearing a remark that I know I will hear; like pressing a sore spot just to be sure that it is still sore. The remark is: "No one can tell me that I came from an ape like that!"

I almost never miss. Someone always says it.

That man came from a living monkey is one of those fallacies of natural science that are as hard to down as the suppositions that whales are fishes, that the hoop snake takes its tail in its mouth to roll downhill, and that monkeys form a living bridge across a crocodile-infested river by holding onto one another's tails.

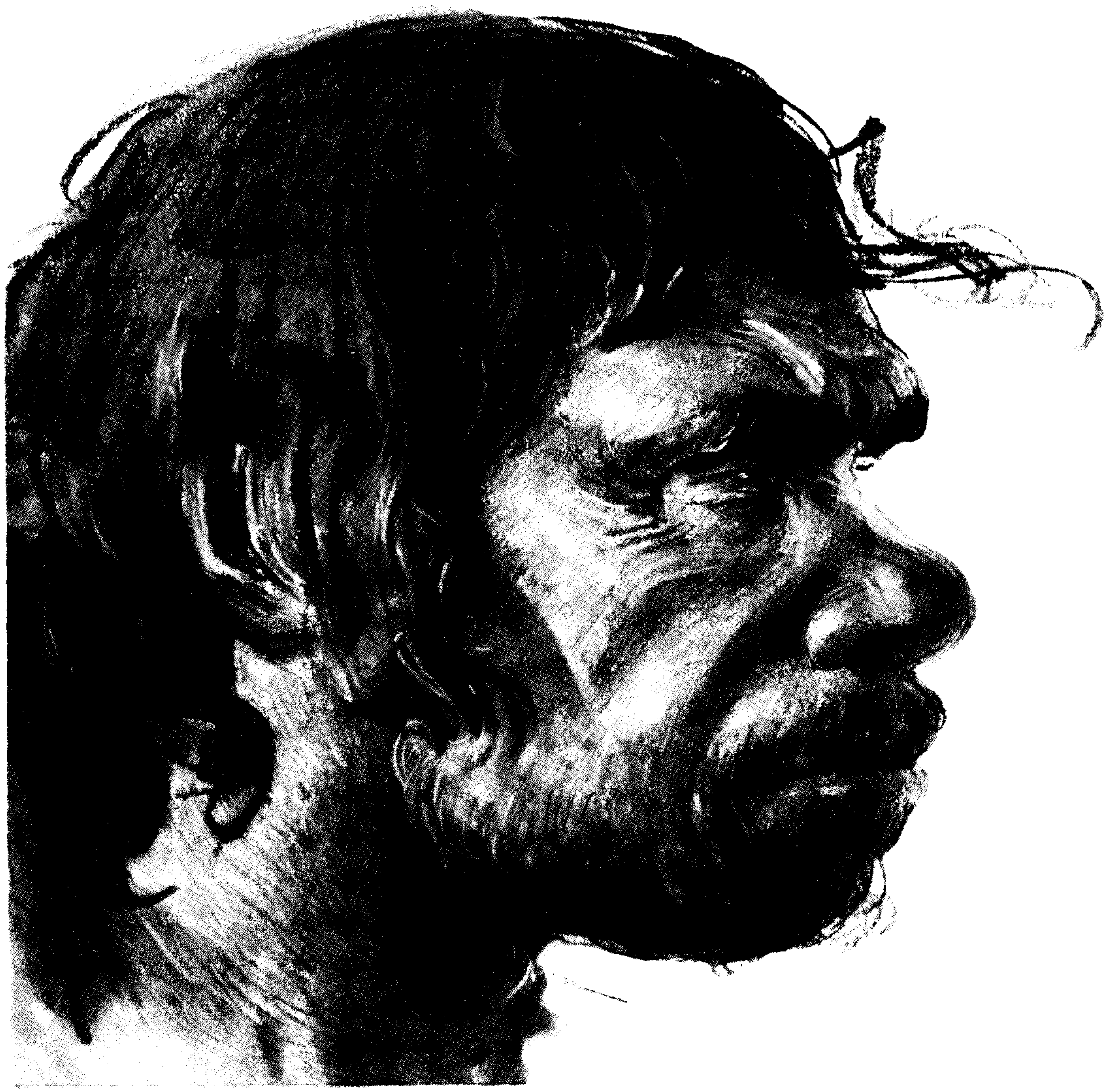
What makes it so irritating is that science doesn't maintain anything like that and never has. What it does say is that the manlike apes—gorilla, chimpanzee, orangutan and gibbon all came *with man* from a common ancestor. Just like the branches of a tree that all have origin in the trunk but shoot off at different levels.

Of course, the real trouble is that mankind is essentially snobbish. It does not want to admit that its ancestors lived on "the other side of the railroad tracks" and were of extremely lowly origin. Just because now we dominate the earth and control a lot of the forces of nature, we hate to admit that our great *ad infinitum* grandfathers and grandmothers lived on grubs they found under stones, ate their meat raw and liked it, and were so submoronic in intelligence that although a talking apparatus was present in their mouths they didn't even have sense enough to use it for a good many hundreds of thousands of years.

But no matter what we want to believe, facts are facts and every year more and more specimens of fossil man are being discovered and the gaps in the record are being filled. As a matter of fact, if the shrews and moles and several other groups of living mammals could only read they could thumb their noses at our comparatively recent arrival in the world and point to their own lineage, which goes back millions and millions of years beyond ours.

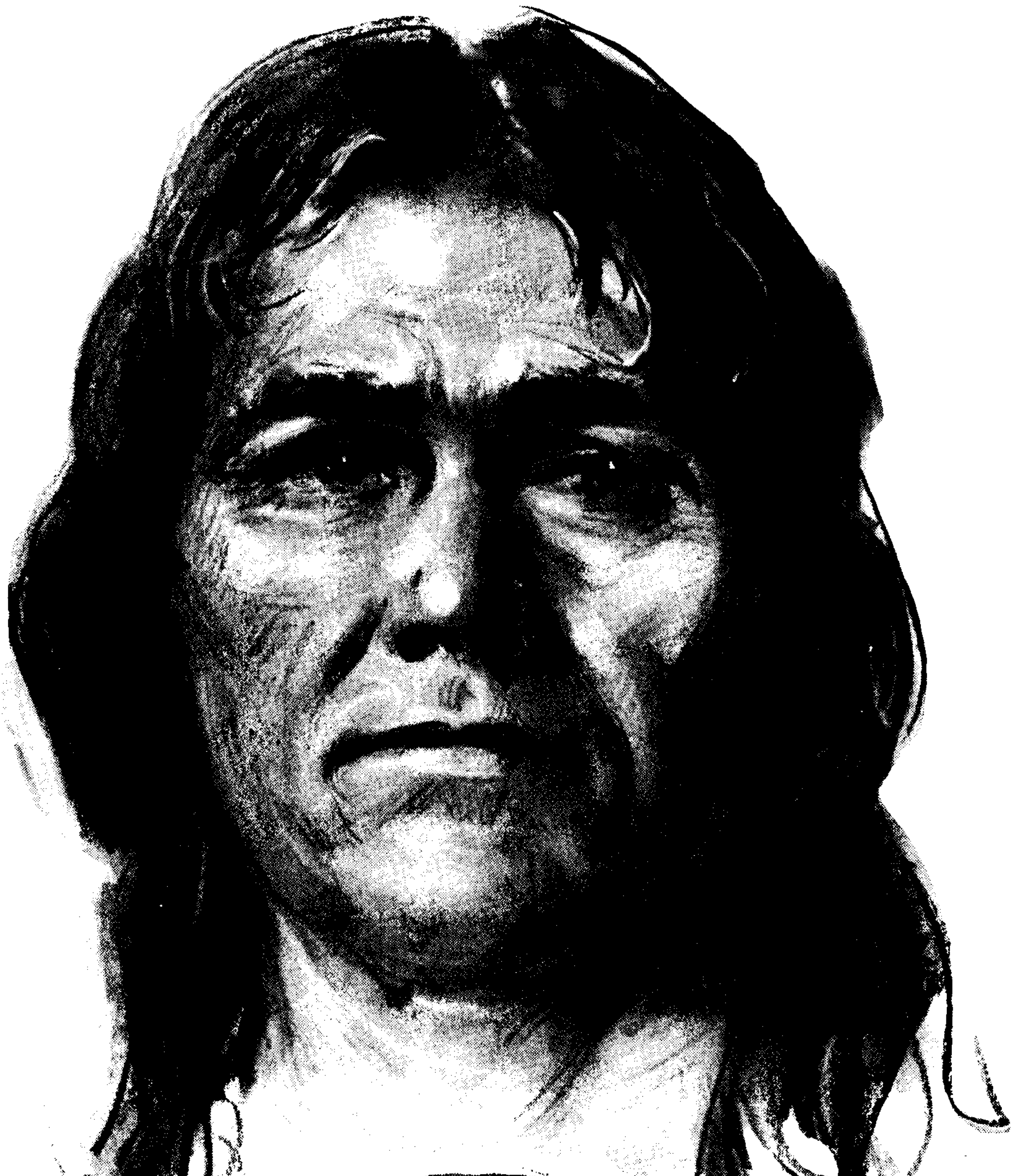
Ninety or a hundred million years ago, when dinosaurs still dominated the earth, the ancestors of the Insectivores—those same little shrews and moles which we trap on our lawns—were already established. We found specimens of them with the dinosaur eggs in the Gobi Desert.

Man's immediate predecessors probably didn't reach into the past more than ten or fifteen million years, so you see we haven't much to brag about in respect to lineage. Moreover, the ten or fifteen million years carries us back to an insignificant little beast called *Dryopithecus,* which is possibly as near



Neanderthal Man, an Ice Age primitive who persisted for 100,000 years or more, was widely distributed over Europe, was a hunter, used crude implements. His brain was large but undeveloped

DRAWINGS BY MARTHA SAWYERS



Cro-Magnon Man probably drove Neanderthal out of Europe 40,000 years ago. He was more intelligent, a hunter, an artist, and preceded our immediate ancestors. He closely resembled modern man

Man's ancestry, compared to a mole's, is so short as to be hardly respectable. But it's long enough to contain some very queer customers. Dr. Andrews, making no apology for their manners, introduces our ancestors. Then, for good measure, he tells us what our descendants will look like

a Missing Link as anything we'll ever find, since its remains form a pretty good approximate "structural ancestor" for both apes and men. In other words, it is the sort of beast from which both apes and men *could* have developed.

While we are talking about Missing Links, I must mention *Australopithecus*. It is a strange beast having a chimpanzeelike skull and teeth more resembling those of a human than of an ape. It sounds awfully Missing-Link-like, only apparently the poor thing was born too late. It didn't come on the scene until the Ice Age and certainly an honest-to-goodness Missing Link that we could really take to our hearts must have lived very much earlier than that—back somewhere in the Pliocene. More likely he was a less progressive offshoot of the stock that led to man, which got stalled in its development—a backward cousin if you will. Still I prefer to keep my fingers crossed until more positive statements are warranted.

The earliest known creature that can definitely be called a man, even of the lowliest sort, is only between a million and five hundred thousand years old. It is our old friend the Java Ape Man, *Pithecanthropus erectus*, discovered forty-seven years ago by a Dutch army surgeon, Eugene Dubois. He went out from Holland with the avowed purpose of finding an early type of fossil man and, by George, he did.

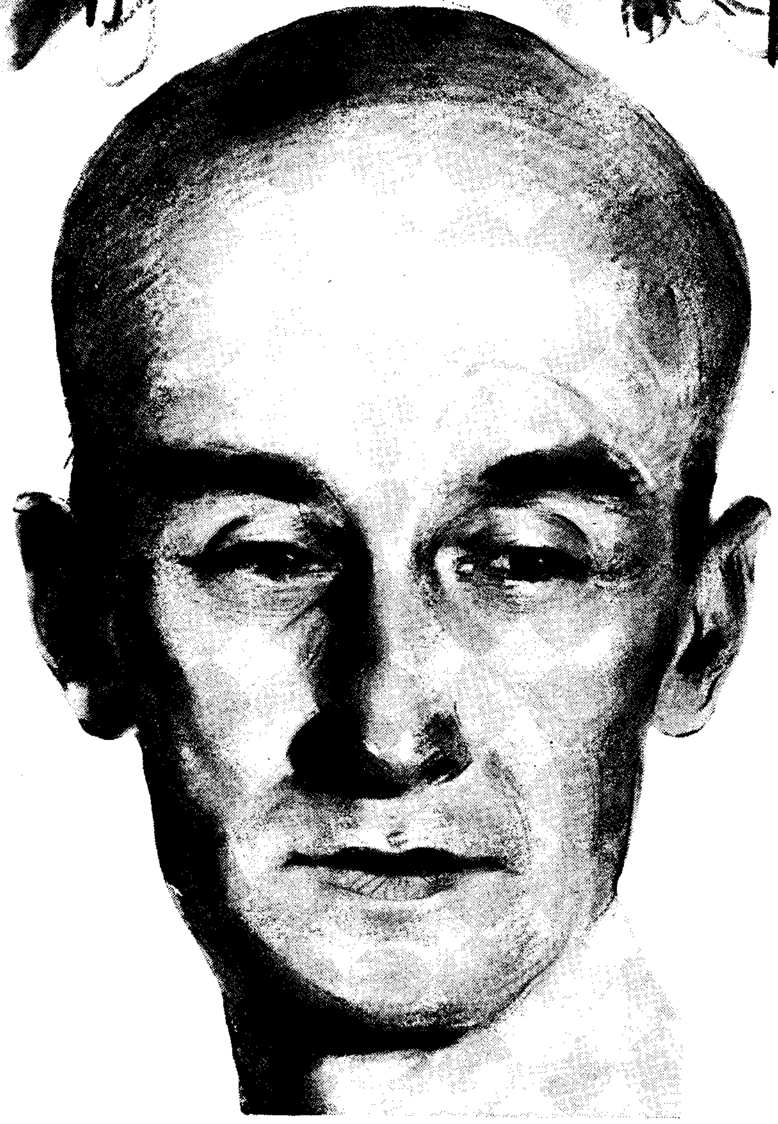
A large brain in living men does not necessarily mean great intelligence. There is, however, a brain size of modern man which is requisite for normal intelligence—a capacity for 1,000 to 1,200 cubic centimeters. The estimated brain capacity of the Java Ape Man was only 900 cubic centimeters, which is intermediate between that of the giant apes and the lowest living human races such as the Australian Bushmen.

A cast can be made from the inside of a fossil skull and compared with casts of modern human skulls. A lot can be learned from such a cast by studying the development of the parts that control different functions of the body.

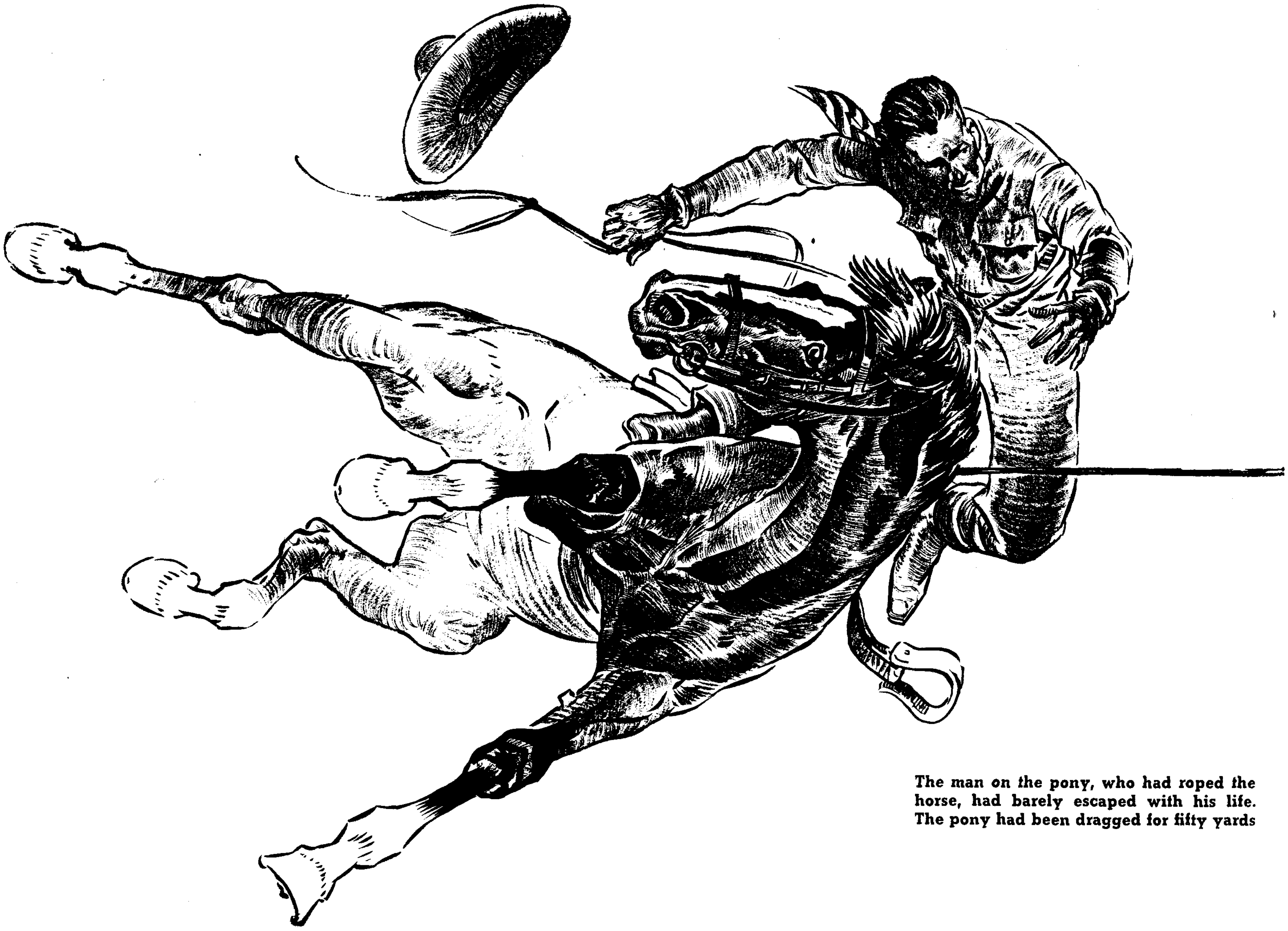
The skull of *Pithecanthropus* is far more human than that of any ape and far more apelike than that of any known living human. Only the skullcap, three teeth and a thigh bone were found by Dubois, but the femur shows definitely that the creature walked erect. In September, 1937, a second skull and part of a jaw containing four teeth were discovered not far from the original site. This last one has a brain capacity of only 750 cubic centimeters—half that of the average modern European skull—and emphasizes further the apelike features of the Java Man.

In 1936 the skull of an infant between one and four years of age was unearthed in Java. It shows so many of the primitive

(Continued on page 55*)*



The Man of the Future. A half-million years hence he will be taller, have a better but not much larger brain. He will be bald, have a smaller face, fewer teeth and will think his ancestors were funny



The man on the pony, who had roped the horse, had barely escaped with his life. The pony had been dragged for fifty yards

The Black Horse

By Jim Kjelgaard

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL BROWN

The story of a man who matched his wits and his will against a horse's cunning—so that both won

THE July sun was hot, and the mountain was high. Jed Hale brushed the perspiration from his forehead as he mounted over the top. The coil of rope that was wrapped around his middle started to chafe. Jed unwrapped it and threw it on the ground while he sat down to rest.

He chewed thoughtfully on a straw, and gazed down on the range of low hills that stretched as far as he could see. The big, saucerlike hoofmarks of the horse led down, but there was no particular hurry. The horse was not traveling fast. A man on foot, if he had two good legs, could see him as many times a day as he chose. But the horse could not be caught. Jed had known that when he began.

After an hour Jed rose to his feet, and at the limping hobble that was his fastest pace, started down the hill on the trail of the horse. If he could bring him back with him, something that fifteen men, each mounted on a good saddle horse, had not been able to do, he would get five hundred dollars. Raglan would pay that much for the black horse.

Jed had seen the black horse scatter Raglan's men. After two days of constant chasing they had finally run him into the stout log corral that they had built. The corral had been strong enough to hold any ordinary animal, but the black horse had crashed through it as though it had been matchwood when they tried to put a rope on him. The man on the wiry saddle pony, who had roped the horse as he ran, had barely escaped with his life. The pony had been dragged along for fifty yards, and would have been killed if the saddle girth had not broken. The black horse had rid himself of the rope in some fashion. It had not been on him when Jed caught up with him.

JED'S crippled leg gave him trouble going downhill. He was glad when he passed the summits of the low hills and descended into the valley where it was level. There was a stream in the valley. Jed drank, and ate his fill of the ripe raspberries that hung over the water. He had no money to buy supplies to bring along. But he needn't starve. More than once he had lived off the country.

A mile down the valley he found the black horse. It stood with its head in the shade of a tree, swishing the flies away with its tail. Noiselessly Jed sank behind a patch of brush, and for four hours lost himself in staring.

It was the biggest and most magnificent horse Jed had ever seen. He knew horses. Product of a wastrel mother and an unknown father, victim of paralysis in his childhood, he had spent all his life doing chores for Raglan and other stockmen in the hills. He had never earned more than ten dollars a month, but he had dreams and ambitions. If he could get only ten acres of land for himself, he would somehow or other procure a mare, and make a living raising horses. That, for Jed, would be all he wanted of happiness.

The hill men said that nobody could capture that horse, nothing could tame it. Every man in the hills had tried. The black horse wasn't fast. Three riders besides Raglan's men had had their ropes on him, two of them had had their lassos broken and the third had cut his rather than risk having his saddle horse dragged to death. Jed looked at the manila rope that he had again looped about his waist and shook his head. It was the best and strongest rope to be had, but it would not hold the black horse. Still—Raglan offered five hundred dollars.

DUSK fell. The black horse moved lazily out of the shade of the tree to begin cropping at the rich grass that grew along the creek. For another half-hour Jed watched him. When Jed was near the horse he was not Jed Hale, crippled chore boy and roustabout. In some mysterious way he borrowed from the horse's boundless vitality. When the horse grazed too close to him, and there was danger of his being discovered, Jed slipped out of his hiding place and moved a half mile up the valley. There, under the side of a mossy log, he made his bed for the night.

With sunup he rolled from under the log. He had slept well enough, and he was not tired, but even the summer nights were chilly in the hills. As briskly as he could he set off down the valley to where he had last seen the horse.

(Continued on page 28)

Summer Setups

By Ruth West

PHOTOGRAPH BY HOWARD REDELL

Miss Karin Engberg, secretary to the New York World's Fair's Swedish commissioner, enjoys a tall, cold American drink—fresh melon juice bobbing with melon balls

COME really hot weather, what we mostly do is drink. Certainly what we'd rather do is drink. A lot of us would be very happy to absorb our nourishment for three months of the year out of a tall frosted glass that went "clink, clink." And yet, if someone pointed his finger at you suddenly and said, "Name ten cold drinks—quick!" our money says you'd be er-er-ing and mmm-umm-ing in no time.

If the monotony of the diet is really a reason why we don't follow our instinct to spend the summer with our palms cupped round a tinkling glass, it's high time we took steps about it.

It seems that liquid refreshment provides you with one of the most effective body-cooling systems you could think up. It keeps your tissues moist and evaporating top speed and full time. In addition, you do extremely well by yourself in vitamins and mineral salts, with your big cool beakers of tonic fresh fruit juices and savory vegetable juices.

There are the light drinks—fruit or vegetable juices, or long, thin drinks with no calories to count except the sugar. And there are the foody drinks with milk, chocolate, ice cream, eggs and such—little meals in themselves. Approach this whole subject with just a pinch of inquisitiveness and imagination and the possibilities open up like those accordion-postcard views of Niagara Falls.

And once you start mixing! Start with any fresh fruit juice, for example. A pitcher of it stands on the shelf in front of you. Next to it there's a big bowl of shaved ice. You're planning to add at the last moment a bottle of white wine . . . or shall it be champagne cider? Or maybe just fizz water? Anyhow, before you make any mixing moves, you run your eye appraisingly over your cupboard of drink dresser-uppers. You have a bottle of orgeat there—that sweet almond syrup you can get in Spanish, Italian, Greek or any fancy grocery store—all ready to add a tantalizing sweetness and bouquet to almost any fruit cup or beverage. You have honey, crushed rock candy, barber-pole peppermint sticks, maple sugar, barley sugar, brown sugar. Which shall you use this time for sweetening? You have orange-flower water, preserved Canton ginger, bitters. Want one of these? For a pungent-flavor contrast as top-off, and to cut the sweetness will you use the usual peel of lemon? Or how about some cooling cucumber rind or a Persian lime skin? Or you might twist the oil out of a kumquat peel at the last moment, as some champion New Orleans mixers do. And don't be afraid of dashing a palmful of filberts or hazelnuts into any cold tankard, to offer the teeth a crunchy treat.

Do some experimental mixing together and seasoning to taste of the many vegetable juices your grocer carries. Think about onion juice, celery salt, nutmeg in connection with them.

Another nonsweet but luscious beverage is clam juice—but not cold clam juice. To us that ranks no higher than a cold potato. Clam juice is good for you, because it supplies the extra salt you use up in perspiration during the sultry summer.

Then there's fresh watermelon juice—have you tried that? Or fresh muskmelon juice? All you have to do is break up the fiber, and strain off the liquid. Chill it . . . and float melon balls in it . . . either freshly scooped out, or the kind put up in lively liqueurs.

Equally vitamin-rich are the cold fruit soups that melt in your mouth. They're better known in Europe than here, and that's just too bad, because we have far finer makings, in the way of mulberries, loganberries, peaches, pears, plums, quinces and nectarines.

Just cook a quart of berries, currants, apples, any fruit you fancy, in water until they're soft. A small stick of cinnamon and a couple of slices of lemon help bring out the flavor. Press the juice through a strainer, cook two tablespoons of quick tapioca in one cup of water until clear, and add to the juice. Sweeten slightly and chill. A splash of claret or grenadine in each cup makes a lively-looking brew.

A spectacular ginger mix is Cantonade. Run half a pound of preserved Canton ginger through the kitchen grinder. Mix it with a cup of sugar and a quart of water. Boil twenty minutes, let it cool a little, then dump in a cup of orange and lemon juice—half and half. Strain, ice, and serve like crème de menthe frappé in tumblers of shaved ice . . . to be lingeringly sipped through straws or those sippers made of hard candy.

Here's another honey . . . a mellow, fresh pineapple run through the grinder, wet down with the juice of three or four lemons and half a dozen tablespoons of liquid honey. Let it stand half an hour—so the sweet will permeate both fruit and juice. Then put it in a punch bowl with ice and watch it fizz up like Vesuvius when you pour a quart of charged water over. . . . A glassful of that sweet almond syrup, orgeat, would go well in this, too.

Or make an apple-juice cup—a variation of "ye olde cold tankard"—by pepping up your orgeat with the juice of two lemons and the peel of one, a bottle of sparkling water, a pint of dry white wine and a quart of apple juice or effervescing champagne cider. Keep tasting for sweetness and bouquet, adding more sugar, lemon, orange-flower water or fizz water. Decorate with fruit slices and flower petals, such as rose or nasturtium. If you've become herb conscious, use some borage, apple mint or bee balm.

It's all in having the inventive approach. Take those two summer favorites, iced tea and iced coffee, and ring some of these changes on them. Try sweetening your next frosted coffee with honey. And to put that brew in holiday mood use half a tablespoon more coffee to each cup and spice it up with something as exotic as a crushed cardamon seed scattered on top, to do the same fragrant work as sprigs of mint on julep.

As a variation on plain iced tea, try spiced tea. Add a pinch of ginger with crushed cardamon as the Afghans do.

Or cook and cool some cloves and cinnamon with lemon, to add to the tea. Go Arabian by brewing green tea with sugar and fresh mint. Or Paraguayan, by substituting maté. This South American tea stiffens the melting backbones of millions living in tropical regions and can be found on the shelves of big-city grocers and in any herb shop.

Sip it hot, to restore lost energy when you wobble in from the badminton court with your tongue hanging out. Or strain it into a pitcher, drop in slices of lemon or lime, sweeten with sugar or honey, and tuck it away in the icebox to mellow. Serve in a skyscraper glass with plenty of ice cubes and the thin peel of a lemon, cut in one continuous strip, like a Halloween apple skin. You hook the peel over the rim, by a notch in the stem end, so it will spiral down to the bottom of the glass in the fetching style the gay nineties dubbed "a horse's neck."

If you want to make iced tea, or any drink, look positively polar, frost the rim with powdered sugar. Take half a lemon (from which the juice has been squeezed) and run it around the top of the glass, to moisten the rim inside and out. Then turn the glass upside down into a saucer of powdered sugar, so the sugar will stick to the rim like frosting to a cake. And take a tip from the Kentucky colonels who top off almost any swizzle with a sugar-frosted spray of mint.

You wouldn't Understand

By William Fay

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

Romantic triumph of a rebellious young woman who wisely resolved to be her age

LYDIA never counted the gray hairs at Mr. Edmonds' temples, but she knew when first they had appeared, as did her mother, and she had nourished the dignity of the gray hairs with her eyes, faithfully and until now, when deftly and tidily they were like cat paws beside his ears. No doubt she would have counted the hairs, had she ever been able to get close enough, and it would have made a wonderful statistic.

Statistics! She was pretty tired of statistics, and for years the numbers had been crowding and scratching inside her head. She knew how far it was to the moon, and to the sun and the several planets. You needed a brain the size of a big ripe cantaloupe to work for Bryan and Edmonds, at legal research, and great patience, and no sense of humor at all.

George Edmonds was more than moderately handsome. He looked like a scoutmaster, and she had learned with excitement that under his coat he was full of muscles. She had observed, while he washed his hands at the office sink, the snaky muscles moving up and down his arms, while the soap rotated in his hands.

Then he stood up that June afternoon and threw the files of Madison and Company all the way across the room, the leather volumes bouncing off the wall, dislodging an electric clock, and the stomach of the clock tinkling with the broken glass. Lydia looked up and grasped the sides of her chair, looked immediately for Mr. John Bryan, who was not there.

"I'M SICK of it!" said Mr. Edmonds. "I'll go crazy. Do you understand, Lydia? I'll go crazy!"

Lydia said, "You're well on your way," without hearing herself, and she liked the angry curve of his mouth, the new life in his eyes. It was a thoroughly unexpected event, as it would be unexpected to see the Statue of Liberty throw tugboats at New York. It was scarcely Mr. Edmonds, and for the first time he had called her Lydia.

"I'm on my way," he said. "On my way out. I don't have to stay here a hundred years. I'm a young man. I'm thirty-nine. I've wasted fourteen years of my life in here. For what?"

Lydia didn't know for what. She thought of Miss Sylvia Twombley. What about Miss Twombley?

"For money?" George Edmonds was asking questions of himself. "All right, I've got money. What can I do with it?" He walked up and down the office, while Lydia swallowed him with her eyes. She had never liked Miss Twombley, whose icy heart had been pledged to

"If you don't [illegible]," she said. [illegible] tree." [illegible] did not [illegible] that [illegible] her [illegible]

George for many a weary year, then had been unexpectedly taken away and captured by a luckless rival. She could tell he wasn't thinking of Miss Twombley. He was burdened with unaccustomed freedom. "I'll buy a boat," he said. "A nice little boat. A thirty-eight-foot sloop, with a Diesel engine, Lydia. I'll take it into the wind. I'll go to Florida, Cuba. Anywhere!"

"You've got it bad," she said quietly.

"Bad? You wouldn't know how bad. You wouldn't know how a man could feel in the spring and summer of a year. That's one of your troubles, Lydia. Perhaps your only trouble. You're diligent, painstaking, worthy. You'll sit here forever, piling up statistics. You and John Bryan. Poor John. Well, I'm goin', understand? I'm on my way."

He grabbed his hat and went out of the door, and he was daring enough to blow her a kiss. She stared at the door long after it swung closed, reading the reversed letters on the pebbled glass, wondering what John Bryan would say. Wondering, indeed, how John Bryan could get along without George. She wept softly for ninety minutes, wounded that George Edmonds believed her incapable of understanding about adventure, and about romance, and things like that.

Mr. Bryan was dismayed, but sympathetic. He was also a little scornful. "It's preposterous," he told Lydia. "The man is thirty-nine years old. He's not a boy." He bit on the end of his pipe, then busily blew his nose. "Poor George," he said. "He was always a romantic. Never got over being a hurdler at Columbia. The best research man in New York, the fool. You'd never think it of George, would you? It's always those shy, diffident ones that go crazy. Thinks he's Jack Dempsey or a movie actor or something like that. He'll break his fool neck, or drown in that boat. He's no sailor. There's statistics on things like that. There's—"

"There are too many statistics," she said flatly. "That's the trouble. Do you know what I think, Mr. Bryan?"

"No, Miss Harris, what do you think?"

"I think Mr. Edmonds is anything but a fool, and I don't believe it's up to you to say what he is. I think he has a perfect right to do as he pleases."

"Now you are being emotional, Miss Harris. You have the same disease, you and George. You're a romantic, too. You'd have made him a good wife. You could have ridden up and down on roller coasters after business hours and satisfied that thrill hunger."

"I don't believe that's any of your business."

Mr. Bryan opened his eyes wide and considered the confidential secretary of the firm, a lawyer in her own right, handsome and somewhat somber in tweeds, with her black hair flat against her head and parted in the middle, with her cheeks much redder now, with rage, than ever he had seen them before.

John Bryan said, "You're tired, Miss Harris. You need a vacation. And perhaps you'd better take it earlier this year. Take a month. But don't get foolish notions, because we can't afford to lose you. Particularly after Mr. Edmonds gets back."

"He's not coming back. He's smart."

"Fundamentally, he's very smart. That's why he'll be back. This is just a romantic interlude. A little trouble with Miss Twombley. You know how those things are."

"I know how *this* thing is. He's too good for her. What do you think of that, Mr. Bryan?"

"I think you need that vacation, that's what I think. You'd better start now. And you might get your hair done upside down, or however it is they do it. Just in case George stays away from Miss Twombley. It might do you good."

She had no more words in her speechless mouth. She only had murder in her heart. She crammed a fedora down over her hair and picked up her bag. She was through with Bryan and Edmonds.

LYDIA loved her mother very dearly, for her mother was a fine and worthy woman. Mrs. Harris was older than the Brooklyn Bridge, and quite as healthy in general construction. She was very good at vacations, and devoted to her daughter's future.

They had found many vacations, of course, but never any future, and thinking about it in the living room, watching her mother beside the radio, Lydia was embarrassed. Their last attempt was Nassau, and to label it as something other than an attempt would not be honest. Lydia recalled, and cringed as she remembered herself, under her mother's insistent direction, standing at the part of the bar where a cordial Mr. Walker made his daily stop, in behalf of a temperate thirst. "You'll never meet anybody in a deck chair," her mother had said, and Lydia decided hopefully there was wisdom in that.

She advanced to deck-walking with Mr. Walker, and it all was very nice, except a little bit dishonest, with Mother peeping around corners, and one day getting drunk with Mr. Walker's business partner, also bound for Nassau. Not so drunk that she couldn't stand up, but drunk enough to be foolish, and drunk because she'd never had more than two drinks before, until Mr. Walker's kind friend dragged her into the bar.

Thus Lydia did not like romance-making of the deliberate sort, and it was shameful how she waited for Mr. Walker to kiss her. But he never did, and his reasons were honest. He was married, and frankly said so. He told Mrs. Harris. He said he thought they knew. He said everyone is friendly on a boat.

Now Mrs. Harris said, "We haven't been to Bermuda, dear," and Lydia didn't know how to place herself between her mother's thoughts and a new disaster. She loved her mother, very much, but she didn't want another cruise. She couldn't stand it. Not possibly. Lydia said, "Oh, I don't know about Bermuda, Mother. We've been to so many places like Bermuda. I wonder if I want to go away at all."

OF COURSE she wanted to go away. She wanted to go far away, and by herself. She wanted to do what George Edmonds was doing, finding his real self, bravely, and that must be done alone. Nine years ago she had left law school, and nine vacations since she had passed with Mother. Nine vacations, and maybe six romantic prospects, and not a one that you might call a future.

"Mother," she said, and she believed that now, while the determination was strong, was the time to do the straightforward, necessary thing. It wasn't selfish. It was more selfish to indulge her own incapacity to speak her mind, and to permit another tandem vacation, with Mother gamely walking at her heels, the old gal never tiring—God bless her—or maybe the old gal never tiring—darn it.

"Yes, Lydia?"

"Don't you think cruises are rather foolish?"

"Foolish? No, dear, not at all. What's foolish about enjoying yourself? That's what a young girl needs. She needs a change of scene. New friends, new faces."

Lydia did not know what to say, so she went into the kitchen for a drink of water, and let the water run a long time, then failed to drink it when she'd filled the glass, but poured it back into the sink, and wondered just how George Edmonds was doing, that brave and wonderful George.

"That place where Harriet went last summer, dear," her mother began when she returned to the living room. "The place where she met Alex. What do you call it—runaway something or other—?"

"Faraway," corrected Lydia. "Faraway Farms. It's in Vermont."

"They have a lot of nice young people up there," said Mrs. Harris. "So Harriet said, anyhow, and certainly Alex isn't bad."

"He's bad enough."

"He's from a good family, Lydia. He's comfortable."

"So's a sofa comfortable. It's too expensive up there, Mother. Ninety-five dollars a week for a little room."

"If it's exclusive, it's got to be expensive, and the Lord knows you work hard enough for a decent vacation. You try your poor head. You live in that old office."

"Well, Mother, maybe I did. But no more. I'm through with the office."

"You're not going to give up your fine position, are you, Lydia?"

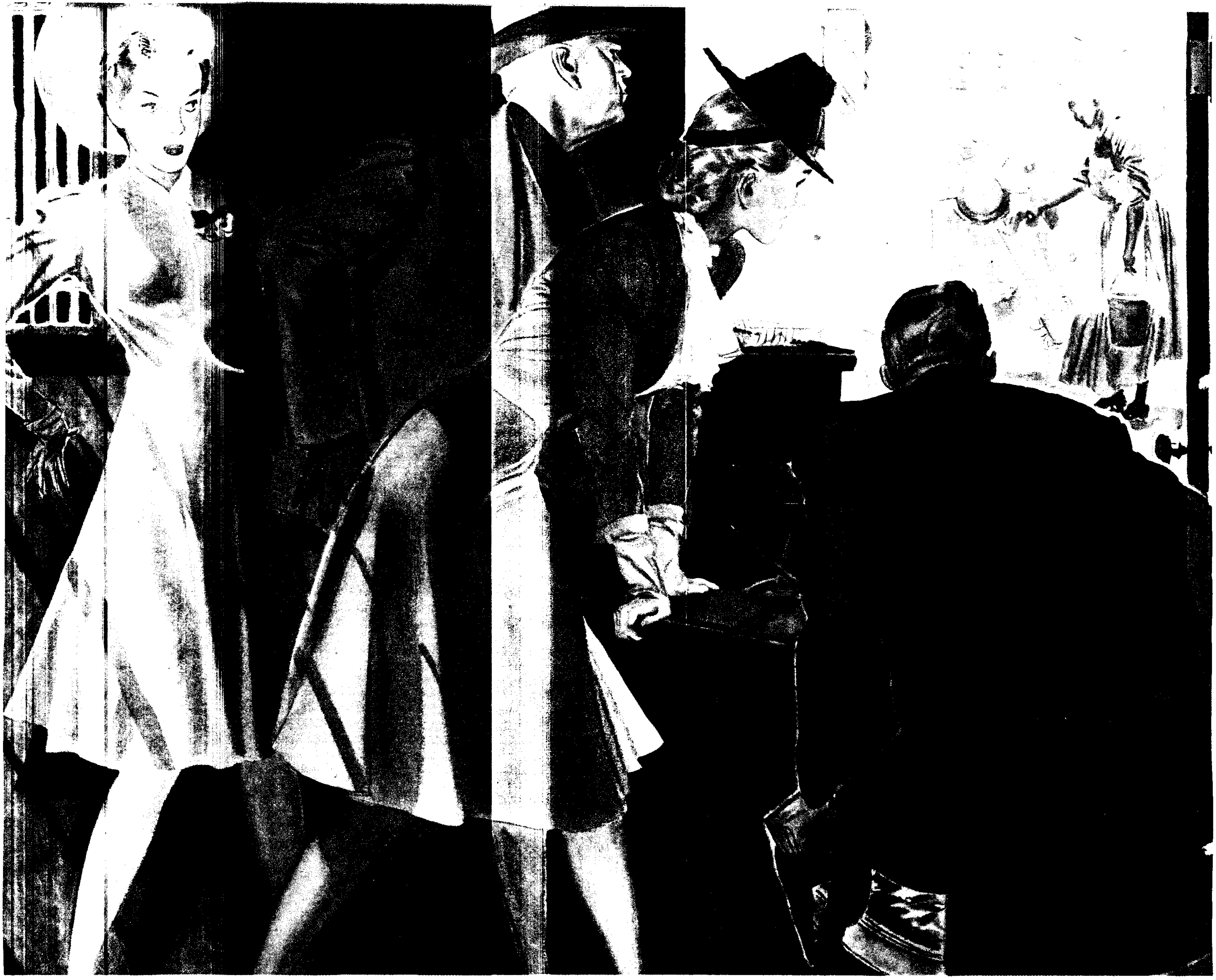
"No? You just watch me."

"You were so happy there."

"That's what you think, Mother."

"No matter," said Mrs. Harris; "just because Mr. Edmonds left. You've been wasting too much time on that man, anyhow, and what did it get you? No

(Continued on page 42)



The lights came up in the bank outside the little office, and Mrs. Costigan came in

Before the Act

By Thomas Walsh

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

McCann liked to mind his own business—but love and murder are things no man wants to overlook

McCANN was sitting in his tiny office at the end of the hall, smoking an after-supper cigar and reading his New York evening paper, when the clink of a nickel in the coin box of the phone booth just outside his door made him raise his head absently for a moment in order to place the sound. "Five five o," someone said, "that's right"; and McCann, recognizing the voice as Charley Knowles', remembering the number because it was a simple one that stuck in his mind, pushed back in his swivel chair and went on with his paper. Vaguely there came to him Charley Knowles' questioning: "Hello?" After that the booth door, sliding shut, diminished the voice to an unintelligible low murmur.

Engrossed with the police news of the New York paper by then, McCann paid no more attention. But fifteen minutes later, after he had, somewhat irritably, failed to recognize a single name in the list of transfers, sick leaves and suspensions in the police orders for the day, he came out of his office and noticed that the phone booth was empty. The big clock over the front door told him that it was five past seven; so he remembered that, too, in the morning, when the time of the phone call became so important.

It meant nothing to him then. In the small barroom to the left of the office he made sure that the ash trays were clean, the glasses stacked and shining, and the first beer tap working all right again. Then he went on through to the side porch to finish his cigar and get a breath of evening air.

Every evening McCann did that, though perhaps out of routine now more than affection; for the quietness there was still too dark, too new, too ominously lonesome for comfort in a man like McCann, who was only three months away from the noisiest city in the world. Nothing broke it; the main road before him, empty of traffic, shone under its glitter of starlight like a ribbon of concrete-white fog, blocked out, compressed, and rolled back over itself, fold on fold, by the pressure of surrounding blackness. There was a light or two far down the road, a mile in toward town; but all about him here, hills and woods stretched unbrokenly away, solemn, black, silent, chilled by an unfriendly March, and spaced here and there by the gaunt dark trunks of naked trees.

Staring at them, McCann put a hand on the back of his neck and rubbed himself rather wistfully. He was a chunky, short man with iron-gray hair and a stolid Irish face—thick-fingered, heavy-shouldered, a little puffy at the waist, a little tired-looking, you might think, around the eyes. Once or twice, looking about him with the cigar tilted downward between his teeth, he grunted something that might have been a sigh, if McCann had been the kind of man that had any need for sighs.

In essentials McCann wasn't. The main thing he wanted, the one thing he came out there for, was to feel his mind grow as empty and quiet as the night around him. He had tried it often enough to know that the quietness didn't help—he knew it wouldn't tonight as soon as he stepped out to the porch. Sooner or later, McCann knew, he was going to think of Katie, even though he moved his head now, and tried not to. But McCann could never help himself there because everything, no matter where he turned, reminded him of her.

The sign by the roadside, the way the hedges were planted, the curtains, the brass lamp over the doorway—she was the one who had arranged those things; she was the one who had wanted a place like the Post House all her life. Four months ago, the first time the real-estate agent had shown it to them, she had closed her fingers on his wrist, she had said without words: "This is it, Mike—"

McCann moved his head again and took the cigar out of his mouth. His small gray eyes, round and hard, stared out at the dark hills. Things worked out funny. Who arranged it all? Sometimes McCann wondered. You worked and planned all your life for something you had always wanted; and then when it came, when it worked out at last, there was a little cold neglected in the excitement, a fever, a doctor, a hospital. Pneumonia. That was how it happened, when McCann was sixty-five, and retired on his pension. When the place was theirs, and they were furnishing it, and thinking at last—

The quietness settled in him, but heavily and solidly, like a weight in his breast; and then because he knew Katie wouldn't have wanted him to act this way he shook his shoulders and fought the loneliness by doing the only thing that helped—by walking around to the road and staring up at the squat white bulk of the house, and looking last at the sign that swung forward and back in the night wind.

Post House, that read in script at the top; and underneath: Choice Foods and Liquors. Chicken Dinners—Rooms. Tourists Accommodated. At the bottom, by itself: Michael J. McCann, Prop. When Katie went, they all told him that he was a fool to stay—the kids and all his friends. Maybe, McCann thought, he was. But when he looked up at the sign and the house he knew that this was what she had wanted, exactly as she had wanted it. And he knew, too, that he couldn't let it go. The Post House was what she had left him.

It was all right, Michael J. McCann, Prop., thought; it was all right, wasn't it, Katie? And then, because he felt rather ashamed of himself, he cleared his throat violently and strode up the path. He had forgotten the phone call he had heard; he had no hunch about it. And even if he had had one, McCann would only have worried his store teeth, and told you it had nothing to do with him.

For McCann was sixty-five now, and retired, and through with murder and violence forever. That was the thing, even above the Post House, that Katie had wanted. And that was the one thing, now, he could give her.

THE news came to him in the morning, when Herbie the waiter got back from town. Before Herbie had the parcels out of his hand he was giving McCann the story breathlessly; and as soon as he had covered the main points he began it again, more slowly this time, with some embellishment, and a tighter and finer dramatic effect.

They had found the body this morning, Herbie said, as soon as they opened the vault. Young Emmons and Mr. Bradley opened it at eight-fifteen, the way they always did; and when they saw what was inside they stood dumfounded for a minute, and then yelled and damn' near keeled over. Young Emmons went white as a sheet; he couldn't even talk about it at nine-thirty, when Herbie had seen him.

McCann said it would have been a shock; but Herbie looked at it from the professional standpoint, and said they should have kept their heads, and not touched the body at all. Of course, though, anybody could see how Howard J. Yarnell, the president of the Winston bank, had died, for he must have been in the airproof vault since four o'clock yesterday afternoon, the last time it was closed. He was dead as a herring in the morning. And no one thought of it as anything but an accident. Even Herbie, who was always reading detective magazines and pestering McCann for stories of the guys he'd caught when he'd been a cop in New York, had no suspicions. Whoever had been careless enough to lock that vault yesterday without looking inside first, he said, ought to be shot. How anybody could be so dumb passed Herbie's comprehension—McCann's, too, although not so vociferously. McCann had seen a lot of crazy things happen.

And then, at eleven o'clock, Ed Williams came out from town. The chief of Winston's five-man police force was tall and spare and slow-moving, with a pair of sharp dark eyes, and a small, baldly shining head. While McCann was in the kitchen he stopped his car in the driveway and had Herbie show him up to the room Charley Knowles occupied; and when Herbie bustled down, stuttering with news of his visit, McCann went out to the hall and met him at the foot of the stairs.

"Mr. McCann," Ed Williams said gloomily, and nodded his big head. "I guess you heard what happened."

"Yes," McCann said. "It was a shame an accident like that—"

"Accident?" Ed Williams repeated. He took his hat off after a moment and rubbed his bald pate with a deliberate palm. "Accident? Well . . . where's Charley Knowles? He been around this morning?"

Even then McCann didn't think of the phone call. Instead, he took out his watch and looked at it, and supposed Charley would be at the bank now.

"Yeaop," Ed Williams said, and turned his hat around on one thumb. "He should be. Only he isn't. Wasn't in this morning, and didn't sleep in his room here last night, far as I can see. And I liked that boy, Mr. McCann—went to school with his father. Will Knowles and me—"

McCann's brows drew slightly together when he stopped. He asked what did Charley Knowles have to do with this?

WITH a sudden sharp exasperation Ed Williams growled that he wished he knew. "Soundproof," he said, and jabbed out his hat at McCann. "The vault, understand. Yell all you want to in there when it's closed, and no one's going to hear you with the bank full of people. We thought Howie Yarnell had been locked in through carelessness yesterday afternoon when they closed the vault. Only—"

McCann blinked his gray eyes. "Only?"

"We found out," Ed Williams said heavily, "poor Howie wasn't locked in yesterday afternoon at all. He left with the rest when the bank was closed, and had supper at his home last night. Sometime later Charley Knowles called him and asked him to come to the bank—said he had to see him about something important. Howie went down, of course; only he thought it was so queer he mentioned it to his wife. That's how we know.

"Howie never came home. His wife had just called me up this morning, worried sick, when I heard how they'd found him. He got locked in, all right, but it wasn't any accident. Not with that phone call, and Charley Knowles skipping town. Not with damn' near sixty thousand cash dollars gone from the currency drawer in the vault—every penny that was in it."

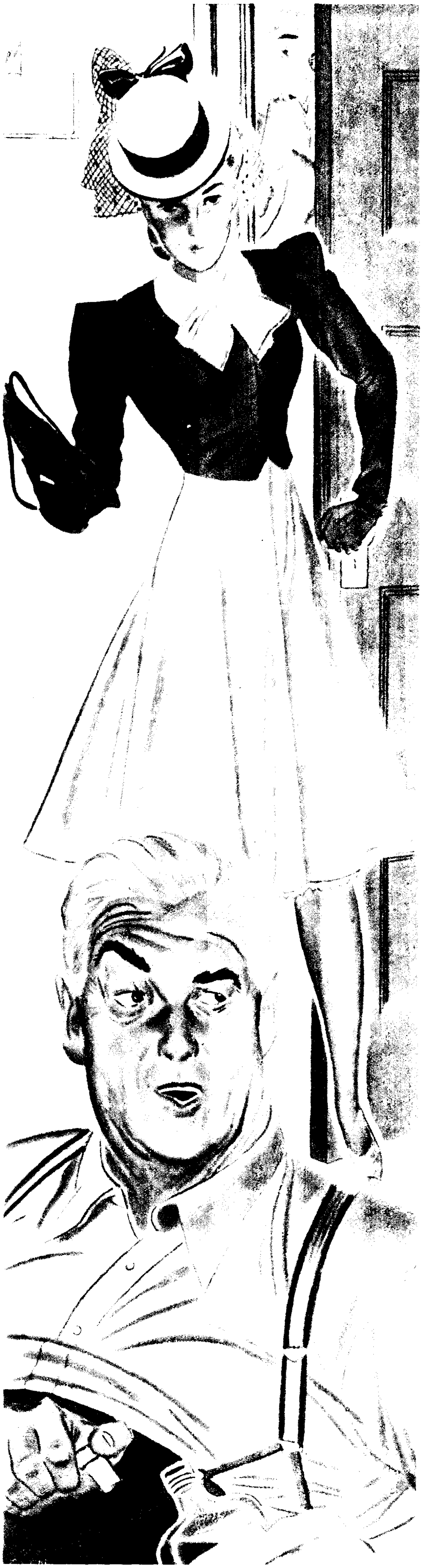
Putting on his hat again, nodding somberly to McCann, Ed Williams started for the door. On the way he added across his shoulder:

"I guess you know how these things go as well as I do. Better, maybe. Sometimes I wish I was retired too. I'd quit now if Will Knowles wasn't cold in his grave. If he knew the only boy he ever had—"

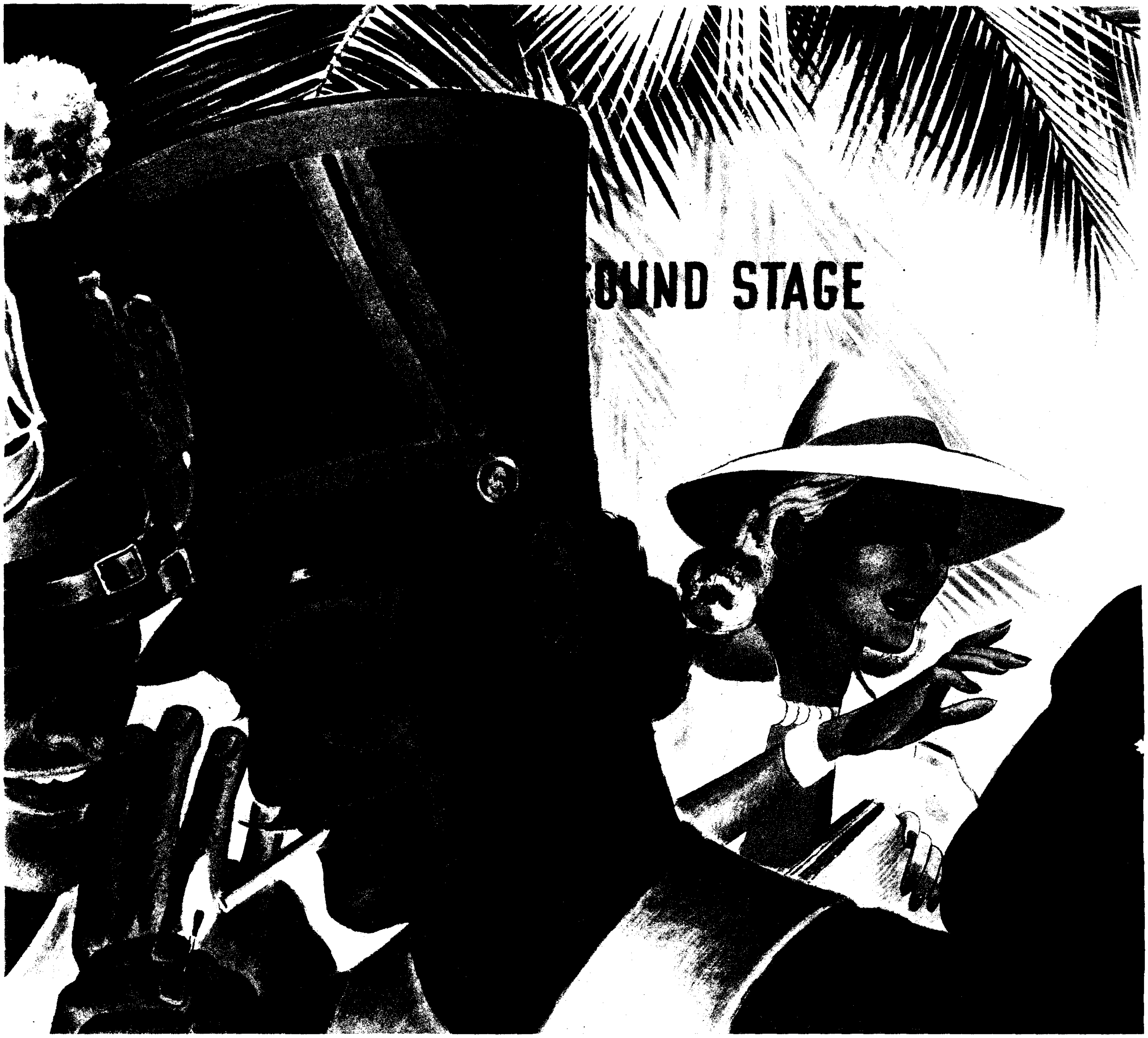
He sighed, waved to McCann, got in his car and drove off. McCann stared after him, chewing on his cigar. It wasn't hard to straighten out, if it was difficult to believe at first. Everything was there—motive, opportunity, flight. Everything contributed to the inevitable sum and total. Only a clean, fresh-faced boy like Charley Knowles doing anything like this—a boy who had boarded at the Post House ever since McCann had opened it, who had joked with him and drunk beer with him and listened to his stories through long winter evenings in the little barroom inside. It was so incredible that McCann growled in his throat at it.

But after a moment he threw away his cigar angrily and called himself a fool. After thirty-five years on what McCann was quietly positive was the best police force in the world he swore at himself for forgetting that the pattern was never one you could pick out beforehand, not even—or especially, perhaps—when you knew the things McCann did.

He could recall a thousand proofs—one or two of them popped into his mind now: A pretty, dark-haired woman who had poisoned her little girl for five hundred dollars' insurance: *(Continued on page 39)*



The girl behind him would not wait; she pushed in through the door. Before he could say anything, even before he could turn to face her, she was speaking swiftly



Toilers of the Screen

By Daniel Fuchs

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

Behind the scenes in Hollywood at the birth of another epic—we hope

TAFFERTY, president of Superb Productions, lay sprawled over the couch in his office and covered his eyes with his arms—limp, exhausted, hopelessly overburdened. Johnny Mantle bit his lip, worried by the performance the boss was putting on for his benefit. He talked fast.

"Okay, you're right," he began. "I admit it. Two Rockets is a bust. It won't draw a dime at the box office, but—"

"Oh, don't worry about it, Johnny," Tafferty broke in, his voice soft and low with self-pity. "I know some studios want their producers to turn out money-makers exclusively. Not me. I'm different. I'll go to bat one hundred per cent for any one of you young kids who want to make a high-class artistic picture, serious stuff like the French make. Listen, Johnny, is the money everything? Is that the only thing we sweat and struggle for out here?"

Talk fast, Johnny told himself, talk fast. "No!" he said. "You're being damned decent about it but I won't let you. Let them keep their Academy Awards. We want the box-office smashes, and I've got a sure-fire hit in work for you right now. I mean this Florida script. A cavalcade of the state's history, from tropical waste to a great winter resort, all told through the ups and downs of one man's story. Wait till you see it. Darryl Zanuck's heart'll break when he finds out we beat him to the punch. It'll be the biggest money-maker Superb ever had."

Tafferty let him talk but wasn't listening. "You got me entirely wrong, Johnny," he mourned. "You talk like I was bringing you up on the carpet or something. You got nothing to defend with me. I'm perfectly willing to take the rap for my producers. I'll be the fall guy. I don't care."

"You won't have to take any rap on my account," Johnny insisted. "I've got George Maderna reading the script. As soon as he takes the lead, we start shooting. With Maderna's name on the picture, it'll be a cinch. It'll net a cool million for the studio and for you, Tafferty. A million!"

Tafferty flapped his hand hopelessly in the air. "Don't give it a second thought, Johnny. The bank back east is sending out a couple of men to look into things on the lot, but do I care? Am I worried? The hell with them. Ideals are sometimes more important than money." He rolled over on his side and showed his back to Johnny. "I'm so weary," he moaned. "I'd love to retire and leave all the headaches forever but who would there be to take my place?"

"Johnny!" she called. "You go now and you'll never see me again." He jerked to a halt

Johnny opened his mouth but caught himself. He realized it wouldn't help to keep on talking. He left the boss on the couch and went down swiftly to the studio alley on his way back to his own office. One flop and the skids were readied beneath you. Johnny had left Broadway and the legitimate stage little more than a year ago but he had been out on the coast long enough to recognize the signs. When the time came to put the knife into you, they always said they were forced to do the dirty work by somebody on top, and as soon as Johnny had heard Tafferty mention the bank people east, he had gone cold inside.

HE WALKED into his secretary's office.

"Get my wife on the phone," he told the girl. "Three things. I want her to turn in the closed car and order the most expensive custom-built job they have in the place. Tell her to get in touch with my insurance man and raise my endowment policies a hundred thousand dollars. And tell her to see the real-estate agent about a plot in Brentwood. We're building a new house. You have that all straight, Hazel?"

The girl was staring at him, her mouth open.

"What's the matter?" Johnny asked. "Won't that be enough to keep the wise guys from calling me a has-been?"

"My goodness," Hazel said, turning her eyes down tactfully. "I'm sure I don't know exactly what you mean, Mr. Mantle." She looked at her scratch-pad. "Mrs. Mantle called this morning. She'd like you to phone back."

"She called up?" He reached for the phone but stopped. "Later," he said. "I'm going to lunch." He had no time. He hurried out to the commissary but it wasn't because be was hungry. He had to see George Maderna.

The top-flight stars, still wearing their heavy tan make-up, sat at the executives' table along with the big men from the Administration Building and with the A-picture producers. They rolled dice busily as they ate, but when Johnny came in they all paused a moment to look at him. The dice stopped. News certainly traveled fast in Hollywood. They all knew he had been called up to Tafferty's office. Johnny saw the sly, pleased shine in their eyes but he smiled brightly right back at them. Free and easy, with nothing to hide, he went up to Maderna, slapped him on the back and took a chair next to him.

"The pace that kills," Johnny said. "Don't you guys ever stop gambling? You'll wear yourselves out."

"I'm down two hundred and seventy bucks," Maderna said. He knew Johnny wanted to see him about Florida and he looked uncomfortable already. "Did you ever hear of a lunch that cost two hundred and seventy bucks? No wonder I get peculiar sensations all the time. I abuse my digestive system by gambling too much. I'm a physical and nervous wreck."

JOHNNY gave his order to the waitress. The dice rolled again. He could read their minds as they ate and gambled. "Goodby, Mantle," they were saying to themselves. "Great guy, excellent personality, too bad he lost his touch so quick." Maderna was probably thanking his luck and his agent that very minute because his contract contained an approval clause that permitted him to pass up a script he didn't like. Nobody wanted to work for a producer who was slipping and Maderna didn't have to go into Florida. Johnny knew, too, that the other producers at the table were silently splitting up among themselves the names, scripts and budgets he would have drawn, but he didn't take time to grow bitter about it. He wasn't through in Hollywood. One box-office flop might be enough to ruin you in this town but all it took to put you back on top again was one juicy smash hit. He told himself he'd keep after Maderna day and night until the star gave in and joined the cast.

The crap game broke up. Most of the high-priced talent went back to work but there were three or four men left at the table. Johnny stalled over his plate, waiting for them to leave so that he could tackle Maderna alone, but the waitress came up and told him he was wanted on the phone.

"Find out who it is," Johnny said. "Say I'll call right back."

"But it's Mrs. Mantle," the girl said. It was almost a rebuke. "She's waiting on the wire."

"All right," Johnny said and went into the little room where they kept the phone. "Yes, Vivian," he said.

"Oh, Johnny," she began, "about this new house and the car—"

"Yes, I know, Vivian. It sounds crazy but do as I say, will you, dear? I'll explain it all later."

"Well, then, couldn't it wait until I see you first? I'd like—"

"I wish you'd go right ahead. It's really important to me."

"It can wait a day, can't it, Johnny? I'd like to see you first."

Time was passing. He'd lose Maderna in another minute. "All right, dear. All right, then, let it wait."

"Listen—don't hang up—will I see you tonight?"

"Sure, dear. Of course."

"I mean for dinner. I haven't—"

"Yes, dear. Dinner."

"Well, let me finish." Her voice grew sharp. "I haven't had a chance to talk to you in a week. I hardly ever see you."

"Yes, dear. Tonight. I'll make it for dinner."

"Yes, dear! Yes, dear!" she cried at him angrily. "Don't be so impatient with me. Don't—"

"Now, Vivian—listen, kid—holy smoke! Don't be unreasonable. Don't let's fight around now."

"Oh, Johnny," she wept over the phone. "I want to hang up on you. I really ought to do it too, but I know I'd only be calling you up again to say I'm sorry. And then you'd have another phone call from me to be annoyed with."

"Honey, listen," he begged. "I'm all balled up here. Things are in a jam but they'll get straightened out soon and then everything will be fine."

"All right, go," she said tearfully. "Hang up. Goodby."

"Honey, don't feel bad! Don't be mad at me!"

"All right. I'm not mad. I don't feel bad. Hang up."

"Yes, dear," he said helplessly. He put the phone back on the rest and rubbed his eyes for a moment. Then he straightened up, took a deep breath and went back to the executives' table, but Maderna was gone.

JOHNNY spent the next two or three hours hunting for him. The gateman reported the actor hadn't left the lot, but Johnny couldn't reach him any place by phone. There was nothing else for him to do but set out on foot and run him down. It was almost six o'clock when he finally walked into Maderna in the men's room at the song-writers' building. The actor was looking into the mirror, studying his face with great concentration.

"I don't think my senses are quite co-ordinated," he said solemnly. "I mean, for example, I touch something hot and I feel cold or neutral. I think I must be all shot to pieces inside."

"Listen, George," Johnny said. "How did you like the script?"

"Stinks."

"Why, George, George!" Johnny said, working up enthusiasm. "Man, you're passing up the dramatic opportunity of a lifetime. You'll be the biggest thing in Hollywood for years and years as a result of this one picture."

Maderna put his hand on Johnny's shoulder, interrupting him. "Another thing about me," he said. "I hear unrelated noises. Sometimes it's an organ playing high-brow music. Or else it's a man speaking in a hall. Oh, boy," the actor sighed, "if it's a neurosis I have, it's certainly exclusive with me. I defy anybody to classify it."

"Listen, just listen," Johnny begged, and then, right there in the men's room, finding the strength somewhere within him, he acted out the choice bits of the script. He talked for fifteen minutes without a stop. "Then you get the great inspiration," he cried, reaching the climax. "Your eyes get noble and dreamy just like Tyrone Power. 'I see a great state springing forth,' you say. 'I see millions flocking from the bitter northern cold to the health-giving rays of Florida.' Can you see it, George? Can you visualize it? It's terrific!" He stopped, covered with perspiration. He was breathing hard but his eyes flashed with hope.

"The worst thing," Maderna said slowly, "is my eyes. When I'm with people, I see their mouths open but I don't hear a thing. I tell you, Johnny, it's getting pretty serious, no fooling."

JOHNNY collapsed against the wall. Outside in the growing darkness for some time now, a man had been calling: "Johnny Mantle! Johnny Mantle! Johnny Mantle!" He left Maderna to his mirror and weakly made his way down to the alley.

"The boss wants you," the man told him. "He's been waiting ten minutes to see you."

Tafferty was pacing the floor when Johnny came into the office.

"I'll break down under the strain," the boss said promptly. "After all, I'm human just like anybody else, ain't I?"

"Yes," Johnny said. "Yes. What can I do?" It always made him nervous to see the boss put on an act.

"Everything devolves on me. I have to take care of a man called Dolgos tonight just because he owns the biggest chain of movie houses in the Middle West and the studio can't afford to hurt his feelings. We're giving him a stag dinner at the Anatole tonight and I'm just not up to it," he wept. "I give up. I've reached the breaking point at last."

Johnny winced, expecting the worst. "Yes?" he asked. "Yes?"

"Take over," the boss gasped feebly. "You'll have to go in my place. Take care of Dolgos for me."

"I can't," Johnny cried. "Tafferty, listen, I can't make it."

The boss wasn't listening. *(Continued on page 44)*

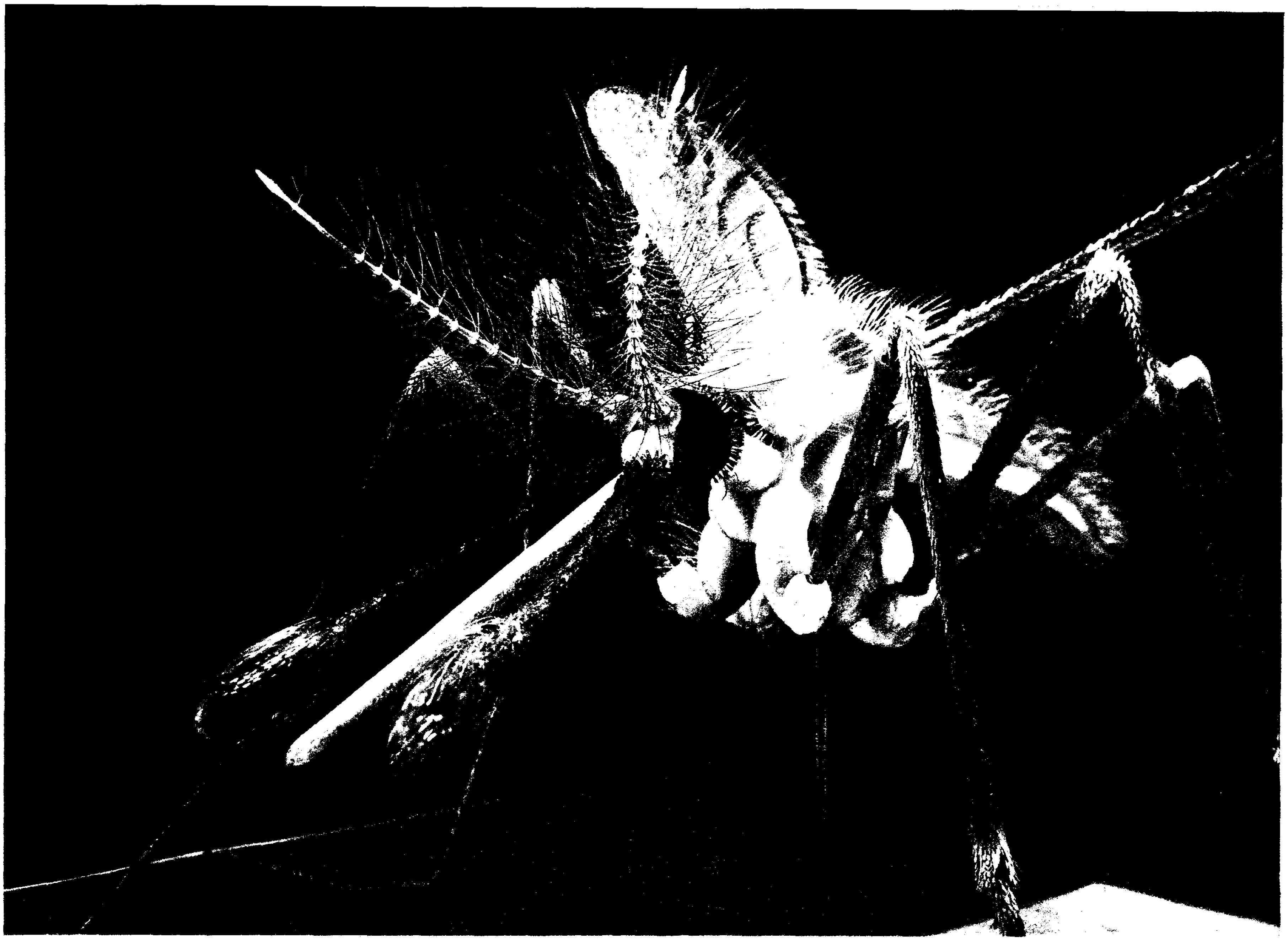


PHOTO BY IFOR THOMAS FROM A MODEL IN THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

This brightly sinister fellow is a malaria mosquito, in natural color. The blue spot is the eye. It has over a thousand facets or individual eyes. The two long bottle brushes are touch organs called palps, and the rod between them is the proboscis or biting part. The things sprouting up from the eye are antennae, organs of hearing

Singing Vampires

By J. D. Ratcliff

African mosquitoes, loaded with lethal germs, are moving toward our borders. Here's the scientific lowdown on the tiny merchants of death and discomfort

NO ONE noticed the merciless killer that rode into Natal, Brazil, aboard the French plane. The plane had just crossed the South Atlantic from Dakar, on the African West Coast.

The murderous immigrant was a tight little bundle of whining violence; the mosquito called *Anopheles gambiae*. Immediately after landing, the killer and her household began to sink their deadly drills into citizens. Natal soon had a malaria outbreak of unprecedented violence. That was 1930. Brazilians had no natural immunity against the new type of malaria. It killed as many as ten per cent of the people in some districts.

The homicidal guests remained in Natal long enough to rear sturdy sons and daughters, and the youngsters immediately set out on their own. Most of them headed inland. By late summer they had traveled 200 miles, leaving paths of desolation, illness and death behind them. One river valley recorded 50,000 cases last summer.

Now observers fear they may find their way across the Caribbean, and attack our citizens in the South.

In his report on the Rockefeller Foundation's 1938 work, Raymond Fosdick, president, wrote:

"If Orson Welles in his now famous broadcast had announced not that the Martians had landed in New Jersey, but that a mosquito called *Anopheles gambiae* had arrived on the American continent, there would have been no public alarm. Indeed, it is doubtful if there would have been any public interest.

"But *Anopheles gambiae* is a much more dangerous invader. . . . So disabling and widespread was the epidemic (she brought to Brazil) that in some parts crops were not planted for lack of labor. It is estimated that as a result of the ravages of this mosquito nearly every person in these affected areas will be on government relief. . . ."

As killers and destroyers of property, members of several branches of the mosquito family demand an enormous amount of respect. In the next few months those now breeding between the equator and the Arctic Circle will destroy people in hundred-thousand lots.

Those winged hypodermic syringes will do damage in the United States alone estimated at $150,000,000.

Fortunately, only a few of the 135 species of mosquitoes in the United States are man-biters. The majority subsist on plant juices. A few feed on animals, snakes and lizards. Of the man-biters, only the female likes human beings. She needs the albumen found in blood to form the white portion of her eggs. Without it, her eggs will not hatch.

Less than a dozen American mosquitoes spread disease. One group causes three to five million cases of malaria a year. Another can carry dengue fever, which in epidemic years has stricken as many as 200,000 people; another yellow fever; and another that animal disease with the all but unpronounceable name: encephalomyelitis. Two years ago it killed 42,000 horses and mules.

Still the mosquito remains for most of us simply a pest—a pest that disputes our right to our porches and gardens after dusk. Certain precautions —notably good screening—will help keep them out of the house. A net bag containing 100 moth balls hung in the chimney will bar this entrance.

The itching welts that accompany mosquito bites are caused by formic acid secreted in the salivary glands of the insect. For reasons unknown, some people are inordinately sensitive to it. Others get so little reaction that they mistakenly claim mosquitoes never bite them. Indians generally fall in this latter class.

For susceptible people, diluted household ammonia or a dab of moistened toilet soap will remove the sting from bites.

A certain amount of protection out of doors is afforded by the new mosquito-killing lights that attract insects. The lights are surrounded by electrified grids, and the insects brush their wings against these grids and die with appealing suddenness.

Repellents, rubbed on the ankles or applied to a towel thrown over the head

(Continued on page 26)

JUST TASTE 'EM NOW!

A NEWLY-PERFECTED INNER WRAP NOW BRINGS KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES TO YOU FRESHER AND MORE DELICIOUS THAN EVER BEFORE!
Kellogg's
CORN FLAKES
FLAVORED WITH MALT, SUGAR AND SALT
THE ORIGINAL
HAS THIS SIGNATURE
W.K. Kellogg
NET WEIGHT
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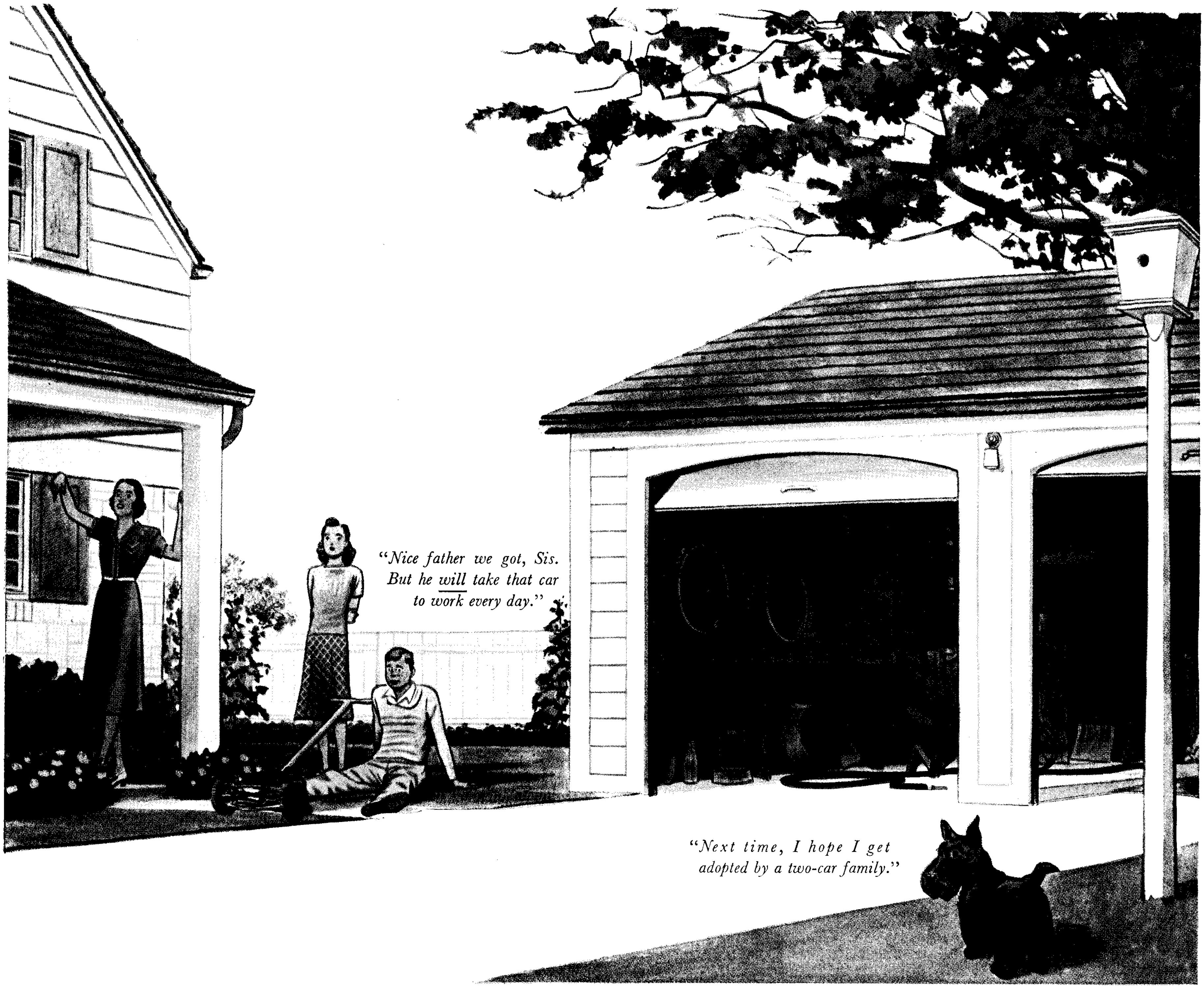
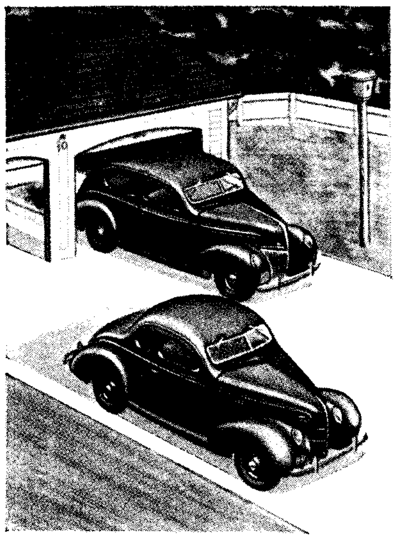
IF YOU haven't tasted Kellogg's Corn Flakes *lately,* you have a real treat coming. For years, the world-famous flavor of these crisp, golden-brown flakes has made them America's favorite—the largest-selling ready-to-eat cereal in the world!

But now, thanks to a newly-perfected inner wrap that protects their freshness and flavor in a way *never before possible,* Kellogg's Corn Flakes reach you at the very peak of their new-made goodness. Fresher . . . more crisp . . . more tender . . . more delicious than ever before!

For breakfast, for lunch, for the children after school, for a light bedtime snack . . . a heaping bowl of Kellogg's Corn Flakes is a treat that everyone likes. Serve them often with cream and sugar, topped off if you like with luscious sliced peaches or bananas, or ripe red berries.


"Nice father we got, Sis. But he will take that car to work every day."
"Next time, I hope I get adopted by a two-car family."

Is yours a Two-car Family... with only *One* car?



Above, *the De Luxe Ford V-8 Tudor Sedan — 85 horsepower* . . . below, *the Ford V-8 Coupe, 60 or 85 horsepower*

Is the rest of the family marooned when Dad takes the car to the office? Does good-bye to Dad mean good-bye to the car too?

Wouldn't there be more peace and pleasure and *efficiency* for the whole family if there were two cars instead of one?

Owning two cars is a lot easier than you think when those two cars are Fords. All Ford prices are low and include a great deal of desirable equipment. Ford "60" delivered prices are the lowest for any car with more than four cylinders.

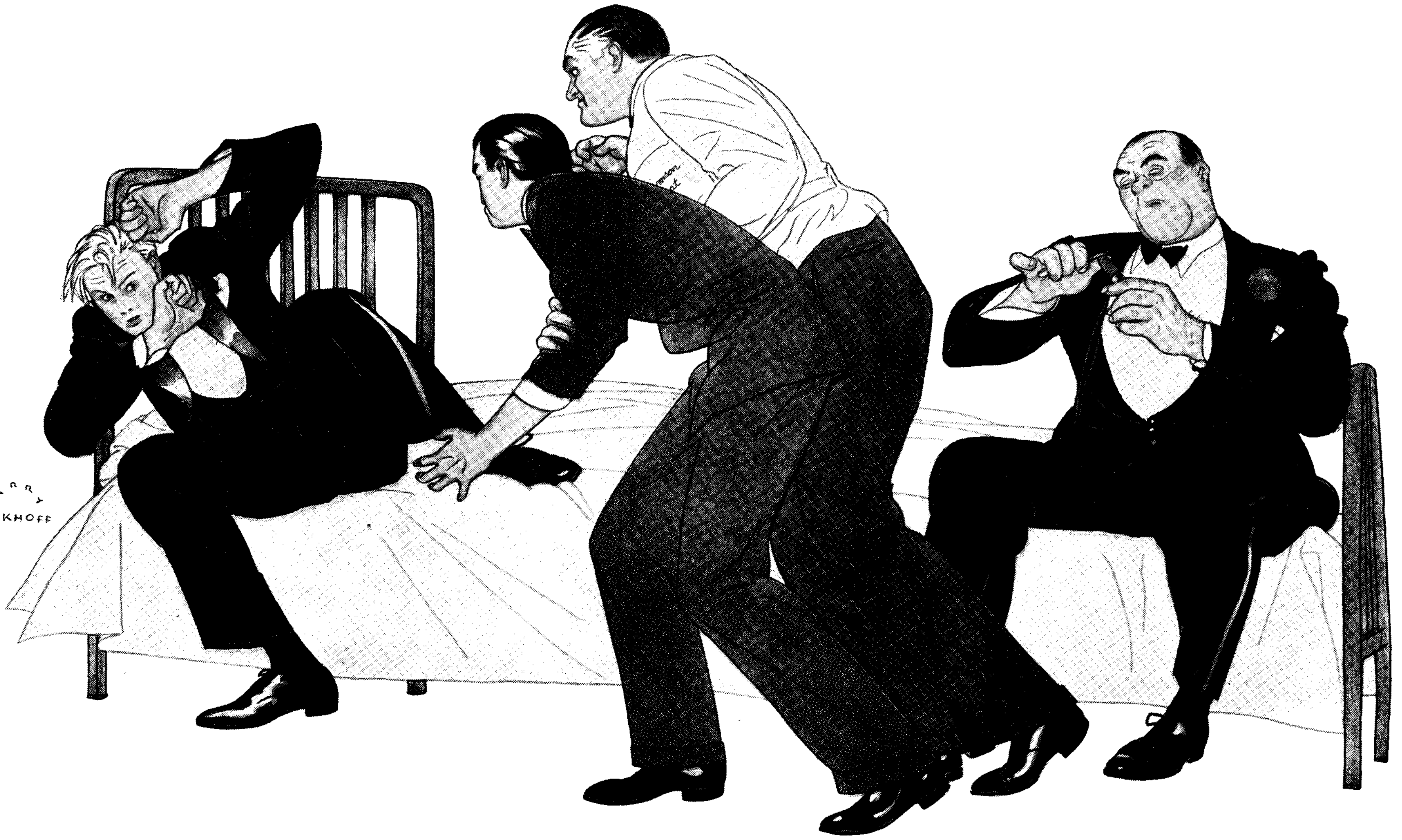
Fords cost less to run too. An 85-horsepower Ford registered the greatest gas mileage of any standard-drive car over four cylinders in the 1939 Gilmore-Yosemite Economy Run, as reported in *Motor Age*.

Satisfaction goes hand-in-hand with saving when you buy a Ford. You get generous room all around—grand *hydraulic brakes*—and a stabilized chassis that doesn't dip when you stop or bob when you start.

Whatever you want in a motor car, your Ford dealer is in the best possible position to serve you. From low-price "60" to De Luxe Convertibles, he has body types and prices to meet every need.

FORD V·8

FORD MOTOR COMPANY—FORD, MERCURY, LINCOLN-ZEPHYR AND LINCOLN MOTOR CARS



Slats found a cigar, cut off the end with a penknife. "Come on, pal," Pete said to Crane. "Stand up, pal"

Red Gardenias

By Jonathan Latimer

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

The Story Thus Far:

WEALTHY old Simeon March believes that his son, John, and his nephew, Richard—both killed by gas fumes—were murdered. He employs two detectives—William Crane and Ann Fortune—to look into the matter.

Posing as husband and wife, Crane and Ann go to Marchton (a town founded and controlled by the March family), where Simeon puts them up in Richard's home. Hardly have they arrived, when they find Peter March, old Simeon's son, going through his dead cousin's correspondence, destroying some of it. While they are chatting with Peter, a masked man steps into the room, seizes a number of letters, and bolts!

Then Simeon arrives. He is accompanied by Carmel March, John's widow. Closeted with Crane, he names Carmel as the killer. But he can produce no tangible evidence against her.

Crane has a talk with Dr. Paul Woodrin, a close friend of the Marches, who tells him that Talmadge March, Richard's brother, had been engaged to a charming girl, Alice, and that Richard had stolen her from him, married her, divorced her. Woodrin says that Talmadge hated Richard.

Among the notes left by Richard are some that indicate that one "Delia" and Richard March had been having an affair. Following various "leads" in the notes, Ann and Crane believe that, up to Richard's death, Richard and Carmel (known as "Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell") had from time to time occupied a cottage in a near-by town. They motor to the cottage. Arrived, they find a red-haired woman and the man who had stolen Richard March's letters preparing to leave. A wild chase ensues; it terminates when the bandit fires at Ann and Crane with a revolver.

Doc Williams, another detective, arrives, and Crane goes over the situation with him. . . . From Carmel, Crane learns something that is important—*if true.* Carmel says that John had killed Richard after hearing Richard begging her to run away with him. She says that John, remorseful, had committed suicide; and that he had left a farewell note, which she and Dr. Woodrin had destroyed.

At the Crimson Cat, Crane scrapes up an acquaintance with a singer—*Delia* Young—whom Slats Donovan, a celebrity of the underworld, regards as his property. Delia has red hair; she is the woman Crane and Ann had found at the cottage. At her suggestion, Crane goes with her to her apartment. There she informs him that Richard had been in love with her, not Carmel. "Somebody knocked him off," Crane observes. Delia gasps. Then: "*How do you know?*"

V

CRANE said: "Somebody hosed carbon monoxide into his car while he was in it."

Delia's hand hurt his arm. "Could she . . . ?"

"I don't know." He watched her face. "There was a smell of gardenias on his body. Her perfume."

Her eyes were wide and purple.

"Of course, Slats might have done it," he said.

She took her hand from his arm; scowled in thought. "It must be her. . . . Slats would've said something if . . . Say! How do you happen to know so much about this, Arthur?"

"I get around."

"I'm asking you a question," she said grimly.

Crane smiled at her.

"I'm going to have to sap you, wise guy."

Her eyes were coldly angry, but under the silk pajamas her breast moved with her quick breathing.

"I wouldn't," he said.

Suddenly her attention left him. She was listening to something. She smiled. "Okay," she said.

"That's all right." He started around her toward the door. "Goodby."

Her attitude was strange. "Don't go away mad." She was smiling, but only with her mouth. She still seemed to be listening to something. "Have one more drink." She took hold of his arm.

"I have to go."

There was a noise of feet in the hall. Her face was suddenly savagely triumphant. She came close to Crane. "Darling," she said.

He was thinking, what the hell? when the door opened. "What's this?" said a man.

He was in a tuxedo and he looked like an ex-prize fighter. He had wide shoulders, a barrel chest, a wasp waist. He was about six feet five and he weighed over two hundred pounds. He had blue-white eyes and a long, pock-marked face.

"Slats!" Delia's voice was filled with terror.

The man walked into the room. Back of him came Frenchy Duval and Lefty and two other men. The man walked up to Delia, pulled her away from Crane. He turned toward Crane.

Delia pushed herself between them. "Don't kill him, Slats," she cried. "Don't. Please."

It was an act. Crane knew it was an act. It was a beautiful act. But what was it about?

Slats pulled Delia away again. She fought him. In the scuffle Slats hit Crane hard in the face with his elbow.

"I wouldn't do that," Crane said.

Slats swung his shoulders, sent Delia onto the davenport. At the same time his elbow caught Crane's face again. He said to Delia, "Two-time me, will you?"

Crane hit him below his right ear, at the junction of neck and jawbone. Pain shot through his hand and he knew he had broken a knuckle. Slats Donovan looked at him with surprise, as though he hadn't seen him before. The blow hadn't even jarred him.

One of the men had gold teeth. He asked, "Should we bump him, Slats?" He was the bartender from downstairs.

Slats hunched his shoulders and Crane got ready to duck. Then Slats said, "Hell, I just had a manicure." He jerked his head at the others. "Keep him . . . I may want to talk to him." He picked up Delia Young and carried her into the other room.

The four men advanced on Crane. The man with the gold teeth had a pistol. Crane said, "Never mind. I'll go with you."

"Sure you will, pal," said the man.

THE room had nothing in it but a bed. There were bars on the window and the door was locked. The floor was bare and there was only one light, on the ceiling. Crane sat on the bed and sucked his knuckles. He wondered what was going to happen next.

(*Continued on page 34*)

Singing Vampires

Continued from page 22

of the bed, are helpful in keeping mosquitoes away. Oil of citronella, derived from an Asiatic grass, is still the best known. After five years of painful research, entomologists at Rutgers University, backed by the National Carbon Company, have found a more powerful substance.

They made and tested scores of synthetic chemicals under field conditions. An investigator would rub these concoctions over one arm and one leg; and leave the other arm and leg unprotected. Then, with the courage of a Biblical martyr, he would march into a swamp teeming with "Jersey sparrows."

With a counting device he would click off the number of times he was bitten on protected and unprotected areas. Hundreds of such tests preceded the discovery of the repellent, which is now on the market.

All of these measures accept the mosquito as a necessary evil. That isn't so. Perhaps they can't be entirely exterminated, but they can be controlled to a point where they cease to be pests.

Four coastal New Jersey counties gave a demonstration of what it costs to support a mosquito population. In a ten-year period these counties put on a systematic program of extermination and land values rose $100,000,000! At a cost that is not excessive any city or town can rid itself of these pests.

As a health hazard the mosquito is supremely malevolent. Some historians contend that mosquito-spread malaria caused the downfall of Greek, Roman and Mayan civilizations. Year in and year out the mosquito kills wholesale, causing one third of all sickness in the tropics.

Since the mosquito was indicted as the carrier of yellow fever, this disease has been virtually stamped out in all civilized countries. Philadelphia, New York, New Orleans and other cities where the epidemics once killed from 15 to 85 per cent of the people stricken, today never see this disease. But it is still present in the back reaches of the world, particularly in South America and West Africa. To think that it can never come back to civilized countries is idle thinking indeed.

A Domesticated Pest

Yellow fever is spread principally by a mosquito called *Aëdes aegypti.* This black and white insect is the most domesticated of all. It lives as closely to man as possible and rarely migrates more than a few hundred feet. It prefers to feed on light rather than dark races, and likes young people better than old. Unless pressed by hunger it feeds only in the daytime.

It is widely prevalent in the United States. Its permanent home is south of the frost line, but it rides trains, boats and planes to the north to establish summer colonies. It has carried its plague as far north as Montreal. It is itself unharmed by the yellow fever it spreads. Control measures consist chiefly of rigid quarantine restrictions on stricken people. As long as mosquitoes don't get at them, they can't spread yellow jack to other people.

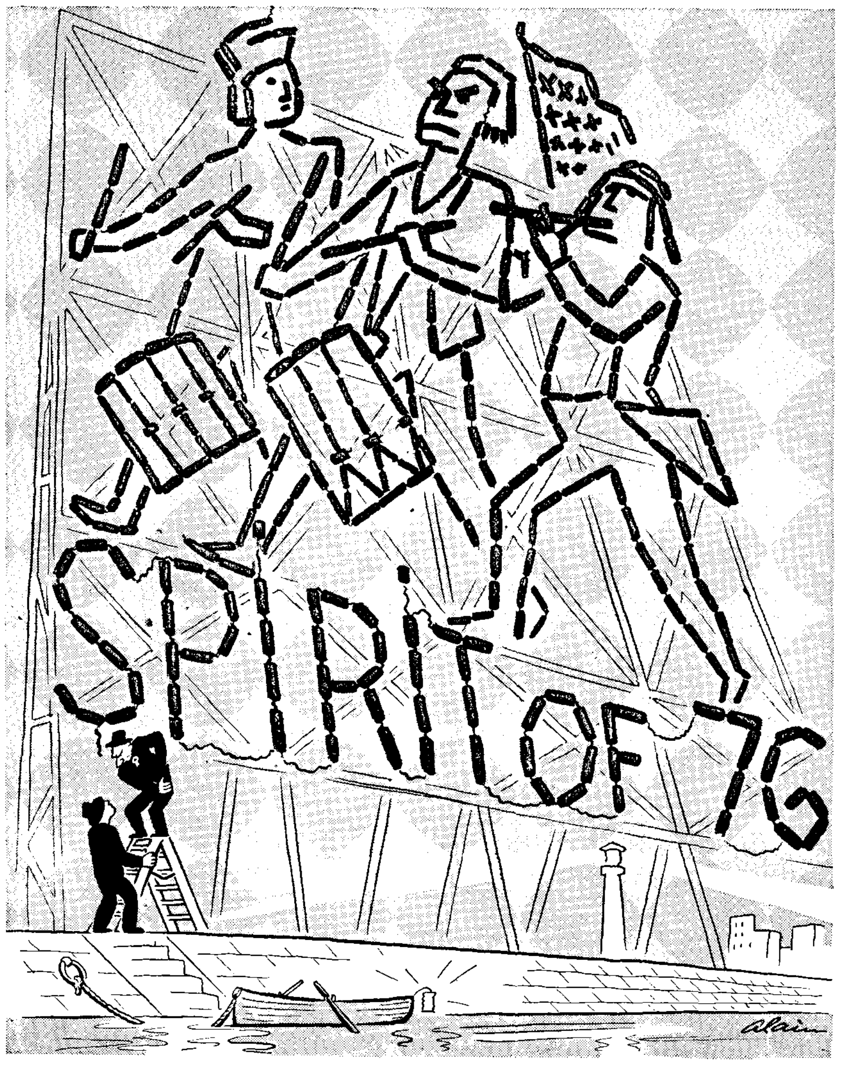
The dread that infected mosquitoes might be introduced to the United States from South American yellow-fever ports via the airplane has long troubled the United States Public Health Service.

To test the possibility of an invasion, Service men sprayed yellow dye on 40 mosquitoes and freed them in a Miami-bound plane in Puerto Rico. The plane made scheduled landings between these two ports and no effort was made to keep the mosquitoes aboard. Thirteen were recovered in Miami.

This and subsequent tests clearly indicated that mosquitoes like to hitchhike on planes. Pan American Airways inaugurated systematic spraying and the health service began rigid inspection of all incoming craft. Inspectors last year collected 45 mosquitoes on South American planes. All but five were dead.

Perhaps that seems like much ado about little, but men who have seen the fury of a yellow-fever epidemic don't think so.

Malaria isn't a remote threat like yellow fever. It is a grim reality for the three to five million Americans who contract this disease each year. The United States malaria belt lies south of Ohio and east of Texas and Oklahoma. A third of the citizens in some rural counties are malarious.



"Got a match?"

ALAIN

The death rate is not high, only a few thousand Southerners dying each year. People have learned to eat protective quinine—and drink annually thousands of gallons of "fever medicines" advertised on every fence post in the South. When such protection is lacking—as it was in postwar Russia—malaria takes a grisly toll. It might do the same in the United States if war should cut off the supply of quinine imported from the Orient.

The *Anopheles* mosquitoes, the malaria spreaders, work quietly and their bites are relatively painless. There are nine kinds in the United States, most of which are capable of transmitting malaria in the laboratory. But for practical purposes all but three are ruled out.

When they bite a malarious person, these mosquitoes suck parasite-ridden blood into their stomachs. The parasites multiply, work their way through the mosquito stomach membranes and finally reach the salivary glands. Then the insects are malaria carriers. Their bites—which penetrate the skin a thirty-second to a sixteenth of an inch—can pass the disease along.

The three kinds of parasites cause three kinds of malaria, but their essential behavior is the same. The parasites bore their way inside red blood cells where they feed and multiply until the cell can no longer hold them. It bursts, releasing 150,000,000 new parasites.

The *Anopheles,* a night feeder, is distinguishable from other mosquitoes because of her biting habits. While taking a blood meal she appears to be standing on her head, almost vertical to the surface she is biting. Other mosquitoes assume a humpbacked stance.

The most common malaria carrier in the United States is the *Anopheles quadrimaculatus.* It has a brownish cast to its body, and its wings are spotted with black. The household mosquito most common in inland areas in the North is the *Culex pipiens.* In the South it's the *Culex quinquefasciatus.* They are distinguishable from the malaria mosquitoes by their banded bodies, and by their unspotted, dun-colored wings. Wherever there is salt water the marsh mosquito—*Aëdes sollicitans*—is almost sure to be the predominating pest. This noisy insect is of a golden-brown color and its body is segmented with yellowish-white bands.

If the case against the mosquito appears too black, note that at least one thing may be said in its favor. It is that it is helpful in treating paresis—syphilitic paralysis. Mosquitoes are bred specially for this purpose at the United States Public Health Service's station in Columbia, South Carolina. They are allowed to bite the paretic patient until he contracts malaria. The fever which accompanies this disease apparently cooks the corkscrew microbe of syphilis.

But the mosquito remains a pest that does damage on a gigantic scale—and should be exterminated on the same scale. Such work has been progressing for several years now in the South. The defunct CWA and Works Progress Administration have built 9,000 miles of drainage ditch which carried water off 1,600,000 acres. They have also applied 1,400,000 gallons of spray to mosquito breeding ponds and swamps.

All mosquitoes lay their eggs in or near water. In the far North some mosquitoes choose depressions that will be filled by melting snow. Salt marsh mosquitoes deposit their eggs in depressions which will be filled by high spring tides. Others lay eggs in standing water.

The yellow-fever mosquito will use only man-made containers: discarded tires or refuse heaps, bottles, watering cans, and even baptismal founts. The common household mosquito will breed in fish ponds, bird baths, depressions made by cow hoofs in marshy areas and vases in cemeteries. Any place where water stands for ten days is a potential mosquito breeder. It takes that long for eggs to hatch, pass through the wriggler and pupa stages and develop into adults.

Solutions of the Problem

Large-scale extermination requires ditching to let tidewater into depressions where salt marsh mosquitoes lay their eggs, and drainage operations to destroy breeding places. Where drainage is impossible, sprays or dusts are used.

Kerosene or No. 2 furnace oil will destroy the wrigglers of nearly all mosquitoes. Paris green dusted over stagnant pond areas will kill the wrigglers of the *Anopheles,* but has little effect on the larvae of other species. The Tennessee Valley Authority has dusted tens of thousands of acres of water, employing airplanes to do the job.

House screening suppresses malaria. Common 16-mesh window screens will bar all but the smaller yellow-fever spreaders. It takes 18-mesh screens to keep them out. County health officers work constantly to mosquito-proof houses. To reduce screening costs, some counties have set up small factories. Screens for the average cotton farmer's house cost as little as $8.

The salt marsh mosquito, a strong flier and a savage biter, has been known to travel as far as 70 miles. Therefore any localized efforts at suppression are all but hopeless. Since other species rarely travel more than a mile, local campaigns can be highly successful.

Cracked cesspools are prolific breeders of mosquitoes. A few cups of kerosene flushed through the toilet every few weeks will stop this menace. Goldfish kept in decorative garden pools will help keep them free of wrigglers, and a little borax added to rain barrels or permanently filled fire buckets will protect.

A few pumps at a spray gun containing kerosene will destroy refuse heaps as breeding spots. A single milk bottle or a clogged roof gutter can produce hundreds of mosquitoes a day.

"FARMERETTE"

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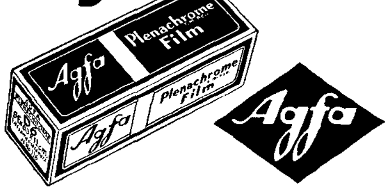
Agfa Film



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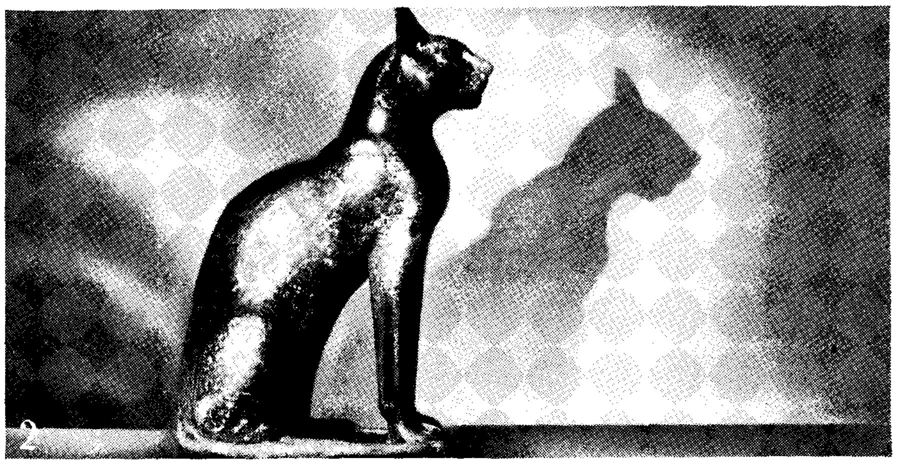
Frieda Inescort, featured in the Republic picture, "The Zero Hour", marvels at . . .



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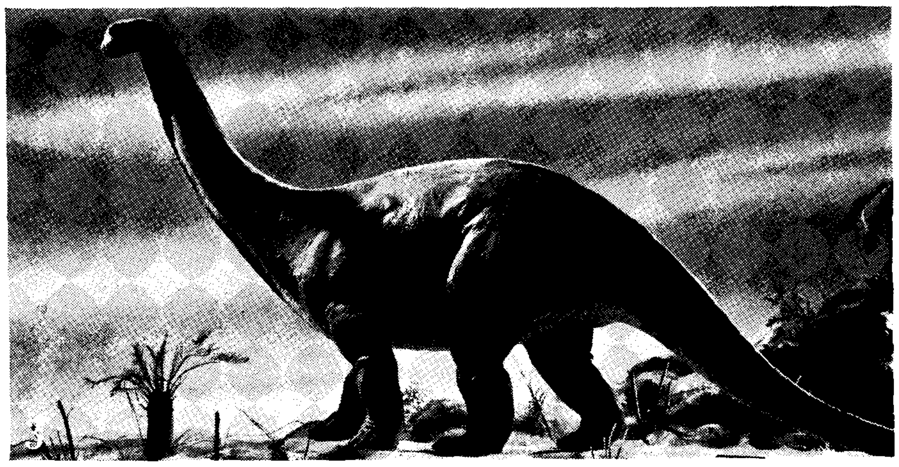

. . . old Brontosaurus, the dinosaur who roamed the earth many millions of years ago. Now think of this. The crude oils used in refining Sinclair Opaline Motor Oil were formed millions of years even before Brontosaurus was born. Oldest crudes plus . . .

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The Black Horse

Continued from page 14

The black horse was browsing peacefully in the center of a patch of wild grass that grew along the creek. For all the world he might have been one of Raglan's Percherons grazing in his home pasture. But the black horse was bigger than any Percheron that Raglan owned. There was another difference too, a subtle one not to be noticed by the casual eye. When grazing, the black horse raised his head at least once every minute to look about him. It was the mark of the wild thing that must be aware of danger; no tame horse did that.

For a quarter of an hour Jed studied him from the shelter of some aspen trees. Then, as slowly as he could walk, he went into the little field where the horse grazed. As soon as he left the shelter of the trees the horse stopped grazing, and looked at him steadily. Jed's pulse pounded, the vein in his temple throbbed. Men with years more experience than he had said the horse was bad—a natural killer.

Recklessly Jed walked on. He came to within fifty feet of the horse. It made a nervous little start and trotted a few steps. Jed paused to make soothing noises with his mouth. The rope he had been carrying he threw to the ground. Two yards farther on the horse stopped, and swung his head to look at the crippled man. Jed advanced another twenty feet.

The black horse swung about. There was no fear in him, but neither was there any viciousness. His ears tipped forward, not back. His eyes betrayed only a lively curiosity toward this creature that followed him so persistently.

In low tones that scarcely carried across the few feet that separated them, Jed talked to the horse. Still talking, walked toward the horse. The black horse tossed his head in puzzled wonderment, and made nervous little motions with his feet. Fifteen feet separated them, then ten feet. The horse shone like a mountain of muscle and strength. With a sudden blasting snort he wheeled and thundered down the valley. Jed sank to the ground; perspiration covered his face. He had done what no other man in the hills had ever done, been unarmed in striking distance of the horse. But the horse was not a killer. If he was Jed knew that he would not be alive now.

Jed took a fish line and hook from his pocket, and picked some worms from the bottom of an overturned stone. He cut a willow pole with his sheath knife, and caught three trout from the stream. He built a fire and broiled the fish over the flames. It was a fool's mission that he was on. He should be back among the stockmen earning the money that would provide him with food during the winter to come. Deliberately he ate the trout. Getting to his feet he put the fire out, and struck off in the direction taken by the horse.

FOR another six days he followed the black horse about the low hills. Jed rested when the horse rested, and went on when the horse moved again. For the six days the horse stayed within a mile's radius of the small meadow where Jed had tried to approach him. Then on the seventh day, moved by some unaccountable impulse within his massive head, the horse struck across the low hills and did not stop at any of his customary grazing grounds. Patiently Jed gathered up his coil of rope and followed. The horse had been foaled in Raglan's back pasture, and had somehow been overlooked in the fall roundup.

They were, Jed guessed, traveling in a great circle and within a month or six weeks would come to Raglan's pasture again. It was only at rare intervals that the black horse appeared at the pasture. His visits were always unwelcome. Numberless times he had lured mares into the hills with him, and only with difficulty had they been recaptured.

All day he traveled without stopping. It marked the first day that Jed did not see the horse. He was a little fearful when he made his bed that night under a ledge of rocks a dozen miles from where they had started. For two hours he lay peering into the dark, unable to sleep. He did not own the horse, and could not catch him, and by spending his time following him was only making it certain that he would have to live all the next winter on boiled corn meal, when he was lucky enough to get it.

HE WAS up next morning with the first streak of dawn, and did not bother with a cooked meal. Some low-hanging Juneberries served him for breakfast. He ate a few and picked a great handful to eat as he walked. Only when he was again on the trail of the horse did he feel at ease.

At twilight he found the horse again. He was quietly grazing in the bottom of a low and rocky ravine. Jed lay on top of the ravine and watched him. He had never been in this country before, and did not like it. The valleys were not the gently sloping ones of the low hills he had just left. It was a place of rocks, of steep ravines and, oddly enough, swamps. The creeks here were slow and muddy, a good country to stay out of.

With night Jed moved a quarter mile back from the lip of the ravine and built a fire. He supped on berries, but rabbit signs were plentiful. With his knife he cut a yard from the end of his rope and unbraided it. Within a hundred yards of his fire he set a dozen snares, and curled on the ground beside the fire to sleep.

He awoke in the middle of the night. The air was cool. A high wind soared across the rocky ledge upon which he slept. Thunder rolled in the sky, the night was made fearfully alight by flashes of lightning. Jed picked up a fat pine knot that dripped sticky pitch, and stirred the embers of his fire. He lighted the knot at the embers, and with it blazing in his hands, he made the rounds of his snares. There were rabbits in two of them. Gathering them up, along with the unsprung snares, Jed made his way along the rocky ledge by the light of the pine torch.

Halfway around it he came to the place he sought. Close to the wall of the cliff a huge boulder lay across two smaller ones. The natural cave thus formed was full of wind-blown leaves. Laying the pair of rabbits on top of the rock, Jed crawled in among the leaves and in a few seconds was fast asleep.

The second time he awoke in a wet world. Torrential rain had fallen while he slept. The sluggish stream that he could see from his retreat flowed out of its banks. Every leaf on every tree dripped water. A light rain still fell. Jed shrugged, and turned back to the cave. He built a fire in the dry leaves, and fed it with wood that he split with his knife so it would burn. When both the rabbits were cooked and eaten, he wound the rope about him and set out to look for the black horse.

The horse was not in the same ravine where Jed had seen him last night. Jed glanced at the steep wall of the ravine, and at the swamp at its mouth. The horse could neither climb one nor cross the other. Jed walked along the edge of the ravine; descending into it when he did not have to would be both hard work and unnecessary. At the head of the ravine, where it ran onto the summit of the hill, he found the horse's tracks. He followed them.

For five miles the horse walked across the level top of the hill. Finally, between a cleft in its rocky side, he went down into another of the steep little ravines. There was a trail five feet wide where he had half-walked, half-slid down.

The rain had stopped, but a wind still blew. Jed stood at the top of the path where the horse had gone down and watched it critically. The walls of the ravine were forty feet high and steep. At the bottom it was scarcely twenty feet across.

Jed worked his way along the rim of the ravine toward the mouth. He would descend into it ahead of the horse, and chase him up the ravine to the safe travel on top.

Where the ravine led into the main valley was another of the dismal swamps, a big one this time, fully a mile across, and it ran as far up and down the main valley as Jed was able to see. The black horse stood at the edge of the swamp pawing the soft ground anxiously with a front hoof. Jed watched as he galloped a few yards up the grassless floor of the ravine, then turned to test the swamp again.

FOR the first time since he had been following him Jed saw the black horse worried. He peered anxiously about. Somewhere in the ravine was an enemy that he could not see. There were rattlesnakes and copperheads to be found in great numbers in just such places, but the black horse was snake-wise, he could avoid these. Occasionally a wandering cougar was known to cross the hills, and to take a colt or calf from the stockmen's herds. That must be it. A big cougar might possibly be able to fasten itself on the horse's back, and to kill it with fangs and claws.

Ten feet below him a little ledge jutted out from the side of the ravine. Jed doubled his rope about a tree and slid down. It was excruciatingly painful work. For several seconds after he gained the ledge he lay gasping for breath.

At a blasting neigh of terror from the horse he crawled to the edge of the ledge and looked over. Below him the black horse stood with his head thrown erect, his nostrils flaring, and his eyes reflecting the terror they felt. Jed yanked the rope down to him and looped it over a rock. The horse was in danger, he had to get to him. A cougar would run from a man, even such a man as himself.

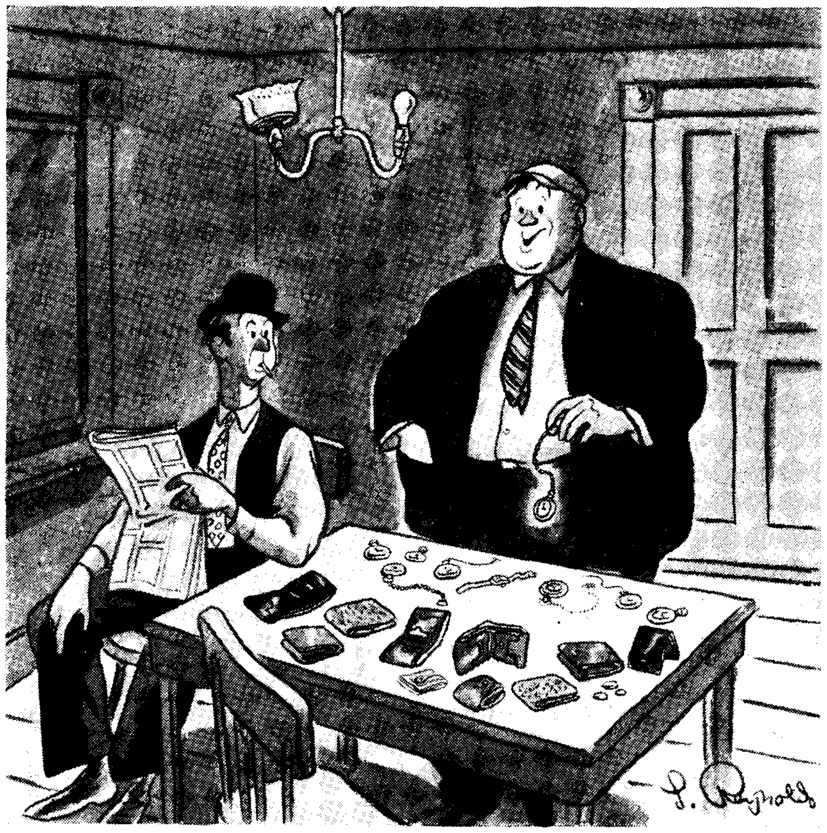
For fifteen painful feet he struggled down the face of the ravine. His crippled leg sent spasms of pain shooting over his entire body. Grimly he held on. Five feet more he descended. Then his body proved unequal to the task his mind had set it to do. He lost his hold on the rope and landed in a heap at the bottom of the ravine.

He sat up to look about. Ten feet in front of him the black horse stood rigid, staring up the ravine.

Jed shook his head to clear it, and took his knife from its sheath. There was no time now for anything save finding and dispatching whatever nameless terror beset the horse. He rose to his feet, by sheer will power putting strength into his legs. When he walked up the ravine he passed so close to the black horse that he might have reached out and touched him if he had wanted to. The horse merely sidestepped a few paces, and followed him with questioning eyes.

The cougar would now either attack or slink away. Walking slowly, searching every ledge with his eyes and missing nothing, Jed advanced. He could not see anything. But there was a sinister thing here that could be neither seen nor heard, only sensed. The air was growing more gushy; pebbles rattled into the ravine. Jed glanced anxiously back over his shoulder. If somehow he had missed the enemy and it had got behind him to attack the horse— But the black horse still stood; to all appearances he had not moved a muscle.

Suddenly the silence broke. The black horse screamed, a long and chilling blast of fear. There came the pound of his hoofs as he fled back down the ravine. Jed heard him splashing into the swamp. Simultaneously there came a deep-throated rumble from up the ra-



"That was fun, servin' on a jury!" LAURENCE REYNOLDS

MAYBE YOUR DAD COULD LICK MINE!
1. BILL! THAT'S A FINE WAY TO TALK ABOUT YOUR FATHER!
GEE! CAN I HELP IT IF HE'S ALWAYS TIRED?
2. YOU SHOULD HAVE HEARD THOSE BOYS! YOU KNOW, BOB, YOU HAVE LOST YOUR OLD SNAP! AND THAT REMINDS ME. THEY SAY WE MUST HAVE VITAMINS FOR VIGOR —AND I'VE JUST FOUND A SWELL BREAKFAST CEREAL CALLED KELLOGG'S PEP THAT'S EXTRA-RICH IN TWO OF THE MOST IMPORTANT VITAMINS, B1 AND D. WE'LL TRY IT!
3. BREAKFAST NEXT DAY
SAY! YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO TELL ME ABOUT THE VITAMINS TO GET ME TO EAT KELLOGG'S PEP. IT'S THE GRANDEST CEREAL I EVER TASTED — SO CRISP AND FULL OF FLAVOR
Kellogg's PEP
IF YOU HAVE LACKED VITAMINS, DISCOVER THE GRAND THINGS THEY CAN DO FOR YOU! AND TO HELP GET YOUR VITAMINS, EAT COOL CRISP KELLOGG'S PEP. IT'S A MARVELOUS TASTING CEREAL— CRUNCHY GOLDEN FLAKES OF BRAN AND OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT ENRICHED WITH VITAMINS B1 AND D. GET PEP AT YOUR GROCER'S. EAT IT EVERY DAY, AND SEE IF YOU DON'T HAVE MORE ZIP AND ZEST!
Kellogg's PEP VITAMIN B1-D ENRICHED 30% BRAN FLAKES FLAVORED WITH MALT, SUGAR, SALT
Vitamins for pep! PEP for vitamins! *

*Pep contains vitamins B_1 and D. Each ounce contains 1/5 of an adult's and 4/5 of a child's daily requirement of B_1, and about 1/2 the daily requirement of D.

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Mr. Boston Distilled Dry Gin—Distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits, 90 Proof. Mr. Boston Sloe Gin—70 Proof. Mr. Boston Mint Flavored Gin—80 Proof. Produced by Ben-Burk, Inc., in the Historic City of Boston, Mass.

TOM COLLINS

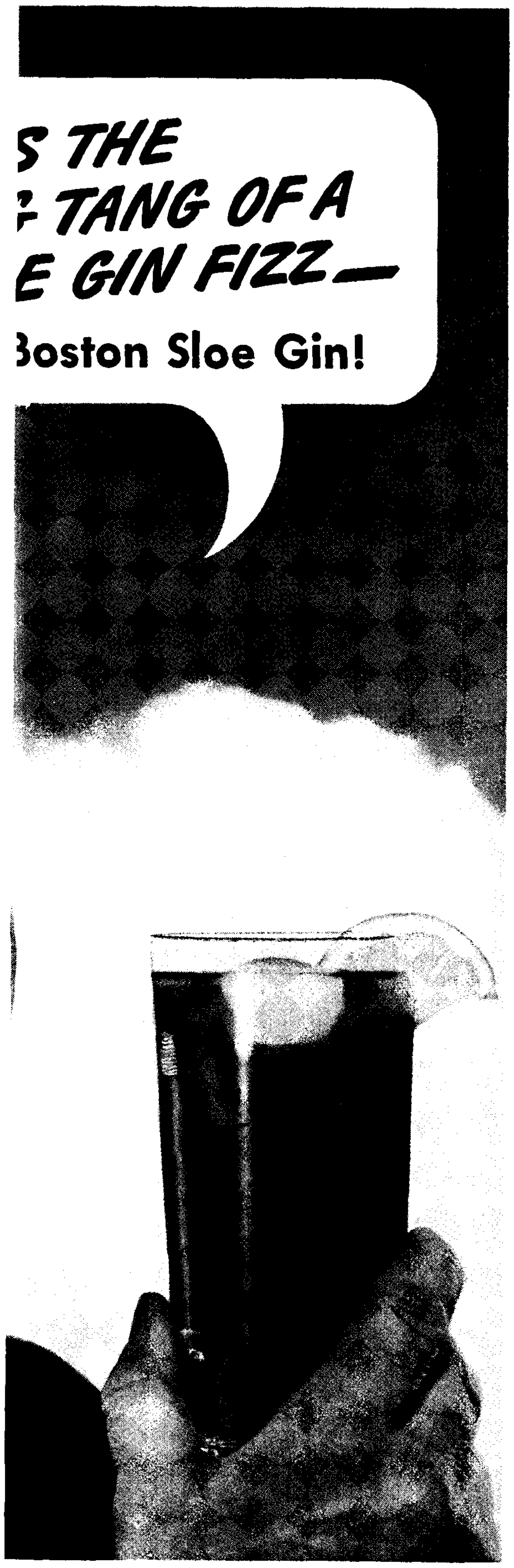
HOW TO MAKE THIRST QUENCHER NO. 1

As *cool* as a wintry day in Maine, as refreshing as a plunge into wind-whipped surf—that's a tall, sparkling Tom Collins made with Old Mr. Boston Dry Gin! Not 1 or 2, but actually 17 rare flavor ingredients, from all over the world...skillfully blended into one smooth, distinctive bouquet . . . gives you a Tom Collins of delicate aroma and superb taste!

TOM COLLINS

Squeeze juice of half a lemon in tall glass. Add teaspoon sugar and 2 oz. of Mr. Boston Gin. Drop in several pieces of ice. Fill with sparkling water; decorate with fruit.

SLOE GIN


S THE
TANG OF A
E GIN FIZZ—
Boston Sloe Gin!

GIVE ME THE COOL, DEW-DRENCHED FLAVOR OF A MINT "TOM COLLINS"—
made with Old Mr. Boston Mint Gin!

OLD MR. BOSTON FINE GINS

OW TO MAKE THIRST QUENCHER NO. 2

r a pleasant change, serve your guests a Sloe Gin izz and watch their eyes light up with joy! Ah-h-h, hat a delightful taste!...wine-like and tangy—not veet or tart—but with all the *refreshing flavor* that ly the finest of *imported* sloe berries can bring to is tall, cooling summer drink. And best of all, it's e of the easiest and simplest of drinks to make!

SLOE GIN FIZZ

Squeeze juice of half a lemon in tall glass. Add teaspoon sugar, 1½ jiggers Mr. Boston Sloe Gin, and ice. Fill with sparkling water and add slice of lemon and a cherry.

MINT TOM COLLINS

HOW TO MAKE THIRST QUENCHER NO. 3

If you're looking for something really unusual, a drink with the coolness of a Tom Collins but with the refreshing flavor of fresh-plucked, dew-drenched mint—then try a *Mint* Tom Collins. Its delightful minty zest will add a sparkling touch of perfection to any summer party. And you'll be proud, as a host, to have discovered this delicious new taste miracle!

MINT TOM COLLINS

Squeeze juice of half a lemon in tall glass. Add teaspoon sugar, 2 oz. Mr. Boston Mint Flavored Gin and ice. Fill with sparkling water. Decorate with lemon and cherry.

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TEXACO DEALERS

vine, as a huge boulder loosed its hold on the canyon's lip to thunder down the side. It gathered others as it rolled. There was a staccato rattling as shale mingled with the avalanche.

Jed sheathed his knife. Within a minute everything was over. A pall of shale dust hung in the ravine, but that was wafted away by its own weight. The avalanche, then, was the enemy. Animal instinct had told the horse that the wind would set the slide off. The ravine was blocked by a wall of rock and shale to a third of its height. Great boulders, that he could never move, were wedged in the shale. A man could get over it, but the black horse, never. With a shrug Jed turned back to the swamp and to the horse.

THE horse was a raving-mad thing. Ten feet from the rocky floor of the ravine he struggled in the grip of the swamp mud that was already up to his belly. His breath came in agonized gasps as he strove with all his mighty strength to free himself of the slimy hand of the swamp. Slowly, inexorably, he sank. As Jed watched he flung himself four inches out of the mud, and fell back again to sink deeper.

Jed walked into the swamp. It sucked at his bare feet, and sighed because it could not grip them. If he kept out of holes, and stepped on grass tussocks wherever he could, he would not sink.

The horse was fast in the grip of the mud when Jed reached its side. It could not move a leg, but still tossed its head wildly. A sublime sense of elation gripped Jed when he first laid a hand on the horse's back. He had, he felt, at last known a full moment in his life.

"Easy, old boy," he crooned, "take it easy."

The horse swung his head about and knocked him sprawling in the mud. Coolly Jed picked himself up to walk back to the mired animal. Kneeling by the horse's shoulder, he ran his hand slowly up its neck.

"Don't be worried, horse," he pleaded. "Don't fight so, old fellow. I'll get you out."

Wildly the black horse struggled. Slowly, carefully, making no move that might alarm, Jed scratched his neck and talked to him. Finally the black horse stopped his insane thrashing and held his head still. Calmly Jed walked to the front of him. Instantly the black horse closed his jaws on Jed's arm. Jed gritted his teeth as the horse squeezed, but his free hand played soothingly around the animal's ears.

The horse unclenched his jaws. He pressed his muzzle against Jed's mud-caked body and smelled him over. Jed grinned happily. The black horse and he were acquainted. Now he could go to work.

The frenzied flight of the black horse had carried him a dozen feet from the floor of the ravine, and left him facing into the swamp. Still keeping up his murmuring undertone, Jed studied the situation. He had no lifts or hoists, and no way of getting any. It was useless for him to try to pit his own strength against the sucking mud. Likewise there was no way whatever to make the horse obey his commands, and first he would have to get him facing back toward the ravine.

With his knife Jed set to work by the horse's side. When the carpet of grass on top of the mud had been cut away he could dig faster with his hands, but as soon as he scooped out a handful of mud another handful seeped in to take its pace. Jed took off his shirt and returned to the ravine, where he filled it with loose shale from the rock slide. As soon as he scooped away a handful of mud he packed the remaining wall with shale. That held. The horse moved against the wall as soon as Jed made enough room for him to move. Jed was much encouraged when dark stopped the work. After eight hours of steady labor the horse had been turned about at least six inches.

In the last faint light of day Jed returned to the ravine and got the coil of rope. The night would be a bad time. He did not think the horse could sink any deeper, but if he became panicky again he might easily render useless all the work done. With his knife Jed hacked off a dozen slender saplings, and carried them back along with the coil of rope. The black horse turned his head to watch when Jed started back to where he was; almost it seemed that he was glad of company. He threw the saplings down beside the horse, they were to be his bed. The rope he passed about the horse's neck, and made a hackamore that fitted over his jaw. With his head resting on the horse's back he lay down on the saplings. The end of the rope was in his hand. If the horse should start to sink he would hold his head up as long as he could.

All night long Jed talked to the mired horse. Calling him endearing names, soothing him with quiet voice whenever he became restless. A full two hours he spent caressing the horse's head with his mud-torn hands. An hour before dawn he went again to the bottom of the ravine. Light of day was just breaking when he scrambled over the rock slide. He picked a great armful of the wild grass that grew in patches on the other side of the slide, and carried it to the horse. Half of it he threw in front of him, but when the animal had eaten that he took the rest from Jed's hand.

Doggedly Jed set to work with his knife. It was devastatingly slow work. Take out as much mud as he could, and pack the sides with shale. Heedless of time he worked on, making countless trips to the slide for more shale. Before the sun set the black horse was again facing toward the ravine. Furiously he plunged to reach the firm earth. Jed quieted him, the time had not yet come to make the test.

JED slept again beside the horse. When morning came he once more scaled the slide to get him grass, then he resumed his digging. He worked from a different angle this time. It was scarcely ten feet to stony footing. A yard in front of the horse he set to work clearing the mud away. When he got down to the level of the horse's feet he filled the hole with rocks and shale, and packed the sides with shale alone. As the day wore on he gradually worked up to the horse's breast. Two hours before sunset all was ready.

In front of the black horse was a ramp of shale and rocks, a foot high, a yard long, and four feet wide. Jed took the rope, one end of which still formed the hackamore, and ran it into the ravine. He returned to the horse. With his knife and hands he scraped the mud away from one of his mired front legs. As soon as the pressure eased, the horse brought the freed leg to rest on the ramp, and raised his entire body two inches from the mud.

Jed ran back to the ravine. Taking the rope in both hands he pulled gently but steadily. The horse fought the rope a minute before he yielded to it. With a prodigious effort he placed his other forefoot on the ramp, and arching his back he sent all the elastic strength of its muscles into his mired rear quarters. Jed heaved madly on the rope. The horse cleared the ramp with both front legs; for the first time his belly was clear of the mud. Jed gritted his teeth and pulled, the horse's hind hoofs slid on the ramp. He leaped, and threw himself a yard through the mud. His front feet found a wisp of hard footing, he pawed wildly. A second later the black horse scrambled to the stony floor of the ravine.

Jed fell back to the floor of the ravine, and for a few seconds yielded to the fatigue that was upon him. He had slept little and eaten nothing in almost three days. Dimly he was aware of an immense black beast standing over him, pushing him with its muzzle and nibbling him with its lips.

The horse's mane fell about him. Jed grasped it and pulled himself erect. He could not rest—yet. The black horse followed close behind him. He nickered anxiously when Jed climbed over the slide, and pranced playfully when he came back, his arms laden with wild grass.

Half the grass Jed left on top of the slide, the rest he carried into the ravine with him. He took away the hackamore as the horse ate, and fashioned a breast strap in the end of the rope. With utter freedom he dodged under the horse's neck and arranged the crude harness. Then he climbed to the top of the rocks for the rest of the grass.

Jed shook his head worriedly as he surveyed the slide; a good team could not move some of the boulders in it. But perhaps the black horse— He banished fear from his mind as he hitched the free end of the rope about one of the boulders, and with the grass in his arms went to the head of the horse.

He patted the horse's head as it pulled at the hay in his arms. Slowly he backed away. The horse followed and the rope stretched taut. The black horse stopped, and swung his head as he edged nervously sidewise. Jed gasped. If the horse fought the harness now he could never get it on him again, and he could never get him out of the ravine. Jed stepped close to the horse.

"This way, horse," he murmured. "Look this way. You can do it, horse. Come this way."

He stepped back again, the grass held out invitingly. The black horse trembled, and took a step forward. Pebbles flew from beneath his hoofs as he gave all his enormous strength to the task in hand. The tight rope hummed. The boulder moved an inch—six inches. Then in a steady creeping that did not stop at all it came away from the pile.

A WEEK later a great black horse appeared in the upper pasture where Tom Raglan was counting his colts. The horse stopped while the tiny, emaciated figure of a man slid from his back. Incredulously Raglan approached them. The horse stood fearlessly behind the wasted man.

"You got him, Jed," Raglan said.

Raglan was no waster of words, but words were not needed. He was unable to tear his eyes away from the horse's massive legs, his splendid head, his flawless body, all the qualities that had here combined to form the perfect living thing.

"I got him, Tom," Jed Hale said, "and I brought him back like I said I would."

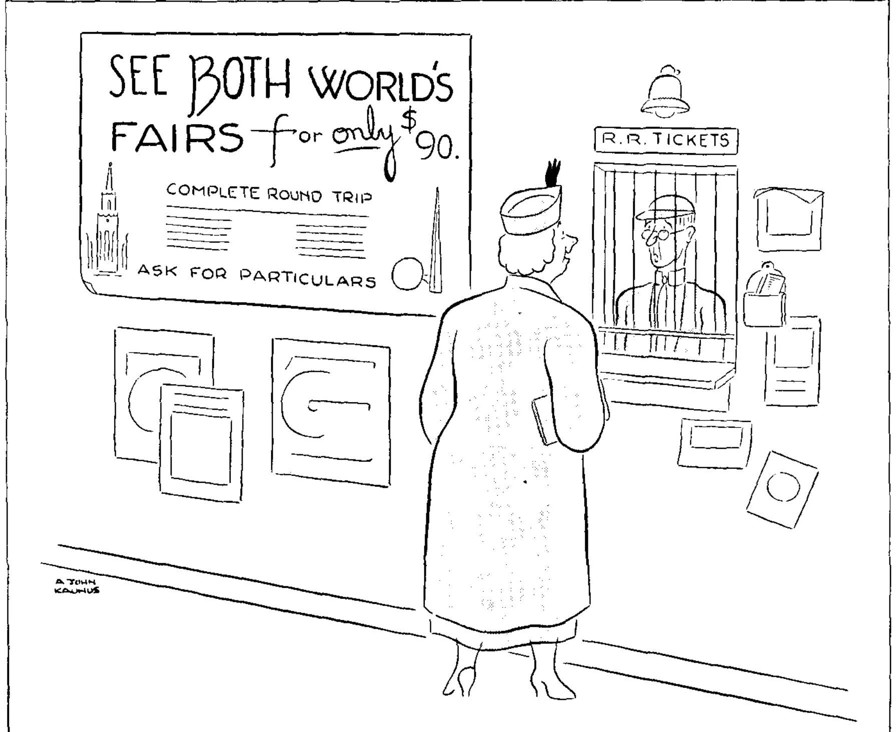
RAGLAN coughed hesitantly. Above all else he was a horseman. There was no need for Jed to tell him of the chase, or how the horse had been captured. Jed's sunken eyes, his skeleton body, his tattered clothes, the fingers from which the nails had been torn, told that story for those who could read. There was a world of difference between himself, the successful stockman, and Jed, the crippled stable hand. But they were brothers by a common bond—the love of a good horse. Raglan coughed again. Jed had indeed brought the horse back, but by all the rules known, the black horse could belong only to one man, the man who had brought him back.

"Jed," Raglan said slowly, "I never went back on my word yet, and I'll stick by the bargain I made. But that horse is no good to me." Jed stood without speaking.

"He'd kill anybody except you that tried to monkey 'round him," Raglan continued. "I can't risk that. But I'll go a long way to get his blood in my stock. Now there's a house and barn in my north pasture. I'll give both of 'em to you along with fifty acres of ground, if you'll take that horse up there and let me turn my best mares in with him. I can pay you thirty dollars a month, and you can keep every seventh colt. Do you think you'd just as soon do that as to have the five hundred?"

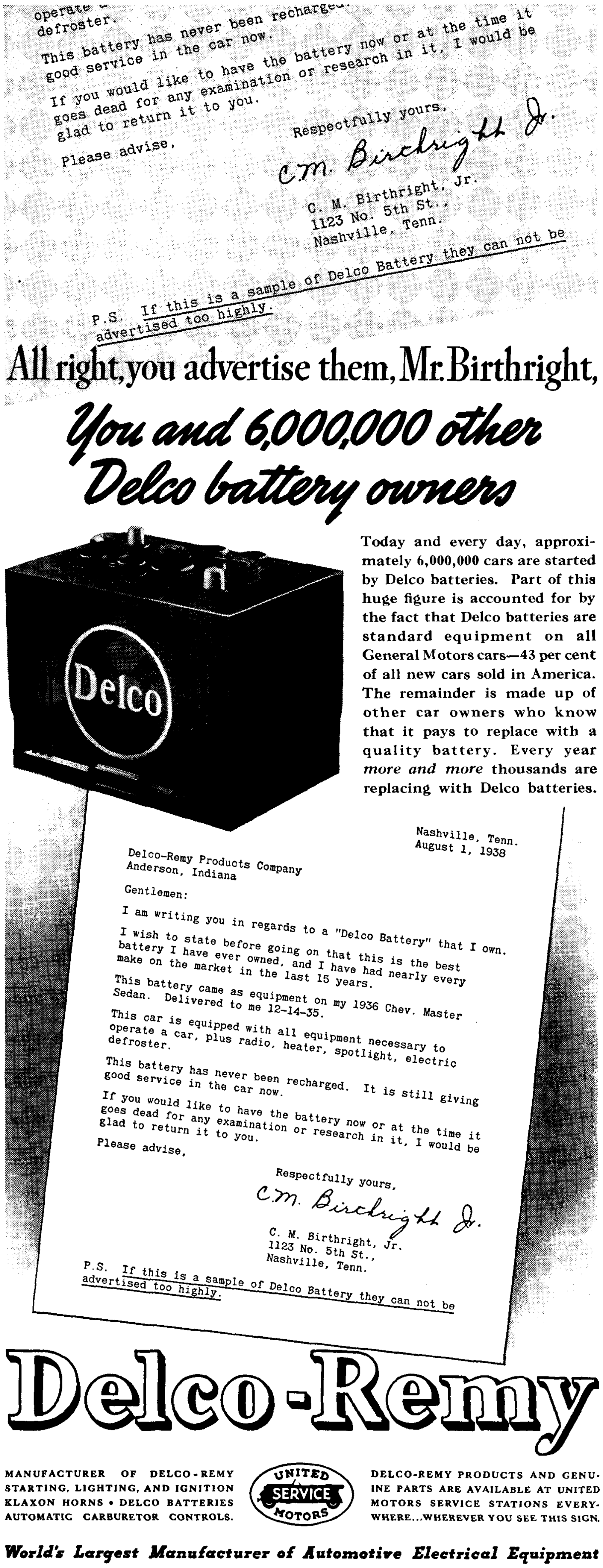
Jed Hale gasped, and put a hand against the black horse's withers to steady himself. The black horse laid his muzzle against Jed's shoulder. Jed encircled it with an arm. The black horse, the horse that could do anything, was his now. It was a little too much to stand all at once. Suddenly Jed remembered that he was now a hard-boiled stock owner.

"Why, yes," he said finally. "If that's the way you'd rather have it, Tom, yes. I guess I'd just as soon."



"Is it all right if I just visit relatives?"

A. JOHN KAUNUS



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This battery has never been recharged.
good service in the car now.
If you would like to have the battery now or at the time it
goes dead for any examination or research in it, I would be
glad to return it to you.
Please advise,
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C. M. Birthright, Jr.
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P.S. If this is a sample of Delco Battery they can not be
advertised too highly.

All right, you advertise them, Mr. Birthright,

You and 6,000,000 other Delco battery owners

Today and every day, approximately 6,000,000 cars are started by Delco batteries. Part of this huge figure is accounted for by the fact that Delco batteries are standard equipment on all General Motors cars—43 per cent of all new cars sold in America. The remainder is made up of other car owners who know that it pays to replace with a quality battery. Every year *more and more* thousands are replacing with Delco batteries.

Nashville, Tenn.
August 1, 1938

Delco-Remy Products Company
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I wish to state before going on that this is the best battery I have ever owned, and I have had nearly every make on the market in the last 15 years.

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This car is equipped with all equipment necessary to operate a car, plus radio, heater, spotlight, electric defroster.

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If you would like to have the battery now or at the time it goes dead for any examination or research in it, I would be glad to return it to you.

Please advise,

Respectfully yours,
C.M. Birthright Jr.

C. M. Birthright, Jr.
1123 No. 5th St.,
Nashville, Tenn.

P.S. If this is a sample of Delco Battery they can not be advertised too highly.

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POSITIVE PROTECTION AGAINST BITING INSECTS!

Amazing new lotion keeps away mosquitoes and other insect pests!

Positive protection against insect bites—a problem that has baffled man since civilization began—is now a reality! Four years of scientific research by the world's leading entomologists produced the answer. It is "STA-WAY" Insect Repellent Lotion. Positively prevents bites from mosquitoes and other winged pests. *Pleasant odor. Non-greasy. Non-injurious to the skin. Easy to apply.* One application lasts a *long time!*

STA-WAY TRADE-MARK LOTION had to pass these tests before we would offer it for sale!

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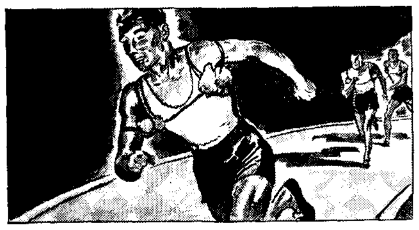
How Does It Smell? Most people prefer being bitten to plastering their bodies with greasy, disagreeable-smelling concoctions. "STA-WAY" Lotion is non-greasy and has a *refreshing, clean fragrance!*



No Irritation When You Perspire! Pads soaked with repellents were strapped to arms of athletes, who galloped on gym track until they perspired freely. "STA-WAY" Lotion produced not a single case of irritation!

The Case Goes to the Jury! "STA-WAY" Lotion was placed in several hundred stores in insect-infested areas. The results were phenomenal. Customers bought it—tried it under the most adverse conditions, and against many different biting insects—and cleaned out dealers' stocks in a hurry! *"It really works!"* they said.

Now Ready For YOU! Get a generous 35¢ bottle of "STA-WAY" Lotion today. Take it on your vacation, use it indoors and outdoors. Enjoy your summer free from insect pests for the first time!

STA-WAY TRADE-MARK LOTION

is not a *Spray.* Just apply as you do any lotion.

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PREVENTS INSECT BITES
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National Carbon Company, Inc.

Unit of Union Carbide UCC *and Carbon Corporation*

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Red Gardenias

Continued from page 25

He didn't understand about Delia. The singer didn't care about him; why had she brought him to her room? Why had she called him "darling" when Slats appeared? Was she trying to get him shot because of his interest in Richard? Did she think in that way she could keep a secret of her affair with Richard?

Of course, Slats wouldn't dare shoot him. That was too cold-blooded. But he was in a bad spot, anyway. Slats might beat him up, or have him beaten. That wouldn't be so good. He felt a little frightened. He wished he had a gun.

The door opened and two of the men came into the room. One of them was the bartender with the gold teeth. "How do you feel, pal?" he asked.

"I'd like a drink of water."

"Sure, pal."

He went away. The other man was younger. He had slick black hair and a green suit. "Can we do something else for you, pal?"

"Could I have a cigarette?"

"Anything you say, pal."

He gave Crane a cigarette. He lit a match and held it for Crane. The bartender returned with a glass of water. He gave it to Crane. They both watched him drink.

"You feel all right?" the young man in green asked.

"I guess so," Crane said.

"That's fine, pal," the bartender said.

"Yeah, most of 'em don't," the other said.

"Can we do anything else?" the bartender asked.

"I don't think so."

"Anything you say, pal," the man in green said.

They went out. Crane felt scared. If they had cuffed him around a little, he wouldn't be scared. But they were nice to him. That was unnatural. That was what scared him. Of course, Slats wouldn't dare shoot him.

He had no watch, but he knew it was very late. There wasn't any sound of music. The Crimson Cat was quiet. Everyone had gone. It wouldn't be any use calling for help. He looked around the room. The window was the only way out, but it would be necessary to break the glass to get at the bars. That would warn the guards. There wasn't a chance of escaping. He got off the bed and knocked on the door and went back to the bed.

The bartender opened the door.

"When can I see Slats?" Crane asked.

"Soon enough."

"I'd like to see him now."

"Pal, you don't know what you're saying."

The young man was in the doorway. "Don't you like the cigarette?"

"Sure. But . . ."

The young man said, "Pal, you want to make the most of that cigarette."

CRANE sat on the bed for perhaps ten minutes. Somewhere down the hall a woman was sobbing. He wondered if it was Delia Young. He regretted having ever seen her. He nursed his broken knuckle and wished he had a pistol. He was badly frightened.

Slats Donovan came into the room with the two men. The men looked very solemn. "Scram," Slats told them.

They went out and Slats sat across the bed from Crane. "Let's talk."

"About what?"

"About what you were doing with my girl."

"I was talking with her."

Donovan's manner was solemn. "Delia says you had something else in mind."

"What if I did?" Crane asked.

"I'd have to kill you."

The gambler was serious. He was really thinking of having him murdered, but he wanted to be sure it was the right thing to do. He was like a judge, stern and implacable, but fair. No appeal to his emotions would be any good. Crane felt helpless and scared.

"The truth is"—Crane had to stop to moisten his lips. His mouth was dry with terror—"I wanted to ask Delia about Richard March."

Donovan had a long, lantern-jawed face. The rough skin was so deeply pock-marked it looked almost as if he had encountered a burst of shrapnel. But the remarkable feature was his eyes. They were the blue-white of watered milk. They were like the glass eyes of a cheap doll. They watched Crane without blinking at all.

"Delia did say you told her Richard March was murdered," he said.

"Yes. Somebody hosed carbon monoxide into his car."

"How do you know that?"

Crane didn't answer.

"Why were you asking Delia about Richard March?"

"Why don't you ask her?"

"Boys!" Slats called.

THE young man with the smooth skin and the bartender were waiting in the hall. Donovan spoke to the bartender: "Pete, this gentleman won't talk."

"That's very bad," Pete said.

"Maybe you can persuade him."

The young man said, "You want us to exercise him a little, Slats?"

Pete said, "This one is mine."

The young man said, "But you just got to exercise Lefty."

"He don't count," Pete said. "Lefty don't count."

Slats said, "Hurry up, boys." He found a cigar in his pocket, cut off the end with a pearl penknife.

"Come on, pal," Pete said to Crane. "Stand up, pal."

"Never mind," Crane said. "I'll tell you about it."

"All right, boys," Donovan said. "Scram."

Crane told him of his job with March & Company and how he had moved into Richard March's house. He described Lefty's theft of the letters.

"That aroused my curiosity," he said. "So I put the torn letters together."

He went on to his discovery of the house on February Lane and to his pursuit of Delia and Lefty. He said their anxiety to evade him had made him suspicious, and lying, added that as a result he had examined Richard's car.

It was impossible to tell from Donovan's blue-and-white eyes whether he knew this was the truth or not. It was impossible to tell if he had known of Delia's affair with Richard, or if he had just learned of it and was angry about it.

Crane went on with the lie: "I found a hose had been fastened to the car's exhaust pipe. That meant Richard was murdered."

Donovan said, "I don't get it."

"The hose is run into the car with the windows closed. The driver doesn't see it; he starts the motor and in a couple of minutes he's dead. You see the gas is odorless."

"That's clever." Donovan's long face was thoughtful. "I might have thought of that myself." He suddenly looked at Crane. "You didn't think I did it, did you?"

"I thought maybe you were angry because Richard pursued Delia while you were in . . . away that year."

"In jail," Donovan said. "A year in jail." His milky eyes studied Crane. "It's a smart idea, to use carbon-monoxide gas. It would pass as an accident in most cases, wouldn't it?"

"It certainly did in Richard's case."

"In fact, you're the only one in Marchton who realizes his death was not accidental."

"Yes."

"That's very fortunate . . . for me."

"How do you mean?"

"You aren't going to talk about it."

"Why not?"

Donovan's pale eyes were on Crane's face. "In ten minutes you won't be talking to anybody." His face was grim.

There was a noise in the hall. The door opened and Frenchy Duval came into the room. He had his hands in the air. Back of him came Williams, holding a revolver against Duval's neck. Pete and the smooth-faced young man followed with drawn automatics and behind them walked Ann Fortune.

"Bill!" she said when she saw Crane. "Are you all right?"

"Sure."

Williams spoke to the smooth-faced man, "You shoot, punk, and this gun'll go off, too." He said to Donovan, "You wouldn't want the Frog's brains all over your floor, would you?"

The smooth-faced young man's face was undecided.

"What do you say, Slats?"

Donovan said, "Put the rods away." His face was impassive.

The two men put their pistols in their pockets, but Williams held his to Frenchy's neck. Ann Fortune went over to Crane.

"Are you really all right?"

"I'm fine."

Frenchy Duval's sallow face was the color of a turnip. He said, "I couldn't help it, Slats. This man, he caught me by the bar and . . ."

"Forget it," Donovan said. "We're all friends."

"Yeah?" said Williams.

Crane was glad to see Ann, mostly to be rescued, but also because it showed she wasn't too angry with him. "This is my little wife," he told Donovan.

Donovan said, "Pleased to meet you."

"I think it would be nice to go home," Ann said.

Crane walked with her to the door, "Good night," he said.

Frenchy Duval was frightened again. "Slats, don't let them kill me." Under the pressure of Williams' revolver he walked stiff-legged to the door. "Slats!"

The smooth-faced young man had his pistol out again. "I can fog him easy, Slats," he said.

"Let them go," Donovan said.

Crane thought it was wonderful to be safe again. In the hall he tried to take Ann's hand, but she wouldn't let him.

"Thanks for coming back," he said.

"It was Williams," she said. "I really didn't want to."

They were going down the stairs, and Crane could see the red light in the hall below. "Well, thank you anyway."

Outside, Frenchy Duval pleaded, "Please don't kill me."

Williams said, "All right, Frog. Run."

Frenchy Duval ran away. They got in the limousine. "Where to?" asked Williams.

"Where's Richard's car?" Crane asked.

"In the Union Garage. They're holding it for the estate."

"Let's go there."

The sun came up on the way to Marchton. There were no cars on the road.

"What did Donovan want?" Ann asked.

"He was angry because I talked to Delia."

"What was he going to do about it?" Williams asked.

"I think he was going to kill me."

"Really?" Ann asked.

"I got that impression," Crane said. "I really did."

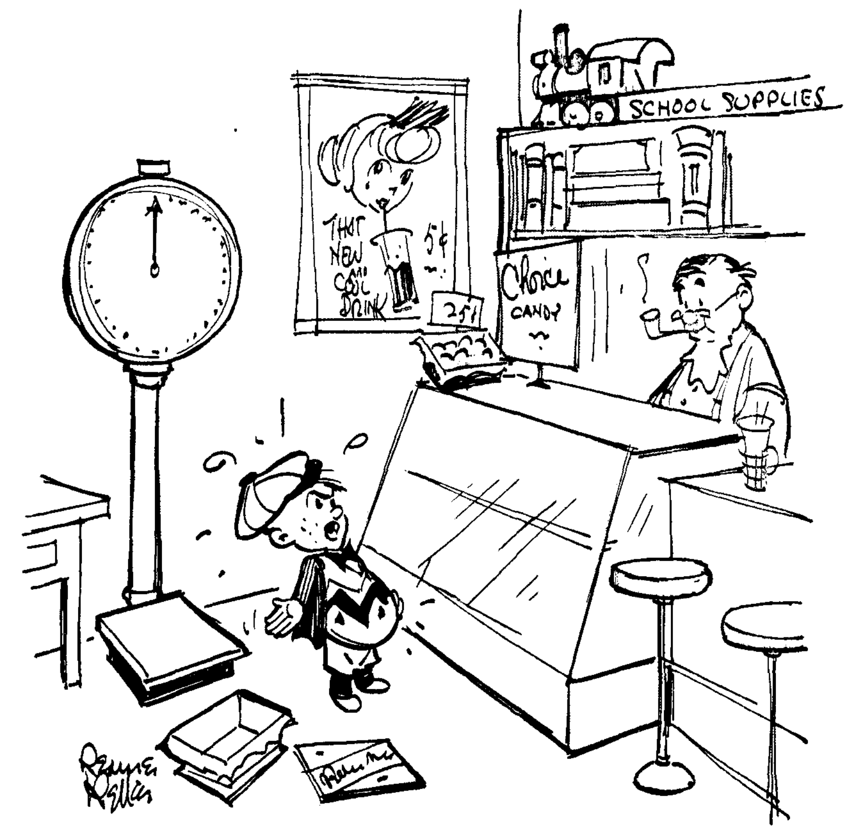
IT WAS broad daylight when they reached the garage, persuaded the sleepy watchman to let them see the sedan. It was a big one, painted a cream-yellow. "Plannin' to buy it?" the watchman asked.

"Yeah," Crane said. "Mind if we look it over?"

"Go right ahead."

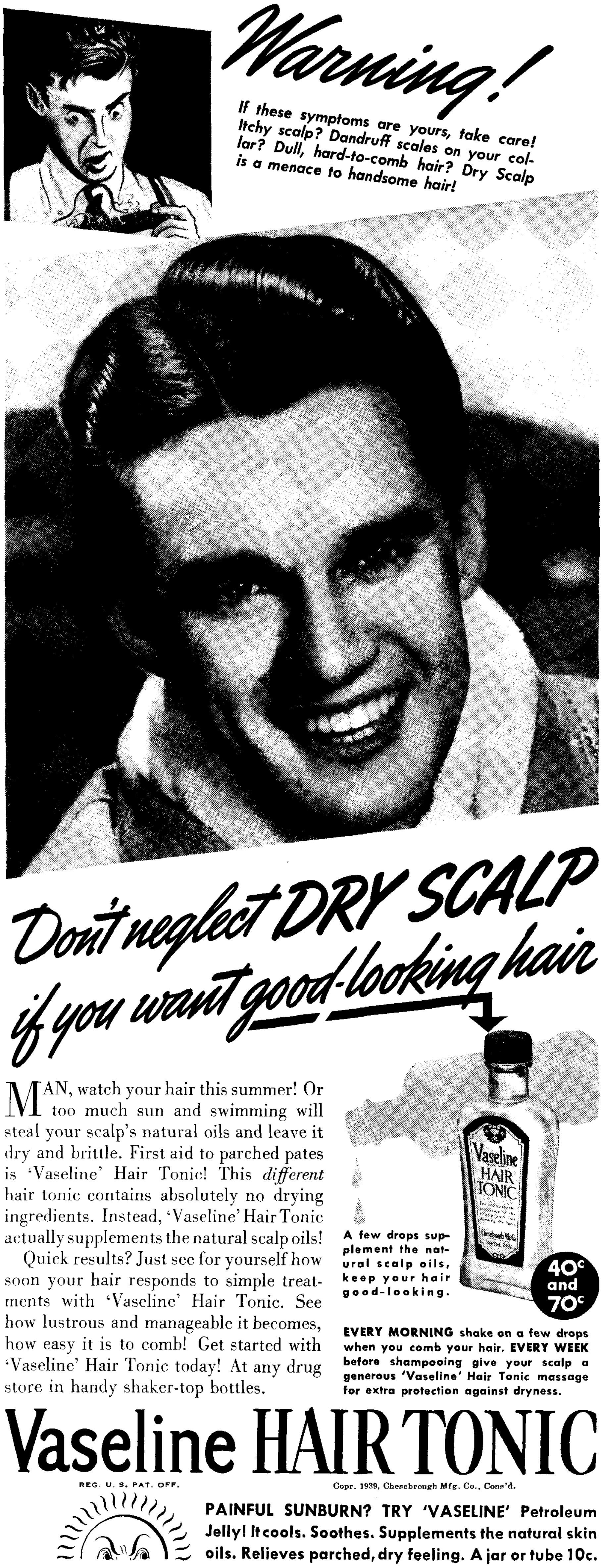
The watchman walked away. Crane examined the heater, found it was in perfect condition. Williams, peering over his shoulder, said, "No leak there."

"There has to be something," Crane



"I just weighed myself—that wasn't a full pound of candy in that box!"

REAMER KELLER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said. "Or else I lied to Slats Donovan."

"Do you care?" Ann asked.

"I always hate to lie," Crane lied.

He knelt down by the rear bumper, ran his finger around the edge of the exhaust pipe. He pulled a thin strip of something black from it, looked at it, then handed it to Ann. "What is it?" he said.

"Rubber!"

"Sure." He led the way back to their car. "That proves Richard was murdered. The exhaust pipe got hot while the hose was on it, melted some of the rubber. Now if we can find something wrong with John's car, we can prove Carmel's suicide note was a fake."

Williams started the limousine. "We can bust into Carmel's garage. That's where John's car is."

By walking along the hedge that divided Richard's property from Carmel's, they approached the garage from the rear. Williams had no trouble finding a master key to fit the lock on a side door. There was a green convertible, a space for a car and a big sedan inside the garage.

"The big one's John's," Williams whispered.

Crane knelt and ran his fingers over the exhaust pipe. He nodded his head, stood up.

"Rubber?" Ann asked.

Crane nodded solemnly and Williams whispered, "Then it's a double murder!"

WHEN William Crane woke up, he didn't feel so good. It took him a long time to bathe and put on a gray chalk-stripe suit. He went downstairs to the living room and found Williams and Ann talking in front of a bright wood fire. There was a pickup on the table.

"It's about time you got up," Ann said. "It's ten o'clock."

"Morning or evening?"

"Evening. You've been asleep fifteen hours."

William grinned at him. "You're sure you're alive?" he asked.

"You can tell I'm not a corpse," Crane said. "A corpse is livelier."

He carried the pickup to the blue couch and lay down with his head toward the flames so the light wouldn't get in his eyes. He pushed a satin pillow under his head.

Williams said, "Ann was saying that night-club gal, Dolly, mistook Peter for John March."

"I guess they were a lot alike," Crane said. "Brothers often are."

"I wonder if their voices were alike," Williams said.

"I don't know." Crane tasted the pickup. It had tomato juice in it. "Is it important?"

"Maybe," Williams said mysteriously. "Can you get Peter over here sometime tonight? I'd like to have that Jameson take a look at him."

Ann asked, "The Brookfield rental man?"

Williams nodded, and Crane said, "I'll get hold of Peter."

"How do you think John was killed?" Ann asked.

"I think somebody held him while he got the gas," Crane said.

The others were interested. "But how could anybody do that?" Ann asked.

"I figure the guy threw some kind of a hood over John's head so he couldn't yell, then wrapped him up in canvas or a fish net or something."

Williams nodded. "Then the guy hosed the gas from the exhaust pipe to the hood."

Ann objected, "But why didn't he just hit John over the head and administer the gas while he was unconscious?"

Crane finished the pickup. "The murderer didn't want any bumps on John's head."

Williams said, "What's the difference? He might have gotten a bump falling down."

"No," said Crane. "Not if there was blood. A chemist could analyze the blood, find if the wound was made before or after gas had been breathed into the system."

"I see," Ann said. "The murderer wouldn't dare take the chance of an autopsy being made."

"Of course, this is just a theory, darling."

"Don't 'darling' me," Ann said. "Not in private."

Williams laughed and went out in the pantry for some Scotch.

"You're still angry?" Crane asked.

Her voice was cold: "No."

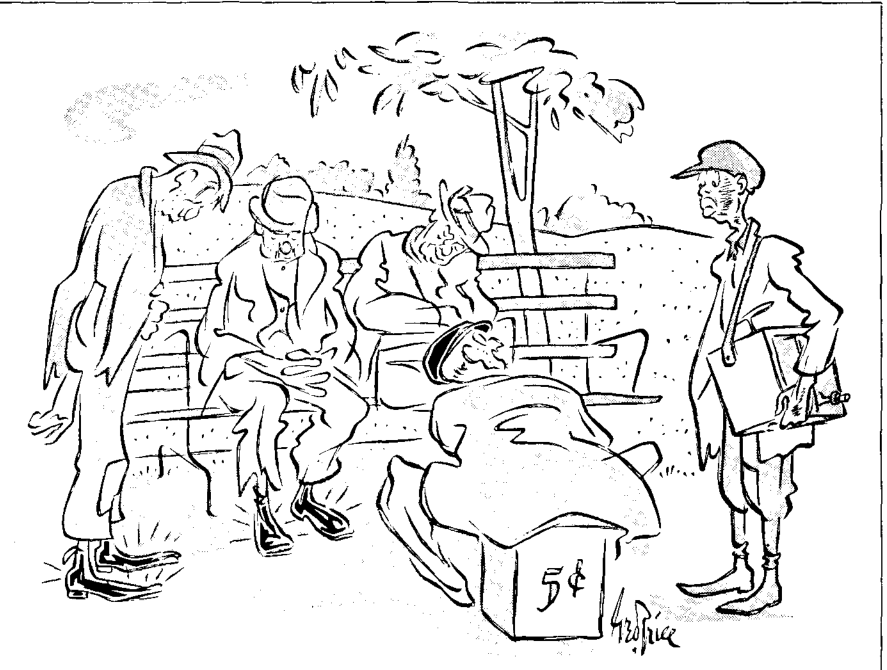
"I'm glad. Because that dress is swell. It looks as though you were poured into it. You look . . . well, sinuous. And the color . . . just like the peppermints I used to eat when I was a kid."

She had to smile. "It's Schiaparelli's. She calls the color shocking-pink."

"Darling, it doesn't shock me a bit."

Her voice didn't get any friendlier: "Bill, why aren't you doing something about these people?"

"I'm not well. I have a hang-over."



"I like their expressions of pleased surprise when they awaken"

GEORGE PRICE

"That's all you do . . . drink and have hang-overs," she said.

Beulah came into the room. "They're waiting for you, Miss Ann."

Ann seized her black caracul coat, said angrily, "I wish my uncle had sent somebody besides a drunkard with me." She started toward the door.

"Where are you going?"

"To do some of the work you're supposed to do."

He watched her leave the room. Presently he heard the noise of a car leaving the front of the house. After a few more minutes Williams, wearing his black chauffeur's uniform, came into the living room with a bottle of whisky in his hand.

"Have a drink?" he asked.

Crane shook his head. "Where'd Ann go?"

Williams didn't know. He poured himself a glassful of Scotch. "She got you upset?"

"No."

"Like hell!" Williams tossed off half the glass. ". . . Waah! Not bad stuff." He sat on a chair opposite Crane, put his feet on the polished table. "Well, I think she likes you all right."

"Sure," said Crane bitterly.

"After all, you did do a bit of chasing last night." Williams lit a cigarette, tossed the match under Crane's couch. "And she insisted on coming back with me to get you. Not many dames would've done that."

"Let's talk about something else," said Crane.

Discussing the case, they agreed Donovan had the best motive. He might have killed Richard because of his affair with Delia, and John March because he spoiled his first night-club venture. They both thought, though, he would have been far more likely, if he was murdering somebody, to have killed Simeon March, since the old man had frustrated his one attempt to enter legitimate business. Williams didn't think he would use gas, anyway.

"It's pretty subtle for a hoodlum," Crane agreed. "And he seemed damn' interested in how the gas worked, as though it had never occurred to him before."

The telephone rang and Crane answered it. A husky voice said, "You like your wife?"

"My who?"

"Your wife, dope."

"Oh, yes; my wife."

"Well, if you want her around you had better scram back to New York."

Crane felt his skin tingle. "Why?"

"Never mind why, dope." The man sounded as though he were talking with a handkerchief in his mouth. "If you think I'm jokin', take a gander at your paper."

Williams hurried out and got a newspaper. He came back very excited, tossed the paper on Crane's chest. The banner line read:

GAMBLER TAKEN FOR RIDE

Below this was a picture of a thin young man with a felt hat pulled down over his eyes. The caption read: "Body found in Willow Creek identified as that of Charles ("Lefty") Dolan, local gambler."

"The guy with the hollow voice," Williams said.

"Let's go," Crane said.

"Where?"

"To see if Slats bumped off Delia, too."

ANN smiled at Peter March across the champagne glasses, thinking he was probably the most presentable twenty million dollars she had ever seen. They were at the Crimson Cat again because of Alice March who simply had to see Delia Young.

"She's your husband's discovery, isn't she?" she'd asked Ann with innocently widened eyes. "I must see her."

With them were Talmadge March, who had come with Alice, and Carmel March and Dr. Woodrin. It was almost midnight and many people in the velvet-draped room were having late suppers. The tinkle of glass, of silver mingled with the blare of unmuted trumpets bearing down on the Tommy Dorsey arrangement of The Song of India.

Ann's excuse for accepting a date with Peter March had been that Bill Crane was too ill to go out. She wasn't sure whether any of them believed this, or felt, as Alice March obviously did, that she was paying Crane back for deserting her for the night-club singer. She didn't really care; she wanted to listen to them talk, to see if she could detect a false note in their conversation. She felt it would be impossible for the murderer not to betray himself if one were only acute enough to catch the right remark.

Over the noise of the band, Alice March said, "That singer must be very, very attractive." She smiled sweetly at Ann.

Ann thought her pink face was the kind Italian painters used to float cherubs around. She would have liked to slap it hard. She said instead, "You'll see her in a minute."

A THIN sound of flutes, a weird mumble of drums marked the end of The Song of India. There was a muffled crash of cymbals; couples returned to their tables from the floor.

Carmel said, "Don't you wish you had some of her allure, Alice?"

For an instant Alice March looked like an angry Persian cat. She didn't reply, but Talmadge came to her rescue. "I've heard she uses the same fascinating gardenia perfume Carmel does," he drawled.

Ann wondered why he was trying so hard to establish the fact Carmel used a gardenia perfume. It certainly seemed as though he was trying to implicate Carmel in the deaths. It was certainly very suspicious.

Carmel said in a brittle voice, "Perhaps Alice should use gardenia . . . maybe she could keep her man."

"You're always trying to pick a quarrel, aren't you, dear?" Alice March said sweetly.

"Well, aren't you?"

"Why, Carmel . . . !"

"Yes, you are. Only you don't dare bring it out in the open." Carmel's dark eyes glistened. "Why don't you say what you're thinking . . . you and Talmadge?"

Dr. Woodrin said, "Carmel! Let's don't have any silly fights."

Peter March said, "Let's go home. I don't want to see that singer again."

"Oh, but I do," Alice March said, apparently undisturbed by Carmel's outburst.

Ann wondered, as the floor show started with a chorus routine, what Carmel had meant. What were Talmadge and Alice March thinking? She felt Carmel would like to slap Alice, too. There were certainly some dark undercurrents in the March family. She decided she didn't like either Talmadge or Alice. They both had an air of conspiracy about them.

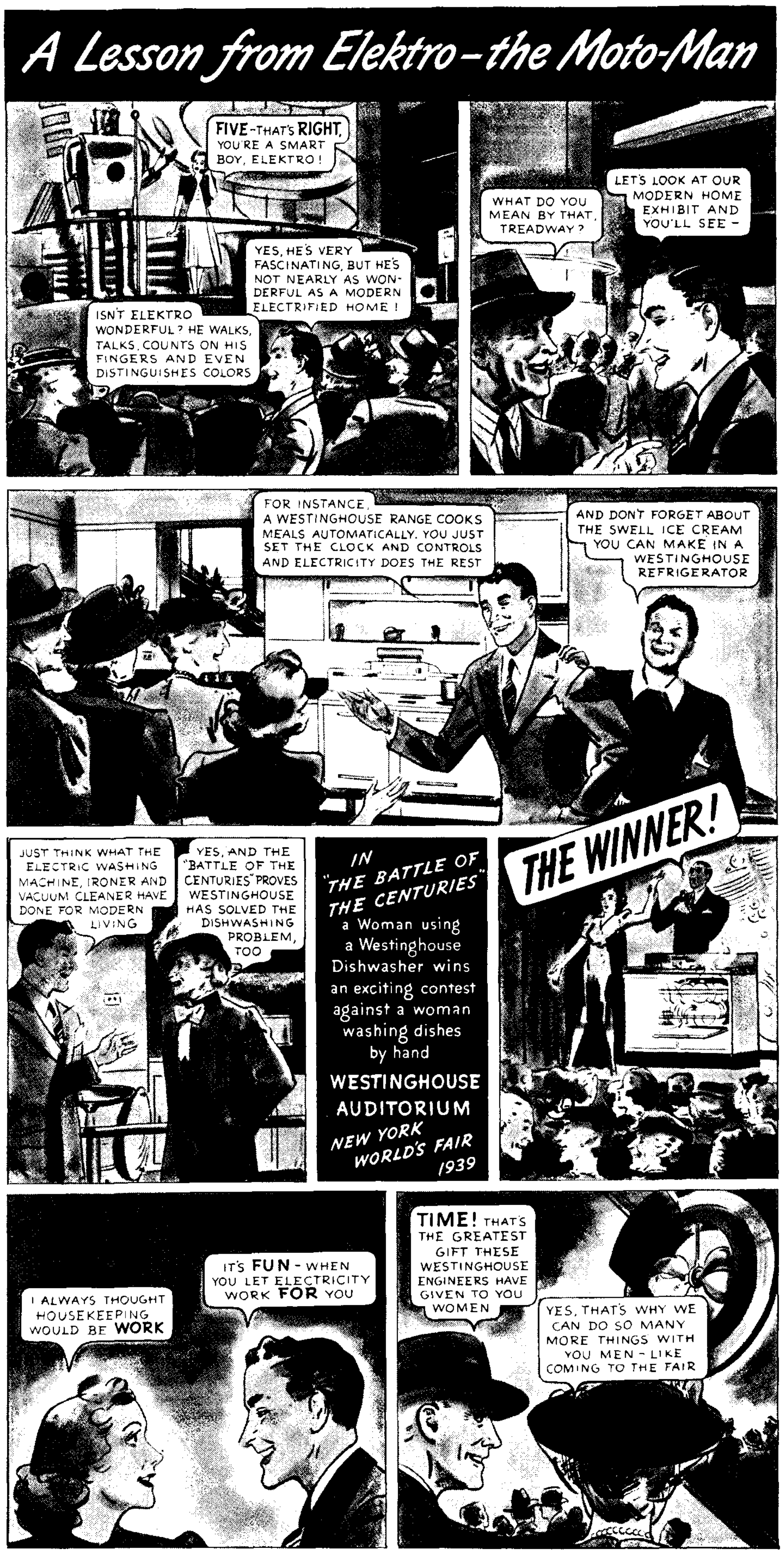
She talked to Peter March during the floor show, noticing Carmel's eyes on them at intervals. She had a good time with Peter; he was fun. He was telling her about a bicycle trip he had taken in Italy. Dr. Woodrin disappeared for a while and when he came back he sat beside Ann.

"May I speak to Mrs. Crane a second?" he asked Peter.

"Why, sure."

Dr. Woodrin spoke softly in her ear:

The MIDDLETON Family AT THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR


A Lesson from Elektro – the Moto-Man
FIVE—THAT'S RIGHT, YOU'RE A SMART BOY, ELEKTRO!
YES, HE'S VERY FASCINATING, BUT HE'S NOT NEARLY AS WONDERFUL AS A MODERN ELECTRIFIED HOME!
ISN'T ELEKTRO WONDERFUL? HE WALKS, TALKS, COUNTS ON HIS FINGERS AND EVEN DISTINGUISHES COLORS
WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY THAT, TREADWAY?
LET'S LOOK AT OUR MODERN HOME EXHIBIT AND YOU'LL SEE –
FOR INSTANCE, A WESTINGHOUSE RANGE COOKS MEALS AUTOMATICALLY. YOU JUST SET THE CLOCK AND CONTROLS AND ELECTRICITY DOES THE REST
AND DON'T FORGET ABOUT THE SWELL ICE CREAM YOU CAN MAKE IN A WESTINGHOUSE REFRIGERATOR
JUST THINK WHAT THE ELECTRIC WASHING MACHINE, IRONER AND VACUUM CLEANER HAVE DONE FOR MODERN LIVING
YES, AND THE "BATTLE OF THE CENTURIES" PROVES WESTINGHOUSE HAS SOLVED THE DISHWASHING PROBLEM, TOO
IN "THE BATTLE OF THE CENTURIES" a Woman using a Westinghouse Dishwasher wins an exciting contest against a woman washing dishes by hand WESTINGHOUSE AUDITORIUM NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR 1939
THE WINNER!
I ALWAYS THOUGHT HOUSEKEEPING WOULD BE WORK
IT'S FUN – WHEN YOU LET ELECTRICITY WORK FOR YOU
TIME! THAT'S THE GREATEST GIFT THESE WESTINGHOUSE ENGINEERS HAVE GIVEN TO YOU WOMEN
YES, THAT'S WHY WE CAN DO SO MANY MORE THINGS WITH YOU MEN – LIKE COMING TO THE FAIR

In the Hall of Electrical Living, the Middletons are entertained by Elektro, the amazing Westinghouse Moto-Man. It's lots of fun, especially for Babs and Bud. And the older folks in the family appreciate the serious side, too — how electricity has lightened housekeeping burdens and made more time for *living* in the modern home. You, too, will enjoy every minute of your visit to the Westinghouse Building at the New York Fair. Be sure to see Elektro, as well as the many other features offered by this "fair within a fair." Don't miss "The Battle of the Centuries," the Microvivarium, the Junior Science Laboratories, and the Television Show. You'll remember the Westinghouse Building as long as you live.

IN SAN FRANCISCO: Be sure to see "Willie Vocalite" and all the other Westinghouse attractions at the beautiful Golden Gate International Exposition.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING CO., PITTSBURGH, PA.

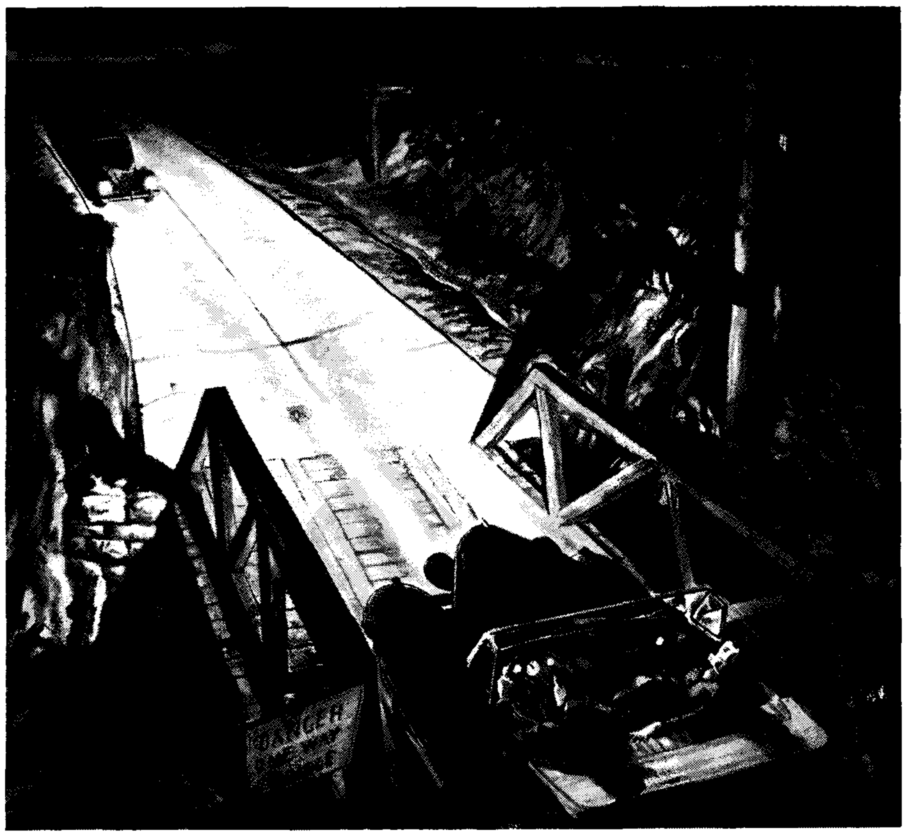
GRANDMA, WOULDN'T IT BE WONDERFUL IF YOU COULD JUST HIRE A MECHANICAL MAN LIKE ELEKTRO TO DO ALL THE HOUSEHOLD CHORES?
AFTER ALL, MY DEAR, ISN'T THAT WHAT ALL OUR WESTINGHOUSE APPLIANCES DO?

W WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC

Westinghouse

The name that means EVERYTHING IN ELECTRICITY

Tune in Ray Perkins and the winners of the "Letters Home" Contest direct from the Westinghouse New York World's Fair Building — every Sunday afternoon, 5:45 Eastern Daylight Time, N.B.C. "Blue" Network.



"Only pickup could help me...

BUT THE ENGINE WAS HALF-DEAD!

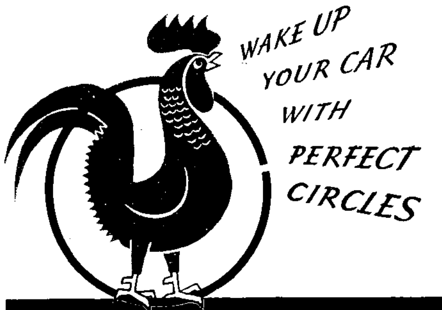
"I wasn't reckless. The road was clear as I came onto that narrow bridge. But, suddenly, two headlights whipped around a curve in the darkness ahead and were upon me before I knew it. Only pickup could save me. Split seconds seemed like an age as my half-dead engine slowly gathered speed. It was a close call; but it taught me that safety depends upon pickup and that half-dead engines are dangerous!"

How about your car? Does it lack the power, pep, and pickup it used to have? Perfect Circle Piston Rings will restore that old-time performance so necessary to take you out of similar dangerous situations. Remember, engines don't go half-dead suddenly. The loss of power and pep occurs so gradually it is often unnoticed until you get into a tight spot.

So, have your favorite garage install a new set of Perfect Circle Piston Rings. They will bring back lost power and pickup. They will stop oil pumping and give much better gasoline mileage. They put new life in your engine—give you greater pleasure and more safety in driving. Get the same top-notch brand of performance millions of car owners are now enjoying.

Why it pays you to ask for "Perfect Circles"

Patented Perfect Circle X-90 Piston Rings are designed especially for replacement service. These rings have the exclusive double-leaf expander springs which give the ring superflexibility to conform to worn and tapered cylinder walls *without* that wear-resulting excess pressure of stiff rings. Another exclusive feature is the Ferrox Surface which increases oil mileage, cuts down cylinder wear 40% to 80%. For quick pickup, gasoline and oil economy, and long engine life, ask for Perfect Circles. The Perfect Circle Companies, Hagerstown, Indiana, U. S. A. and Toronto, Canada.



PERFECT CIRCLE
Piston Rings

"This is probably a joke; but while I was out, that little chorus girl, Dolly, spoke to me in the hall. She asked me to tell you to leave, that you were in danger."

"In danger?" Ann felt her heart jump. "Are you sure she meant me? What kind of danger?"

"She wouldn't say."

"I'll have to talk to her," Ann said.

The floor show was ending, and she saw Dolly Wilson in the chorus. The girl was very pale, and her eyes were frightened. She disappeared into the hall back of the orchestra.

Ann was getting up when Alice March said, "But where's the singer . . . Delia Young?"

Nobody knew. Ann said, "Excuse me a moment, please?" Alice said, "I'll go with you, dear." Ann said, "No, thanks."

Dolly Wilson was stepping into peach-colored panties when Ann found the dressing room. Her figure was like that of a boy—supple and thin, without hips and firm-breasted. Her skin was good.

She said, wide-eyed, "You shouldn't have come here."

Ann said, "You'd make a good debutante model."

She said, "Do you think so?" She blushed. "I'm not used to having women look at me," she explained.

"Have you ever thought of modeling?" Ann asked. "I think I could get you a job."

THEY talked and when the other girls had gone Ann discovered Dolly had heard the bartender calling Mr. Crane on Donovan's private wire. "He told Mr. Crane you'd be in trouble if he didn't take you back to New York."

She said she thought Donovan was angry at Mr. Crane because of Delia Young.

"What happened to her?" Ann asked.

"She's all right. She's somewhere out in the country. I had a note from her." Dolly added with obvious pride, "She's my best friend."

"Is she with Donovan?"

"I don't know. The note didn't say. But Delia can take care of herself."

"Donovan likes her, doesn't he?"

"I think they're married," Dolly confided.

"But why did she allow Bill . . . my husband to go—?"

"She may have liked him, but I'll bet she was trying to make Donovan jealous," Dolly said.

Ann wrote a note to Mrs. Jacobson at Causeman-Mason's in New York. "She's the buyer there," she said, giving the note to Dolly. "I'm sure she can find work for you if you ever go to New York."

When she got to the table, Bill Crane was there. She felt herself blushing. He had just arrived and Dr. Woodrin was offering him a drink. He grinned at her and refused the drink.

"I'm on the wagon . . . for at least an hour," he explained.

Carmel March said, "You look as though you'd been run over by the wagon."

Ann could see she was pleased by Bill's arrival.

BILL turned to Ann. "Haven't I seen you before?"

"I'm your wife," Ann said.

"Isn't that a coincidence?" He was being very suave. "Or am I simply *de trop?*"

Carmel said, "Please stay."

Ann could see Peter March was very embarrassed. "I think it's time to be going," he said. He looked at Bill, then turned his eyes away. "Would you like to take your wife home?" He was obviously not looking at Ann.

"Darling, will you ride with me?" Bill asked.

"I guess I'll have to," Ann said.

"I thought I was going to stay in bed," Bill explained to Peter. "But I suddenly felt better. That's how I happened to come out here."

Ann saw the others believed only part of that. They thought he'd let her go out, then sneaked out himself to see Delia Young, not knowing Ann would be at the Crimson Cat.

"I'm glad you're not sick," Peter March said.

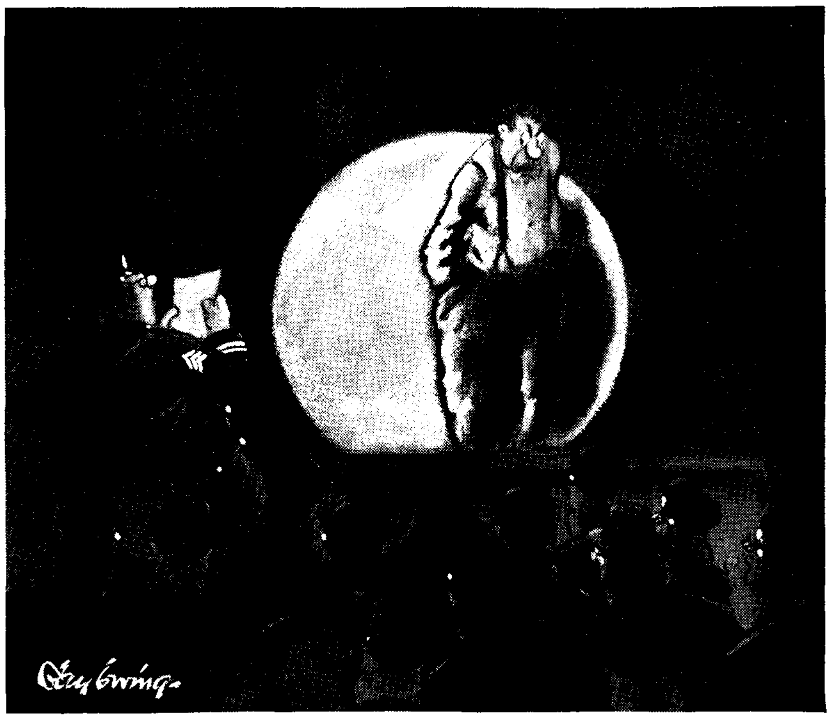
Bill said, "Stop at my house on the way home for a drink." Ann remembered that Jameson, the real-estate man, would be at the house to look at Peter. She hoped he would accept.

He did. He was pleased to have relations pleasant. "I'd like to . . ." He looked at the others. "That is, if . . . ?"

"You go," Dr. Woodrin told Carmel. "I've got to get some sleep."

"All right," Carmel said. "But you'll have to take me home first."

(*To be continued next week*)



". . . charged with arson, grand larceny, highway robbery, felonious assault, attempted murder, an' overtime parking"

JAY IRVING

Before the Act

Continued from page 19

Irish, too—Mrs. Shanahan. A fat and very jolly little man who could have doubled for a movie comedian until McCann had sent him to the chair. Others, too—so many others that McCann knew only one thing about murder; no one was ever incapable of it, no matter how he looked, or how much you liked him. In McCann's work you learned that fact fast, or you looked for another job.

Going back to his little office, shaking his head, he poured himself a small nip of Irish whisky to get all those things he did not want to think of out of his mind. He had just downed it and put the bottle back in the drawer when Herbie appeared in the doorway and said: "Mr. McCann—"

BUT the girl behind him would not wait; she pushed in through the door at his back. Before he could say anything, even before he could turn to face her, she was speaking swiftly.

"I'm Katherine Wilson," she said in a breathless voice. "You might have heard Charley mention me—we're going to be married in June. And I've come to see you, Mr. McCann, because I want you to help us. Because you're the only one who can."

McCann got her into a chair. His square, ruddy face was troubled and uneasy; for a moment he could think of nothing to say but: "Well, now, well—"

She put her right hand across the desk and touched his wrist. In the tenseness of her fingers he could feel the effort she was making to smile at him.

"Charley talked of you so much! He used to tell me the stories you told him—the things that happened to you when you were a detective in New York, before you came here. He said you were the smartest—that's why I thought of you, Mr. McCann, as soon as I heard them saying that Charley killed Mr. Yarnell and stole the money. That isn't true. It couldn't be. Charlie never—never, Mr. McCann—"

She shook her head at him in a movement of inarticulate vehemence. Across the desk McCann turned a pencil around in his stubby fingers and muttered, a little uncomfortably, that there wasn't anything he could do. If there was—

"I'll pay you," Katherine Wilson said. "Mr. McCann—" She opened her purse and took some bills out. "There are two hundred dollars; I can get more, however much you think is fair. Whatever you say, Mr. McCann."

Trying to be logical with her, and gentle, McCann told her again that there was nothing he could do. A good lawyer—he heard her breathe then, and raised his eyes from the pencil. As soon as he did she asked him in a clear, scornful voice: "Do you think the same as the others do? Do you think that Charley killed him?"

McCann muttered that wasn't so. He was just trying to show her—

"But you do," she said in a softly incredulous voice, as if that fact was something she had not considered before. "That's why. Of course you do." Gathering the bills together in her hand, she got to her feet. She said: "I'm sorry to have bothered you, Mr. McCann."

Then she crossed to the door, and McCann began to feel rather angry with something or someone—with himself, or with her. "Wait a minute," he said, as she touched the knob. "Wait a minute now."

He knew he should have let her go on out. . . . But he knew what Katie would have wanted him to do if she were there.

"I want to talk to you," he said.

HALF an hour later, he walked into the office of the Winston Trust Company with Katherine Wilson, and suggested mildly to Ed Williams that he'd like to see the vault, if there were no objections. The chief gave him one glance from his sharp eyes, and after a moment shrugged. "Emmons," he called, and waved an arm. A teller came over. "Mr. McCann would like to see where it happened. Show him, will you?"

The tone of his voice was warning, and scarcely pleasant. No nosing around, it said; no butting in. But McCann said: "Thanks," and followed young Emmons across to the vault.

It was a small one, scarcely larger than a closet—eight feet long by perhaps four wide. The teller showed him the cabinets inside the solid steel walls, the drawer where the currency was deposited each evening, and the time lock controlling the door, visible through a glass pane that covered the inner half of the three-foot-thick steel portal.

"Every night," he told McCann, "two of us close it up—usually a teller and an officer."

"Uh huh," McCann said, and nodded slowly. "Who locked it yesterday afternoon?"

Young Emmons' eyes flickered uneasily toward the girl. "Well—Charley Knowles helped Mr. Yarnell yesterday with it. Not that it's much of a job. Just—" Unlocking the glass shield on the inside of the door, he forced up a metal trip under a dial in the mechanism. "That sets the time lock. Once it's on, and the door closed, no one can open it before eight-fifteen in the morning, even if they know the combination."

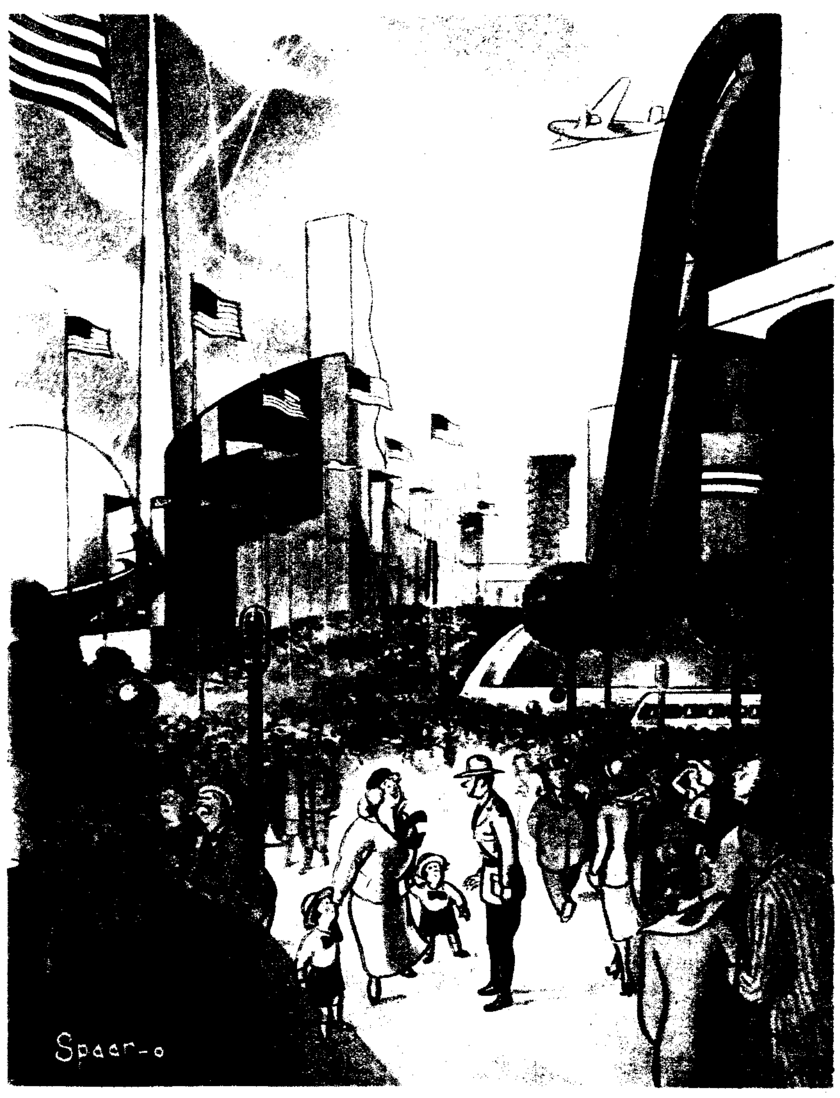
McCann fiddled with the trip for no reason. "If it was on, how could anybody open it last night, when Mr. Yarnell came down after supper?"

THE girl's presence was making young Emmons acutely uncomfortable. He stuttered a bit in his answer:

"It couldn't have been on. Chief Williams said that—well, Mr. Yarnell must have thought the trip was up when it wasn't. He said that Char—that somebody must have pressed it up yesterday afternoon, clicking it so Mr. Yarnell heard the snap and figured the time lock was all set. Only it could have been pressed down again, if Mr. Yarnell didn't pay too close attention. If you hold back the catch and let it down easy it drops back without making any noise."

He demonstrated it once or twice, and McCann watched him closely. When young Emmons held the catch back and let it in only when the trip was down it slid in gently and soundlessly. McCann didn't ask too many questions because of the girl—he didn't have to, actually. Ed Williams had put his finger on the one way the thing could have been done.

Howard Yarnell and Charley Knowles had locked the vault yesterday. And Charley Knowles had pressed up the trip that controlled the time lock while the president watched him—and then, one way or another, he had got Howard Yarnell to look away for a moment. Not



"Just where is the main tent, please?" WILLIAM SPAAR, JR.

We're all human -and humid
Won Hero Says:

—and all need the help of Mum

Perspiration is nothing of which to be ashamed. It's human and healthful. It's as natural as breathing.

But to keep it around until it gives one an unpleasant aura, and to do nothing about it—THAT is uncivilized and inexcusable.

What to do? Well, a bath with lotsa soap is always a good idea. But a bath "goes away" in a short stretch of an active man's day or evening. Nail the cleansing effect of a bath with dabs of Mum under each arm—which seem to be the chief trouble spots in this pesky perspiration-aura problem.

Thousands of men now use two dabs of Mum every a. m. and two more before p. m.'s out. (Many also use touches to the feet to keep hose and shoe linings fresh.) You are not only liked better by other people after you use Mum—you even *like yourself* better.

Well, gosh, it won't do any harm to send for a free sample of MUM

Mum is a pleasant cream (harmless to skin and clothing) which definitely kills perspiration odor for hours without stopping perspiration itself.

Take the plunge today by sending your name on the margin of this page, for a free sample, to Bristol-Myers Company, Dept. M1-79, 630-A Fifth Ave., New York City.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

long, but long enough. He had pressed down the trip silently, disengaging the time lock, and started the door swinging shut before Mr. Yarnell had had a chance to notice. Credible enough—McCann couldn't see any other way around the facts.

He asked young Emmons: "When the vault door's closed, isn't there any way to tell from the outside whether the time lock is on or not?"

"No. Not unless you try the combination; when the time lock is on, even that won't open it of course. And if it isn't, of course the vault opens. But if Mr. Yarnell thought he saw the time lock set, he wouldn't bother doing that. Charley had been working here so long—"

"Uh, huh," McCann repeated, and indicated the combination dial on the outside of the vault door with a nod of his head. "Any fingerprints on that?"

"No. Chief Williams said whoever touched it last wiped it clean with something afterward."

There was nothing to ask after that. McCann saw no openings. And then suddenly he remembered the call he had heard Charley Knowles make from the Post House last night. It brought his head up quickly.

"Five five o," he asked young Emmons. "You know whose phone number that is?"

"Why—Mr. Yarnell's. His home number."

THAT finished it. Charley Knowles had left the time lock off; he had called up the president that night, got him down to the bank, forced the combination out of him some way, and taken the money and locked him in. McCann saw it all clearly.

In an open space behind the tellers' cages Ed Williams was talking to a sturdy little woman with iron-gray hair, hatless, and poorly dressed. McCann went over and waited just within earshot, behind the desk of a dark-haired girl whose petulantly pretty face was marked by the traces of tears. Marian Connor, young Emmons told him her name was—Mr. Yarnell's secretary.

The little woman's name was Mrs. Costigan. She was telling Ed Williams that she had come down to the bank last night at a little after nine, because her boy had been sick and she'd stayed with him until he'd gone to sleep. Usually she came down to do the cleaning at seven, but last night she'd been a little late. The janitor had let her in; the bank was empty, as usual. Mr. Yarnell's car had been in the alley out back, and she thought he had parked it there to go to the movies around the corner. He often did.

Then Ed Williams saw McCann, and sent her off with a wave of his hand. Settling into her seat, McCann hoped he wasn't a nuisance.

"I'm not sure yet," Ed Williams said, and looked him levelly in the eyes. "Maybe we got a small town here, and maybe we're not as scientific as we could be about things. But we don't want any help until we ask for it, and we haven't asked yet. Not even for city help, Mr. McCann. If you don't forget that we'll get on all—"

He broke off sharply there, to stare openmouthed at something behind McCann. In a moment he jumped to his feet and ran around the desk, and McCann twisted his neck to see who it was.

Charley Knowles had pushed in through the low gate from the lobby and was crossing to them, a tired-looking young man with thick red hair and worried blue eyes.

"I just heard about Mr. Yarnell," he said. "So I came down here without even cleaning up, as soon as I got in."

Taking his arm, Ed Williams pushed him around the desk to a chair opposite McCann. He said harshly as soon as he was seated: "You didn't sleep in your room last night. So far as we could find out, you weren't anywhere around town. Where were you?"

"Concord," Charley Knowles answered, frowning slightly at him. "I drove over to get some tires at the auto store there. Only it was closed when I arrived, so I didn't get them."

"Concord! Twenty miles. It took you all night to drive there and back?"

THE only thing McCann could see on Charley Knowles' face was a puzzled surprise.

"It did because I got picked up for speeding on the way back, in Lebanon. I didn't have twenty-five dollars collateral on me and they wouldn't take a check. So I got locked up till eleven this morning, when court opened. They fined me ten dollars and costs and I just had enough to cover that."

"Oh, you're about the sub-let. Well, everything will be just as you see it"

BARBARA SHERMUND

"Good," Ed Williams said. "Good, by Godfrey!" He put his hands on the desk and thrust his shoulders forward above them. "But did you think it was going to be good enough, boy?"

"For what?" Charley Knowles looked at McCann. "What is he talking about, Mac?"

"I'll tell you," Ed Williams said quietly. "Murder, boy. We've got everything we need. We know how you closed the vault yesterday and made Howie think the time lock was on when it wasn't. You were the only one who could have done that because you were the only one there with Howie when the vault was closed. We know that you called him up last night after supper and got him down here to open the vault for you, because he knew the combination and you didn't.

"I guess you did drive over to Lebanon afterward. Everybody around knows their constable works on a fee basis, and arrests anyone who goes two miles over the limit. You banked on that for an alibi—you could race through Lebanon three or four times until he saw you and picked you up. And how could you kill a man when they had you in jail?"

"How could he?" McCann said.

Ed Williams ignored him. He asked Charley Knowles: "What time did they pick you up?"

"Nine-thirty," Charley Knowles said angrily. "And what are you—"

"Nine-thirty," Ed Williams repeated. "Mrs. Costigan saw Howie's car in the alley last night at nine o'clock, when she got here. So he was locked in the vault then, although she didn't know it. He might have been yelling for help, but she couldn't hear him. It's soundproof. She was two hours late because her boy was sick, and she sets the time. No later than nine. She'll convict you, boy—she and the phone call you made to Howie. Or will you deny that too?"

"No," Charley Knowles said. "I called him because he asked me to, yesterday afternoon. He said he had something to see me about after supper. Something important. When I called he wanted me to meet him here at nine-thirty. And I was hurrying back because I was a few minutes late already when they stopped me in Lebanon."

"You figured it out fine," Ed Williams said. "Mrs. Costigan should have been through here and gone by the time you came. But the way it is you're done; you'll come with me, boy."

McCann asked no questions; he avoided Katherine Wilson's eyes when he felt them upon him. He just got up with the others and followed them out to the street, watching them walk off from there to the town building; and afterward, because there was nothing else to do, he wandered aimlessly around town, keeping his ears open.

Some of the things that he overheard attracted him, but nothing conclusive developed.

McCann went back to the Post House in a bad humor, deciding rather fretfully that he'd been a fool ever to get mixed up in this.

After supper he sat on the side porch of the Post House, staring out at the dark hills. Then he went in to the phone booth in the hall and called up Katherine Wilson.

HALF an hour later he was in at the town building, starting from the Post House as soon as Katherine Wilson phoned him back. Ed Williams didn't like the idea at all, principally, McCann supposed, because he didn't like him. At first he said he'd be damned if he would, and then when McCann mentioned Charley Knowles' father he twisted his mouth sideways, stared an instant at the desk top, and at last got up without a word.

Katherine Wilson was waiting for them outside the bank, bundled up in a heavy coat against the March wind, and carrying a traveling bag in her hand. The three of them stood in the doorway until Marian Connor, the doll-faced secretary, came down the street; then Ed Williams rang for the janitor who lived upstairs over the bank, and they all went in.

Marian Connor's eyes were dark and hard, shiny, defiant, not quite tearful; she fixed them on McCann as if he were the only one there. In a small private office to the left of the tellers' cages McCann sat down, and after a moment the two girls sat down beside him. Ed Williams alone remained standing, breathing puffily, and frowning.

Nine o'clock struck from the town hall; at the empty strokes McCann felt a shiver light as air run through his body. He was annoyed with it, and he asked Ed Williams testily: "You sure that janitor will keep his mouth shut when he lets Mrs. Costigan in?"

ED WILLIAMS swore by the seven fallen angels that he'd better.

"Not," he added, twisting his head to look at McCann, "that I think this damn' fool stunt will do any good. If it wasn't Billy Knowles' boy—"

"I know," McCann said. "I just thought we'd try. It won't take long."

"You got one thing," Ed Williams said, tapping it out with a forefinger on the surface of the desk. "One thing to get over—who fooled with the time lock if Charley Knowles didn't? Who was near enough to touch the vault besides him? Nobody but Howie Yarnell. You going to try to tell me he left the time lock off so he could come back later and lock himself in?"

"No," McCann said, and shook his head. "A crazy man might do that, but Howie Yarnell wasn't a crazy man. He was just forty-five years old. He made six or seven thousand a year and spent most of that running the big house he lived in. I guess he had less ready cash than some of his tellers. And forty-five is an age where a man can get desperate in a fix like that."

Ed Williams looked out to the street.

"Not yet," he said. "So what, McCann?"

"You said if Charley didn't fix the time lock, no one but Howie Yarnell could have touched it. I think he did.

It would be simpler for him to fool Charley Knowles than for Charley to fool him. I think after Charley set it he reached in as if to make sure, and pressed the trip down and closed the door. Charley wouldn't question him. He was the boss.

"So I figured Charley might be telling the truth when he told us today that Howie Yarnell asked him to phone. I had something to back that up. Charley, if he was smart enough to figure out anything like this, wouldn't be dumb enough to call him from the phone booth outside my office, where he knew I could hear him give the number."

"You heard him?" Ed Williams barked angrily. "You mean you heard him make that call and never told me about it?"

McCann said quietly: "I'm not a cop any longer. You didn't ask me, besides." Then he turned his head to Marian Connor. He said: "I wasn't kidding you about that money when I called you tonight. It's in that bag. The one Miss Wilson has."

There was a long silence broken only by Ed Williams' sultry breathing. After it, McCann said:

"If Yarnell was robbing his own bank, he had to have a fall guy. Charley Knowles was it, because he was the only one besides Yarnell who could have touched the time lock. Suppose the bank was robbed and Charley and Yarnell both disappeared — wouldn't everybody have thought just the things they did think, that Charley took the money and knocked Yarnell off? Don't forget the phone call Yarnell asked Charley to make, because that was the tip-off. Yarnell told his wife about it to make sure it would come out. That would start things going the way Yarnell wanted them to go.

"They wouldn't find Yarnell's body. They couldn't. It wouldn't be anywhere around. But Charley's would—in some place where it would never be found unless by a freak. In a grave in the woods maybe—or loaded down with rocks at the bottom of a lake. And Yarnell would be somewhere safe, with no one looking for him, everybody thinking him dead. In six months or so his girl friend would meet him; he'd have a girl friend because he always had had one, I found out. Miss Connor seemed to fit and I think it's her."

The doll-faced secretary said in a steady voice: "He was always a gentleman to me. He never—"

McCann said: "Where was he going to meet you, after he'd taken the money and murdered Charley Knowles?"

"No—" Her steady voice struggled with shrillness, as if she couldn't quite convince herself. "He wouldn't have done that. It's a lie. And I loved him and he loved me, no matter what you think. Poor Howie!"

"Where were you going to meet him?" McCann repeated patiently.

HER eyes hated him, but the silence was the thing she couldn't endure. Whispering, her voice husky and dull, she broke it at last:

"In Los Angeles. In September. But I loved him—I did, I did, I did! And he wouldn't have killed Charley. He never told me he was going to do that."

"Maybe he didn't," McCann said. "But it was his only out if he wanted to be safe. That way the police would be looking for Charley, not for him. He'd be dead, or everyone would think him dead; after Charley's phone call came out the only thing to figure would be that Charley took the money, killed him, and hid his body. The cleaning woman, Mrs. Costigan, got down here usually about seven and was through in an hour, so Yarnell came down at half past eight about when he thought she'd be done and nobody else around. He came in with his own key, opened the vault, and cleaned it out. He put the money in his car. Then he came back to wait for Charley."

Ed Williams looked up from the traveling bag in his lap.

"It's the money," he said. "Where was it?"

"In the trunk of his car," McCann said. "Where he'd parked it while he waited for Charley to come. I told Miss Wilson to go out to his garage and look for it there. It was the only place it would be if I was right."

Katherine Wilson nodded in the gloom. "Yes. His keys were in the ignition and I opened the trunk with them and found it where Mr. McCann said it would be."

"Where I hoped it would be," McCann put in, "if I wasn't crazy, and if Charley Knowles was telling the truth. If the phone call had a reason, it was Yarnell's reason, not Charley's. That's the thing started me. So Charley was the fall guy, only after Yarnell had the money cleaned out and safe in his car, it wasn't Charley who came in here. It was Mrs. Costigan, late because her little boy was sick.

"If she saw him everything was spoiled. He had to hide. Even then he was smart enough to hide in the perfect place—in the vault, where she'd never look. He stepped in and pulled the door tight shut after him. But it wasn't locked. It—"

ED WILLIAMS' head came up with a jerk. He snapped off the lights in the office. They heard a key grate in a lock, and then the hoarse mutter of the janitor's voice: "Cold night." They heard Mrs. Costigan agree. Then the lights came up in the bank outside the little office, and Mrs. Costigan came in.

She swept the floor and emptied the wastepaper baskets; then she took her rag and dusted around. When everything else was dusted, she went over to the vault and wiped all the shiny parts, the hinges and the combination dial, and the shiny knob in the center that worked the lock.

She did that every night—last night, too. Last night, McCann thought, it might have clicked at first and puzzled her; but if she tried it again the knob would work smoothly, and without any catch at all. She'd have thought she imagined it.

McCann looked at Ed Williams then, but he knew as soon as he saw his face he didn't have to explain any more. The chief's eyes were sick; he shivered suddenly.

McCann felt that way too. He could picture Howard Yarnell waiting ten minutes, twenty, thirty, to make sure Mrs. Costigan would be through and gone. And then Yarnell pushing the vault door—pushing harder, sweating a bit, thinking: "What's this? What's—"

He couldn't have heard her spinning the knob with her cleaning rag in the action that locked him in. The vault was soundproof. Airproof, too. Yarnell would have known that at once, and he'd have known too that screaming wasn't any good. . . .

Putting a match to his cigar with fingers that trembled a bit, McCann tried not to think too much of the rest of it, he tried only to think of Katherine Wilson, and another Katie who would have liked this thing he had done. Then Ed Williams said something in a low voice, and shook himself, and got up; and McCann went out with him to meet Mrs. Costigan, whose little boy was sick, and who had been two hours late last night. And again tonight.

The two girls stayed in the office; McCann heard one of them sobbing. But he didn't look back because he knew which one it was, and that there was nothing he could do for her.

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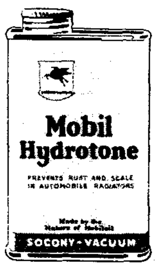

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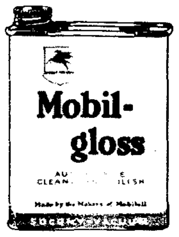

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Continued from page 17

matter, Lydia. You need a good vacation, and your position can take care of itself. You're an attorney. You can pick your own place, dear. You don't have to worry about Mr. Edmonds."

"I assure you I'm not worrying about Mr. Edmonds! And—oh, never mind, Mother. I'm sorry. But what makes you think we'd like it at Faraway Farms?"

Mrs. Harris looked long and studiously at her fat little fingers. "I wasn't thinking of us, I was thinking it might be much better if you went by yourself."

"But what about you?" Lydia asked.

"Now don't you worry about me." Her mother thought for a while, seeking not for the words to say, but how to say them. Lydia could tell those things. "I could go to the San Francisco Fair with Mrs. Maloney."

"In a bus?"

Mrs. Harris' head went up and down, and there was the answer. Mrs. Harris loved to ride in a bus, and regretted there were no busses to the moon. Lydia did not like to ride in a bus. Not even down Fifth Avenue to the office. She did not like the gasoline breath of busses. She liked trains. She found that her heart was singing, and she exchanged with her mother, for another ten minutes, some excellent diplomatic hypocrisies; and finally she knew that Mrs. Harris just longed to see the Fair with Mrs. Maloney, and the United States from the window of a bus. Lydia loved her mother.

Lydia's trunk went ahead of her, and she left on the following day.

WHEN Lydia reached Green Mountain Junction there was a little store open, with nobody in it, and a battered car parked, with nobody in it, and the air was cool and clean. She walked across a grassy square, not knowing which direction was which, but confident she could learn, and finding from a boy who sat beneath a tree that Faraway Farms was "Just down that way, ma'am. Keep going; you'll see a big red barn with white letters on the roof."

So she kept going, and she was glad that there was no available taxi, because it was venturesome, indeed, to walk a country road and kick up the dust with the toes of your pretty white shoes, and to swallow the apple smell, or whatever it was that hung over everything, and wonderful to be so young and unencumbered, and to hell with George Edmonds.

Somehow she felt very close to George now, because on separate roads they sought a single goal—George in his boat to some faraway point; she on her feet to Faraway Farms. Honestly, she hoped that George would find what he was seeking, though she doubted that the spirit could be so free in him as she presently had found it in herself. She was a new and liberated Lydia, but she wondered, seriously, if the youth had not run clean out of George. Certainly, in spite of previous efforts, he had not been a Douglas Fairbanks. He had done all his hurdling in college.

No wonder they charged ninety-five dollars a week. The meals they gave you. And it was all very magnificent, a great white mansion sprawling in the grass; the huge trees in the night, like the murmuring ghosts of giants; the fire a mad devil, leaping up the chimney; the good music blowing spiritedly; and all the nice people, young and gay.

She laughed about her dusty shoes and shouted, "Look at me!" when in the late afternoon she reached the wide veranda, and right away she was in cahoots with young Mrs. Dorbit, who could understand the impetuousness that made her walk along the dusty country road, and she was at the table with the Dorbits, Jay and Katherine, for dinner, along with the baby, whose name was Stinky-Doo, a daring and sophisticate thing of itself, and it could not have been more pleasant. She never knew herself to talk so much, nor to laugh so much. And she was a success.

It was informal at Faraway. A crazy bunch. She could tell by their gay and clever talk. One of them was a playwright, a fellow named Judson Crews. The name sounded like a playwright's, all right, Lydia thought, and she repeated it to herself, "Judson Crews." It sounded good. Of course, there was an even younger crowd, too. The kids, free of college for the summer.

Eddie Donlin came in about ten o'clock, and Eddie was a friend of everybody, but particularly of Judson Crews. Eddie was tall, and wide across the shoulders, a man well made and somewhat in need of a shave. When he came in he took his pipe from his teeth, and they were very white when they showed through his laugh. He spread his long arms in acknowledgment of the group, and the gesture seemed to embrace them all. Lydia was glad she was sitting where she was, because he was looking at her and his eyes were aware of her newness. She could tell that much. Katherine Dorbit's chin was in her hands, and her lips moved scarcely at all when she said, in soft identity: "Eddie Donlin. He's a writer. He's—"

Lydia wished that Katherine wouldn't talk, because Eddie would certainly catch on if he were not deaf and blind. He wore his loose clothes carelessly and grandly, unstudied, she was sure. A flannel shirt, soft beneath a tweed sports jacket and light-colored slacks. His shoes looked like something an Indian would wear to compromise the pain of civilization.

"He's at ease, that's what he is," she told herself. "He's the most comfortable man in the house." He was the best-looking, little doubt of that, and greatly like the man she had nourished in her mind for a dozen years, knowing they would recognize each other at first meeting, but still a formless man, unidentified till now, not pictured until Eddie had stood by the fire with a pipe in his mouth, laughing, and she had never known his hair would be so dark.

JUDSON CREWS, who was skilled in the matter, told Eddie who Lydia was, or at least that her name was Miss Harris, and after that Eddie came and sat down on the floor with his arms hugging his knees, looking up at Lydia, making conversation, and making it very well.

"If you don't live here at the farm," she said, "you must live up in a tree. There's nothing else around." She knew, somehow, that he did not live in any of the four houses that made the village. She thought her remark was moderately amusing, that she wasn't doing badly.

"It's not a tree any longer," he said. "But it used to be. Just one big tree made into a cabin, Lydia." He could accomplish in fifteen minutes the nine years it required George Edmonds to call her by name. "I find I can get a lot of work done that way," he explained, "and I can walk around without any shoes. My feet are too big for shoes." He held them high for her willing examination.

"Like trolley cars," she said, and together they laughed. Her laughter dissolved when he looked at her the way he did, so she lighted a cigarette and asked him, "What about the work? It's a book, I suppose. Something important."

"Nothing doing," he said. "We won't talk about that. We'll dance."

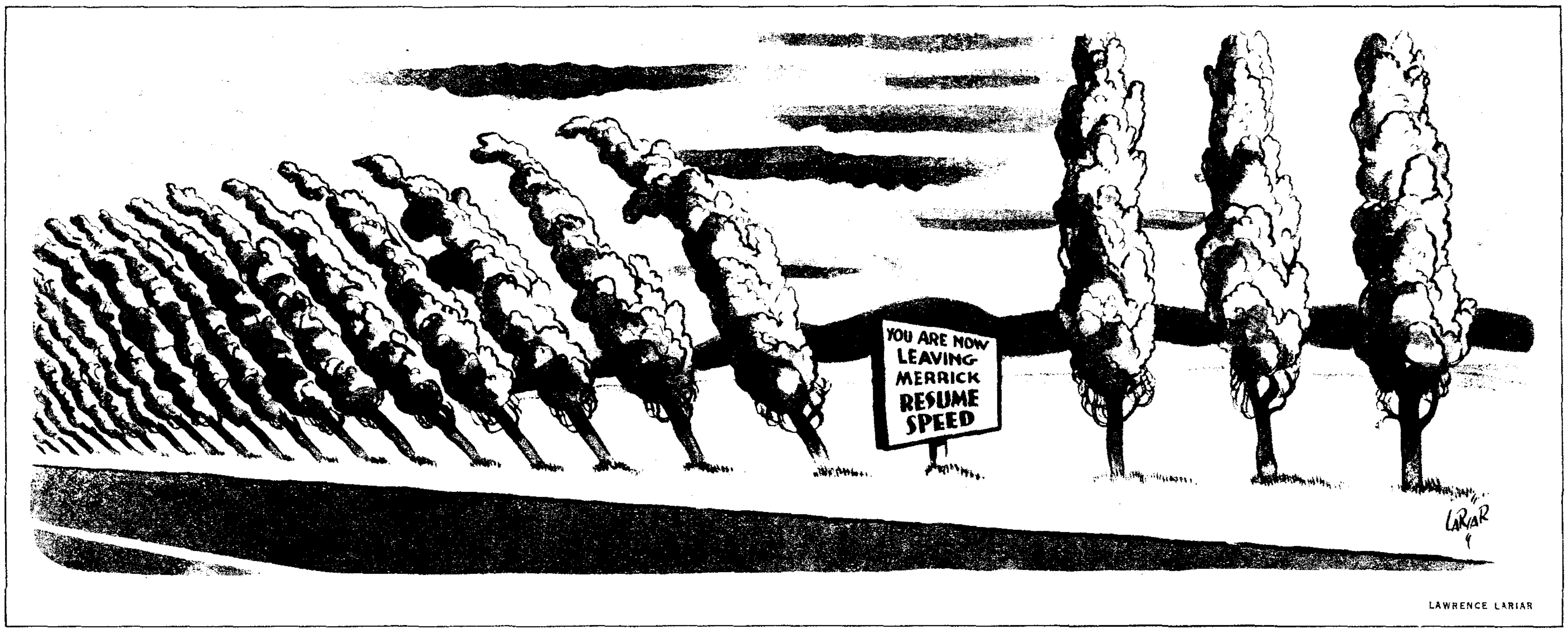
They danced. They didn't dance like some of the kids on the floor, acrobats all, with their joints on hinges. They danced like Mr. and Mrs. Dorbit, carelessly, easily and nicely. She liked the smell of his jacket. The tobacco smell was deep in the wool. He said, "You did a good job," when they were finished. She wouldn't have sold the compliment for a whole week's room and board.

The rest of the evening was fun, though she was not sufficiently alone with Eddie. A game of charades was begun by the Dorbits, and they maintained that Eddie was indispensable to charades, thus keeping him, along with Lydia, in the great oak room where the fire made noises like Mr. John Bryan cracking his knuckles. Lydia pondered briefly the professional fate of Mr. Bryan, without George Edmonds and herself. She worried a bit, then cast the worry away, to think up clever charades. As Eddie's partner she thought up good ones, too, almost as good as his. She thought up the one about Samson and Delilah, and Eddie helped by taking a scissors and clipping a shock of his hair. "Hair is cheap," he said. "You can't keep the stuff from growing. Now if it were yours, Lydia, a beautiful thing like yours—"

He was a crazy guy like that, she could see. He didn't care. There'd be more hair next week. She knew very well she was in love with this man who could never grow old. There was so much youth behind the shadow of beard he had neglected to shave that evening.

But Thursday night was the night. Thursday night had stars, as a million distant lanterns to light the road, along with the moon, a yellow lump on top of the trees, revealing the branches, like the black crooked fingers of a witch. He showed her the boathouse by the lake, although she had seen it before, and the upstairs light deserted the trees, to throw a golden cloak on the top of the water. They sat in the boathouse, and he put his hand on top of her hand, and when she turned toward him he embraced her, and placed his lips against hers. Then she took her fingers out of his hair and placed them against his shoulders, because she was afraid.

She had to catch her breath before she said, "You must have grown that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"Are you sure we didn't leave anything?"

IRV BREGER

hair back pretty fast, Mr. Samson," and waited to return to his arms, seeking to sum together in her mind the measure of this triumph.

No doubt he was avid when again he clutched her, but she did not hear him say, "I love you, Lydia," and she was therefore not free, herself, to say, "I love you, Eddie." It was not working as those things are expected to work, and again it was necessary to place her hands in restraint against his shoulders, and when she held him off, the available light of the evening was on his face, clean-shaven this time, and she thought his mouth was pouty, and almost juvenile, and this was strange and unexpected to find, a little frightening.

She couldn't turn off her words before they asked, "How old are you, Eddie?"

She might well have thrust her fingers in his eyes, so painful was the question, and he said, defensively, "I'm twenty-two. Why?"

Twenty-two! Dear Lydia, were you ever butted in the stomach by a goat? Twenty-two! The night turned cold and the perspiration was clammy on her arms. In the black and hidden part of the night she felt exposed to a thousand laughters, and the shame climbed over her as a blanket, as it would if she had kissed him and courted him in the middle of the Yankee Stadium.

"What's the matter, Lydia?"

"There's nothing the matter, Eddie. I'm sorry."

"Sorry? Sorry about what, that I'm twenty-two? That's not a crime, is it? How old are you?"

She felt no pleasure in the compliment of his question, when his tone inquired if she could defend herself with more years than he. She bit her lips against the stupid bewilderment in which she had placed herself. She said, "I'm old enough to know better, Eddie," and did not add that for nine years she'd been a member of the New York bar. She arose, still feeling cold and clammy, and Eddie, puzzled now, and far less a sophisticate, walked beside her. Or maybe she was gazing through eyes she had never owned before. She didn't know for sure.

Because the silence was cumbersome, she asked, "How's the book coming along, Eddie?" and she was wondering, too, about the extent of authorship in one so young as her long-legged, disappointed partner.

"Stinks," he said, and kicked at the dark road. "But, of course, it's my first attempt."

"Your first?"

"I just got out of college in June," he said, "and my old man loaned me the cabin to take a crack at writing."

"I hope you write a wonderful book," she said, and had he tried again, she might have kissed him again, in the coin of compensation. She wanted to cry, and she was crying, her tears not discernible in the dark.

She left Eddie wandering in the middle of a dancing herd, the younger kids, kicking themselves all out of joint, and she went up the curved staircase to her room, then started stuffing loose things into her trunk. Half-dressed for travel, she realized it was a bit too dramatic to rouse the station wagon and depart before the amazed eyes of all the happy guests. She could take the first train in the morning, and she would not remain forever weeping in her room.

Downstairs she talked briefly and competently with the Dorbits, because they did not ask, "Is anything wrong?" Which was a wonderful thing, and she managed to get out on the thick carpet of the lawn, and wander about, unmolested, undetected by the guests. She heard romantic sighs from an open car, a shadow beside her on the edge of the road. She could not discipline her eyes before they looked, and she was not surprised to see Eddie Donlin, clutching again, his partner much younger and more skilled than she, and she wondered if love was something like that. She hoped it was not. She went back to the house.

NEW YORK was one big omelet, cooking in the late June heat.

She had no place to go, and she knew that to work was less dreadful than to look at the fragments of a girlish heart, and she considered, too, sympathetically, that the affairs of John Bryan might be tangled, without George Edmonds and herself, and especially distressing in view of the heat. She went to see Mr. Bryan, who stood up at his desk and said, "So you'd like to come back to work?"

"I didn't say that, Mr. Bryan."

"That's true, you didn't. But I'm much too busy just to pass the time of day. Lord knows, Mr. Edmonds is little help."

She said loyally, "Mr. Edmonds is enjoying himself."

He said, "Hah! Maybe you're crazy, too. Maybe you'd enjoy yourself with a broken leg."

"A broken leg? Not George! Not Mr. Edmonds!"

"Broken slick. In two places, at the Medical Center. I mean he's at Medical Center. He won't *tell* me where he broke the leg. I don't care. It will teach him some sense."

"I don't think it's funny," she protested, and she wondered why she, herself, found joyful hope in the matter of George's broken leg. However, she could think of nothing that was caustic enough, and yet in good taste, to hurl at Mr. Bryan.

"You could be of some use," he said, "if you're really in the visiting mood. You could take the Mitchell and McGurn file over to the hospital. And bring him some flowers. Charge them to me."

"I'll buy them myself," she said, and grasped the folder from his hands and jammed herself into a descending elevator.

George Edmonds was sheepishly aware of her presence in his white-walled room, and he was rather handsomely touched by the sun, from whatever his adventure had been. His right leg was derricked high toward the ceiling, and fat with its plaster cast.

She sat beside him at the bed and they did not get to opening the bundled flowers. He took her hand and said, "I'm awfully glad to see you, Lydia. I know you'll understand. You're not like that John Bryan, that smirking sadist."

For quite a moment he did not release her hand, and she knew that some bond had grown between them while they tried their separate adventures, and there was a certain beauty in this unanimous failure that had touched them both.

"I KNOW I'm a fool," he told her. "Bryan is right, understand? But I couldn't help myself. I was all bound up. It wasn't the quarrel with Sylvia Twombley. That had to come. Without knowing it, I was hoping for it. We were unsuited to each other. I thought I was Tom Swift, in a strait jacket. I thought I was twenty-two years old!"

The number, twenty-two, was a double-barreled shotgun, and Lydia said to herself, "Twenty-two. Twenty-two." It was magic. She felt all comfortable inside, and at home. She asked boldly, "How'd you break your leg, George?" She called him George, all right. Eddie Donlin taught her how to do it. You just said it.

"You won't tell Bryan," he said. "I know you won't. I broke the leg being an athlete. I was mixed up with some silly college girl who was pretty and also stupid. I thought I was in love, and we were a triangle, Betty and me and her boy friend, who goes to Amherst. There was a fence. That's all, Lydia. Just an ordinary fence that they walked around. Not me, though. Not Georgie. I couldn't forget I was a hurdler at college. I took the short cut. I jumped over the fence and broke my leg."

Now that George had confessed, he looked at the ceiling and tapped his steepled fingers together. "They laughed," he said. "They laughed like hell. Even after I swore the leg was broken." Then he turned his eyes back to her and pleaded, "You understand those things, don't you, Lydia?" It seemed terribly important whether or not she understood. "But I think it did me good," he said. "I'm grown up again. I'm almost pleased with myself. I'm almost happy now."

"I'm almost happy, too, George. No, I'm really happy. It is kind of funny. You thought I wouldn't understand." She laughed, and he laughed, and he drew half erect in the cot. They kept laughing and looking at each other, and learning things from doing only that, and she noted that the pressure of his hands was bringing her toward him, so she kissed him full on the mouth. She could do that much for a man with a broken leg.

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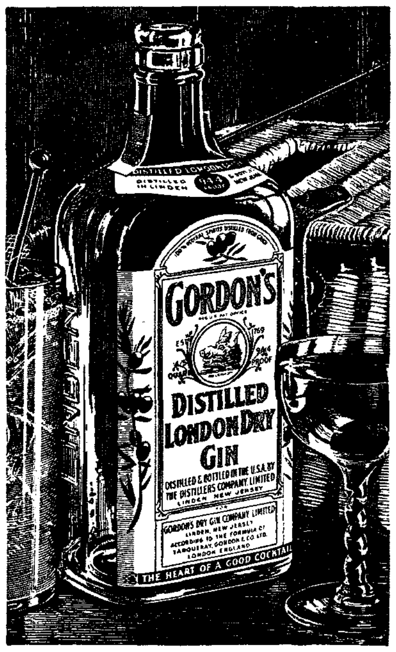

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Toilers of the Screen

Continued from page 21

"I'm heading for a nervous breakdown," he was whimpering. He looked at Johnny. "Don't let me down!" he begged pathetically. "Don't let Superb down!"

There was no use arguing.

When he reached his own office, he felt too tired and hopeless even to turn on the lights. He kept a suit of evening clothes and a stiff shirt in the place for emergencies like this, and he just lay down in the darkness until it was time to leave for the Anatole.

The night club was full of male celebrities, from the Superb lot and from other studios. Dolgos turned out to be a pleasant, mild-mannered man full of wonder at the fuss they were raising over him as well as at the strange ways of Hollywood. This had been his first visit and he couldn't get back to Kansas City fast enough. He was leaving on the morning plane. "My, my," he kept saying. "You boys certainly burn yourselves out to the ash."

Maderna was there too, elegant in tails but looking completely blank-faced. He was probably busy analyzing whatever sensations he was experiencing within him at the moment. Johnny decided to leave him alone tonight. He lay back in his chair, relaxing.

A man, passing by, stopped to say hello. It was William Drice. Drice had been chief at Domino two years ago. He was through now but he had never been able to realize it.

"Confidentially," the old man was telling Johnny, "confidentially I'm pretty tired dickering here and dickering there. Listen, I wouldn't be surprised at myself if I suddenly threw all those deals overboard, bought myself in at United Artists and started producing independently."

"Good idea," Johnny said. "Why don't you?"

"I will," Drice said, wagging a finger wisely. "Someday I will."

HE WALKED on. Whenever you ran into him he always had some plan that was going to bring back all his old glories. Every night he came to the different Brown Derbies, the Trocadero or the Anatole, pretending he was still on top, still the big shot, acting out a crazy kind of Eric Von Stroheim role in life. "Look at him," Johnny said to himself. "That's you too if you don't get a move on pretty soon." He took his eyes away from the man.

Johnny suddenly grew aware that Maderna had been wrapped in conversation with Dolgos for the last hour. It was odd to see the two of them together but he didn't get suspicious until he saw the actor leave the table.

"Hey, George," Johnny called. "Where are you going?"

"Home," the actor said. "I've got to pack. I'm leaving for Kansas City in the morning."

"Kansas City!" The news shook him up to full awakeness like a shower of cold water. "What for?" he cried.

"Dolgos knows a doctor back there who performs medical miracles daily. I want to give him a whack at me. Maybe he can help."

"But you can't go!" Johnny was thinking fast. "You can't leave now. Listen. The boys are playing a little *chemin de fer*. They were counting you in."

Maderna thought it over. "The plane doesn't leave until eleven," he said. "Okay. I'll play an hour or two." He went back to Dolgos and explained.

Johnny rounded up a dozen men and took them upstairs to a private room. William Drice tagged along, unwilling to let them think he couldn't afford to keep up with them. Then the waiter came in with a shoe of cards and the game began. Johnny wondered how long he could keep it going.

At two o'clock William Drice suddenly doubled up with appendicitis pains. He had been losing steadily to Johnny, who sat right next to him, owing him twenty-eight hundred dollars when he collapsed. The attack of appendicitis was the most graceful, pride-saving way out he could think of.

Near four the proprietor started to hover about them, coughing apologetically until he finally managed to tell them that they would really have to leave. Johnny spoke up quickly.

"We can't stop now," he told the boys. "The game's just getting hot. Listen. I'll take you guys to a place where nobody can disturb us."

"All right," Maderna said. "Just an hour or two longer."

THEY took the chips and a couple of shoes of cards with them and drove back to the Superb lot. Johnny led them into Stage 4, fixed up a table and some chairs, and the game went on in that great barn. While the others watched the cards, Johnny went outside and found one of the night men.

"I want this stage sealed," he told him. "As soon as the studio cops come to work, put a man at each door. Nobody gets in and nobody gets out, I don't care who he is or what. Understand?" Then he went back to the game.

He must have dozed off in his chair soon after. When he awoke, he saw the knot of men still grouped over the table. They looked weird, sitting in their evening clothes in the big spaces of that empty stage. Johnny suddenly jumped to his feet. Maderna was missing! Cursing his luck, Johnny looked at his watch and saw it wasn't quite ten. There was a telephone in the barn and he swiftly got his secretary on the wire.

"Drive out to the airport right away," he told her. "Watch for Maderna. When you see him, hang on and don't let go until you hear from me." He threw the telephone on the floor and started out for Maderna's house, hoping to head him off there.

As he ran into the broad daylight of the alley, a girl sitting on a pile of flats called out to him.

"Can't take time now," he said over his shoulder. "See me later."

"Johnny!" she called. "You go now and you'll never see me again."

He jerked to a halt. It was his wife. It came back to him with a sobering rush of guilt that he had completely forgotten to phone her last night after he had seen Tafferty. Maderna would have to wait somehow. Worried and unhappy, he led her into an empty projection room just off the alley to talk.

"Look at yourself," she said, her voice hard and cold. "Wearing a crumpled-up evening suit at ten in the morning, staying up all night in a studio stage, playing the Hollywood game of bluff with your new cars and Brentwood houses. . . . This town's no good for you, Johnny."

"I know," he said clumsily. "It is a lunatic merry-go-round but I can't help myself just now. I'll make it all up to you soon, Vivian."

"It's not that. It's not me. I hate to see you chase yourself for nothing. Johnny, let's stop," she said, and the anger went out of her voice. "Let's live normally again, among normal people. Johnny, let's go back east now."

"I can't, Vivian. I've got a big picture in work right now. It means a lot to me. I can't leave it."

"Leave it and come." She was pleading with him. "Everything's no good here. All the fake bluff, the crazy rushing around, the gambling and drinking, the freaks and nuts you see here—all those things make people think Hollywood is a great funny joke but it isn't really funny at all. All that doesn't happen out of nowhere. Everyone here is scared silly all the time. The stars, the writers, the producers, even the big bosses—they're all afraid they'll wake up one morning and find out they've lost their magic touch with the public. It's fear. It spoils everything that's normal and simple. Johnny," she said, "get out of it now. Come home."

He didn't know what to say. He kept looking down at the floor. "I can't quit, Vivian," he said painfully. "You're right. God knows what you say is right, but honey . . . honey . . ." He stopped. He didn't have to say more. She began to cry softly.

"I hate it," she wept hopelessly. "Everything's no good. I'm sick and tired. Johnny," she sobbed, "I'm going to have a baby."

His head came up with a jerk and he stared blankly at her. "Oh, Vivian!" he said. Then the realization drove home, sharp and all at once, how alone she must have felt. "Oh, my poor kid," he said. "My poor baby, what a heel I've been. . . ."

Finally he lifted her to her feet and took her outside. As they walked to the gate to drive home, a man came up and told him Tafferty wanted to see him immediately. Johnny didn't even pause to answer him but as they continued to the gate he suddenly halted and then turned to the Administration Building. "Come on," he said to Vivian and they went up to Tafferty's office.

"Hollywood is Hollywood, I realize," the boss began, "but this is no joke." He saw Vivian was there too but he was so swollen with resentment that he couldn't stop. "How would it look for me if the bank people found out you tied up a whole stage just for a card game? It gives me a bad name. It gives Hollywood a bad name. You can't do—"

"Save it," Johnny said. "Keep it for yourself. I don't want to hear it."

"What?" Tafferty cried, staring at him in bewilderment.

"That's right. I said can it. You don't have to hold the bank people over my head any longer. You don't have to wait until my contract is up. I've finally got some sense into my head. I'm through!"

The boss fell back slowly into his chair, actually too perplexed to speak.

"Come on, Vivian," Johnny said. "We've had enough of this madhouse town. We're going back east."

He took her arm and they went down into the alley again.

FOR the first time perhaps since they had come to Hollywood they had their dinner together quietly and with no sense of pressure. They talked a good deal of the East and their friends there and how pleasant it would be to work on Broadway again; they talked with fond warmth of the baby and how things would be with the three of them together somewhere in the country back home, living simply and peacefully. And later, when they went to the Hollywood Bowl for the concert, they both grew still, happy enough just to be together, and they listened to the music with her hand in his, the way they did years ago. The time passed so fast that they were both surprised when the lights went on over the amphitheater and the concert was over.

"The night's young," he said as they rose to leave. "Listen, honey, suppose we go somewhere for a bite."

"All right," she said, smiling but looking at him carefully. "What is it, Johnny? Beginning to feel restless?"

"Oh, no," he said quickly. "It's not that at all. It's just that we're leaving Hollywood so soon. It's just that I feel something like saying goodby to the nutty old town, you know."

THEY went to the Vine Street Brown Derby. As soon as they sat down at an alcove, William Drice unexpectedly came up to them.

"I've been waiting for you," Drice said. "Before it slips my mind. I owed you twenty-eight hundred dollars when I broke down last night, didn't I?" He took out a check and put it on the table.

Johnny had to admire the old man even as he felt sorry for him. He wouldn't touch the check. "Sit down," he said. "Have something with us."

"No, thanks. I can't stay. I'm late. I was due at the Domino lot an hour ago. You know how it is yourself."

Deeply touched by the performance the old man was putting on, Johnny suddenly couldn't help himself. "Oh, for the love of Pete," he broke out. "Stop it, Drice. Cut it out. I can't keep on seeing a man like you play that cockeyed game."

Drice stared at him for a moment, his mouth loose. "What game, Johnny?" he asked slowly.

"You know what game. You're fooling nobody. Nuts," he said, breaking off. "Forget it. I'm sorry. Who am I to tell you what to do?"

Drice sat down at the table. He picked up a fork and studied it carefully as he spoke. There was a peculiar smile on his face that Johnny didn't understand. "You're not telling me anything I didn't know," the old man said quietly. "Yes, I've bluffed and everybody kidded me along. It's been cheap, stupid, bitter. Don't think I've enjoyed it, but what was I going to do with myself anyhow? Listen. I know pictures, Johnny. I like pictures and I'm going to stay in pictures all my life or nothing else will do for me. We're all like that, aren't we?" He stood up, still wearing that funny smile on his face. "Hollywood might be every screwy, heartbreaking thing they say of it. The whole point is we like it. We wouldn't know how to live any place else."

He started to leave but Johnny touched his sleeve. "Drice, take the check with you. I don't want it."

The old man laughed outright. "Where were you two kids all day?" he asked. "I thought news traveled fast in Hollywood. Don't worry about that little check. I got my old job back at Domino this afternoon. Yes, they elected me vice-president in charge of production again." He saw the surprised look on Johnny's face and felt he had to explain. "That's Hollywood," he said.

For a long time after he left, Johnny could find little to say. Vivian was watching him but he didn't seem to be able to meet her eyes.

"What is it?" she asked. "Drice said it, didn't he? Drice—"

"Said what?" Johnny broke in. "Forget him. He's just a sentimental old bird who likes to talk. What does he know?" He began eating, keeping his head down, but the food had little taste. When he looked up again, he saw his secretary standing before him.

"I've been trying to locate you all night, Mr. Mantle," she said.

"Well, what is it, Hazel?"

"What is it?" She spoke with a fine shade of indignation. "You told me to find George Maderna. I'm exhausted."

"Oh, Maderna," Johnny said, remembering. "What happened to him? Didn't he get to Kansas City?"

"He's at his home resting, Mr. Mantle. He missed the plane. What happened, he ran into a swarm of lady admirers and he couldn't get rid of them for hours. You told me to stay with him until I heard from you, true, but enough was enough, Mr. Mantle, I'm exhausted."

"I'm sorry, Hazel. I guess I just forgot. You see, it doesn't matter about Maderna now."

The girl took a moment to stare at him. Her lips made a straight line. Then she turned sharply on her heel and stalked to the door. Johnny looked after her glumly and started rubbing his cheek with his hand. He didn't speak.

"Johnny," Vivian said at last. Her voice was low. "Listen, don't sit there moping like that. Go after Maderna. Get back into pictures."

"No," he said. "That's out for good. You're swell to say it but we're going east."

"I was wrong, Johnny. Drice showed me how wrong I was. If your heart's set on it, I can't stop you."

"Oh, it's too late," he said dully, "even if I wanted to. I fixed myself for good when I told Tafferty off. It's all settled."

"It's not settled. You've got to try to get your job back. Or else get a new one. I can't fool myself you'll be happy home. People live in Hollywood and they have babies too. We can be happy here too. . . ."

SHE wanted to go on but just then the waiter came up with the telephone. He plugged in for the connection and then Johnny was listening to Tafferty.

"You're not getting away with it," the boss barked out at him. "I won't oblige you by breaking your contract for you!"

Johnny was so mystified that all he could do was to gag into the mouthpiece.

"Ha! You can't say a word. You're tongue-tied with shame because we've caught you." Tafferty was shouting so furiously over the phone that Vivian could hear every word from where she sat. "You're not going over to Domino!"

"Domino?" Johnny cried. "What the—"

"Now, you were seen! I can put two and two together, you know. Of course! That little act you pulled in my office didn't fool me. I refuse to fire you just so you can be free to go over to Domino. Now, you were seen talking to Drice just a short while ago. You can't deny it. Don't deny it. Don't try!"

Johnny covered the mouthpiece with his hand and turned to Vivian. "Holy smoke!" he chortled. "Crazy? Nuts? Holy smoke!"

"Johnny, my boy, I realize we've been unsympathetic lately." Tafferty was pleading now. "But we really need you at Superb. Forget Domino. We'll make you perfectly happy from now on. Listen, I take it on myself personally to get you a million-dollar appropriation for Florida. Listen, Johnny, I'll make it a million and a quarter!"

Johnny finally hung up in a daze. "A million and a quarter," he breathed dreamily. "Just wait till Maderna hears that. He'll come running." He stopped suddenly and looked at Vivian. "Honey," he faltered. "Honey . . ."

"I meant it," she said quietly. "We're not going east. We're staying. That's what I really want you to do."

He gave her a swift hug. "You won't be sorry," he promised, the words pouring out ardently. "I'll change from day to night. You wait and see. I'll take things slowly, sanely. You can work Hollywood right if you only know where to draw the line. Honey," he said, grabbing his hat from the alcove bench, "would you mind going home alone? I've got to see Maderna right away. I want to start shooting tomorrow. You understand, honey, don't you?"

"Yes," she said, and he went hurrying down the aisle to the door. Her eyes were misty as she looked after him but she was smiling too. "Yes, Johnny," she whispered. "I know."

"It's that nice man from downstairs, dear— he says the plaster's coming down fine!"

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The Bomb

By Pat Frank

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

THEY had walked past the last row of bungalows skirting the village, and through the pines, and were within sight of the barbed-wire barricade enclosing the sprawling munitions factory, when they saw it first. It was very high, only a silver splinter except when the sun struck sparks from its wings.

The man squinted into the sun. "Eight or nine thousand feet," he estimated aloud. It was so high, and so far distant, that it seemed to crawl across the pale blue background. But Alan March knew, because he was of the Air Force and knew the deception of the sky when it is deep and measureless, that it was racing toward them at two hundred, maybe two-fifty. Even at that height he caught the bulges of four engine nacelles, and knew it for a bomber.

"It must be one of ours," the girl said. "They only raid at night, so it must be one of ours."

His right arm coiled around the girl's slender shoulders. "I don't know, Pinky," he said. "Our wing tips are pointed. Theirs are rounded. I can't catch the silhouette yet. What do you think?"

"My eyes aren't good enough to make it out. It's the bad light in the factory, nights. My eyes have lost their feel for daylight."

"Let's not take a chance," he said, his fingers tightening around her arm. "Nothing must happen to us, not now, Pinky. Let's foot it for the factory, and duck into the bombproof." Even as he spoke he knew there wasn't time. It was a quarter-mile to the factory gates.

"Why should there be war when people are in love?" she asked, and he felt her small, supple hands clinging to his shirt front, and her warm head snuggling against the inside of his arm.

"We won't let the war bother us," he said. "The war will have to stop for a while."

"The war won't stop just for us, Alan. Wars have never stopped because of love of women."

He didn't speak, for the bomber was much closer. It would pass directly over the plant, and over them. The wings were not pointed. Three tiny white clouds blossomed under the bomber, and then three more miraculously appeared above it. "Antiaircraft!" Alan said. "It's theirs!" He saw the plane's belly gape open.

"Look!" the girl half-whispered. "A bomb!"

A dot appeared below the plane, for the space of a breath seemed part of it, and then with seeming leisure disassociated itself from the larger shape above. It grew, and its nose began to slant downward. Then, like a black teardrop, it was outlined alone against the sky, and the plane had passed on, leaving only the bomb.

"Down! Down!" shouted Alan. "Down on your face!"

Pinky was on the ground. She bent her neck, put her hands over her head, and drew up her knees until she was a small, quivering human ball.

Now I am going, she thought. I never again will bury my head in his neck, or feel the bristles on his chin, or feel his kisses on my eyes. She was an intimate of bombs. That's what they made at the factory, bombs. Five-hundred-pounders like the one diving at them. The bomb began to sing. It sang first in a low, penetrating whine. It was thus a bomb was designed, to sing. Its guiding tail was fluted, so that it would whine, and shriek, and scream, and spread fear over a space of time before it killed.

For months she had helped make bombs like that. They moved along on a conveyor belt, each in its niche, each seven feet long and eighteen inches through. How they nicknamed them, and joked about them, at the factory!

"Minnie here will slap a dent in somebody's head." That's what Helen always said, and she would pat their round, smooth aluminum-alloy surfaces. Helen worked beside her. She called all the bombs "Minnie."

The whine sharpened. She wanted to scramble to her feet and run, run anywhere. She felt Alan's big arm pulling her to the ground again. "Steady!" he commanded. "Steady!"

Pinky wondered whether the enemy also used liquid oxygen and lignite and carbon. How delicately one must handle it! Woman's work. It took a woman's gentle hands. On the other side, some woman had fitted together this bomb calling to her. What sort of a woman? Gray-haired, bent, and slow? Middle-aged, and stiff as a bayonet, and methodical? Or young, and sometimes given to dreaming, as she herself was?

ONLY yesterday, she thought, Mr. Gordon, the assembly superintendent, had bawled at her. He had snatched a fuse cylinder from her hands and shouted: "What sort of a hodgepodge is this? Wires to the detonator aren't secured. What good is it? I ask you, what good is it? Young lady, keep your mind on your job!"

And Helen had snickered and said:

"She can't help it, Mr. Gordon. She's in love. He's coming to see her this evening."

Like a fire siren in the next block, the bomb was screeching now. She wanted to look up, but dared not. How long it took to fall!

The tone of the bomb grew deeper. She edged closer to Allen, and felt his arms going around her head. He is trying to save me from blast, she thought, and then it struck.

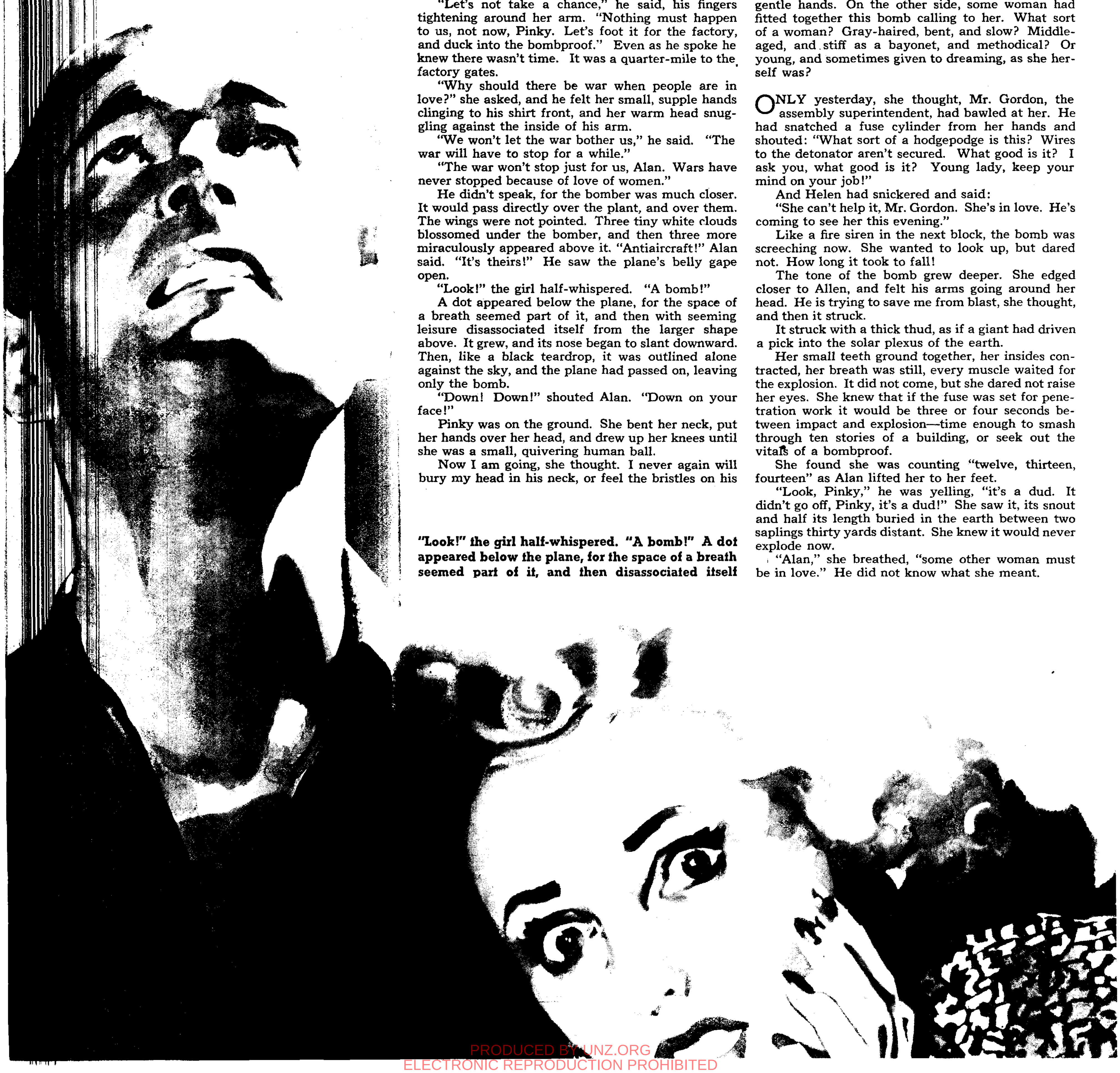
It struck with a thick thud, as if a giant had driven a pick into the solar plexus of the earth.

Her small teeth ground together, her insides contracted, her breath was still, every muscle waited for the explosion. It did not come, but she dared not raise her eyes. She knew that if the fuse was set for penetration work it would be three or four seconds between impact and explosion—time enough to smash through ten stories of a building, or seek out the vitals of a bombproof.

She found she was counting "twelve, thirteen, fourteen" as Alan lifted her to her feet.

"Look, Pinky," he was yelling, "it's a dud. It didn't go off, Pinky, it's a dud!" She saw it, its snout and half its length buried in the earth between two saplings thirty yards distant. She knew it would never explode now.

"Alan," she breathed, "some other woman must be in love." He did not know what she meant.



"Look!" the girl half-whispered. "A bomb!" A dot appeared below the plane, for the space of a breath seemed part of it, and then disassociated itself

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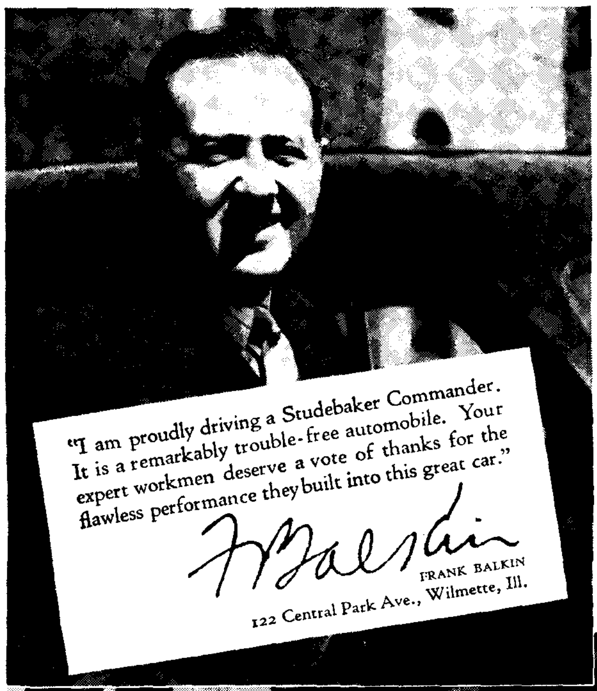

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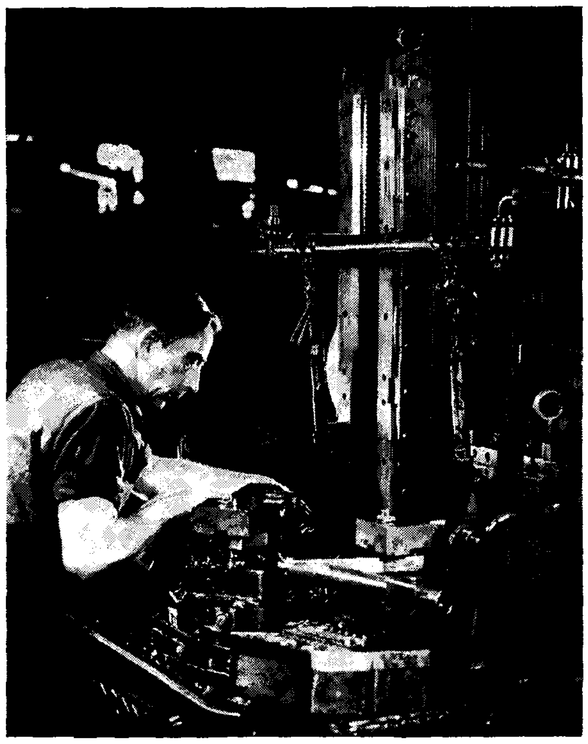

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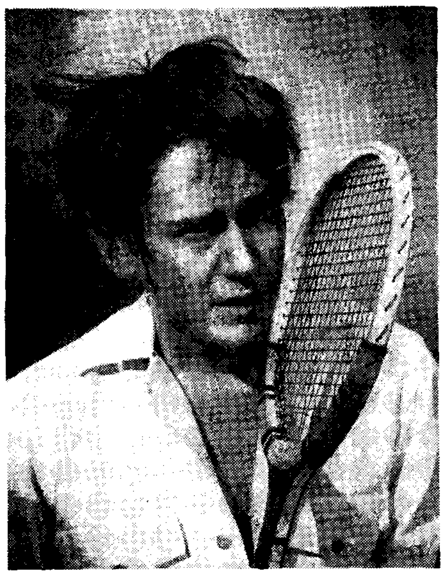

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REMOVES DANDRUFF SCALES—CHECKS EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR

NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

Flotsam

Continued from page 10

"Get him on his feet!" shouted the lieutenant.

The policemen bent down. Then one straightened up. "He must have broken something. He can't stand."

"Damnation!" The leader climbed down. "No one is to move!" he shouted back at the prisoners. "Damned riffraff. Nothing but trouble."

The truck was now close to the fallen man. Kern could see him clearly from above. He recognized him. He was an emaciated Russian Jew with a matted, gray beard. Kern had slept a few times in the same room with him. He remembered clearly how the old man had stood at the window in the early morning, swaying back and forth with the phylacteries in silent prayer. He was a peddler of artificial silk stockings and ties and had thrice been expelled from Austria.

"Come on, get up!" the officer ordered. "What did you want to jump out of the wagon for anyway? Had too much of a record to face, eh?"

THE old man moved his lips. His staring eyes were turned toward the lieutenant.

"What's that?" the latter asked. "Did he say something?"

"He says he isn't a criminal," explained the policeman. "He hasn't done anything wrong."

"Everyone says that. But what are we going to do with him now? What's wrong with him anyway?"

"Someone ought to get a doctor," Steiner said from the truck.

"Shut up!" the lieutenant barked nervously. "Where are we going to find a doctor at this hour?"

"We ought to take him to the dispensary," said one of the policemen. "There'll be an orderly or a doctor there. They can see what's wrong and we'll be rid of him."

The lieutenant had made up his mind. "Pick him up. We'll drive by the public dispensary. One man can stay there with him. Damned nuisance!"

The policemen lifted the man. He groaned and became very pale. They placed him on the floor of the truck. He quivered and opened his eyes, which were big and very bright in a wasted face. The lieutenant bit his lip. "What nonsense! Jumping out of a truck, a man of his age. What harm could have come to him at the police station? On your way! Drive slow!"

The old Jew was silent. Kern stood beside him and saw that he was suffering. Slowly a pool of blood formed under his head. His bony fingers scratched along the wooden floor of the truck. His eyes were full of helpless misery. A whisper came from twisting lips in the death-shadowed face.

"What does he say?" asked the lieutenant.

The policeman knelt down again and steadied the old man's head against the jolting of the truck. "He says that now his children will starve to death," he reported.

"Oh, nonsense. They won't starve. Where are they?"

The policeman bent down. "He won't say. Otherwise they'd be deported. They have no permit to stay."

"That's all absurd. What's he saying now?"

"He says he wants you to forgive him for causing trouble."

"Forgive him? What does he mean by that?" He shook his head and stared at the man on the floor.

The truck stopped at the dispensary. "Carry him in," the lieutenant ordered. "Take it easy. And you, Rohde, stay with him till I telephone."

Three policemen carried the injured man into the house. Two came back and got in again. "Did he say anything else?" asked the lieutenant.

"No. He was green in the face. If it's his spine, he won't last long."

"Fair enough, just one Jew the less," the policeman who had hit Steiner said indolently.

The prisoners were taken to the Elisabeth Street police station. Steiner and Kern were unhandcuffed and put with the others in a large, half-dark room. Most of those present were sitting in silence. They were used to waiting. The fat, blond landlady alone was wailing.

About nine o'clock they were summoned upstairs one after the other. Kern and Steiner were the last. None of the others came back.

Kern was led into a room where there were two policemen, a clerk in plain clothes, the lieutenant and a middle-aged police captain. The captain was sitting in a swivel chair smoking a cigarette. "Personal record," he said to the man at the table.

The clerk was a thin fellow who looked like a herring. He had round shoulders, slick, black hair, an expressionless, sour face and dark shoe-button eyes. "Name?" he asked in an astonishingly deep voice.

"Ludwig Kern."

"Date of birth?"

"November 30, 1916, in Dresden."

"So you're a German—"

"No. No nationality. Deprived of citizenship."

The captain looked up: "At nineteen? What crime did you commit?"

"None. My father was deprived of citizenship. Since I was a minor, I was too."

"What had your father done?"

"My father was born in Austria. He moved to Germany in 1906, but did not become a citizen until 1923. A year ago a decree was issued in Germany making all grants of citizenship after 1921 or 1918 revocable. After that our family was deprived of citizenship."

"Jewish?"

"My father is—not my mother."

"Aha—"

THE captain flicked the ashes from his cigarette onto the floor.

"Couldn't you get your Austrian citizenship back?"

"No. My father tried. They refused him because he had voluntarily become a German."

"I see." The captain nodded. "Didn't want him back once he had gone. Why did you leave Germany?"

"They took away our passports and told us to leave. When we didn't go—because we didn't know how or where—they threatened to lock us up if we weren't gone in three days. Then we left. If we were going to be locked up we wanted it to be somewhere else—not in Germany."

The captain laughed dryly. "I can understand that. How did you get across the border without a passport?"

"All you needed then for short trips across the Czech border was an identification card. We had that. With it you were allowed to stay for three days in Czechoslovakia."

"And after that?"

"We got permission to stay for three months. Then we had to leave."

"How long have you been in Austria?"

"Three months."

"Have you registered?"

"No. I have not."

"Why not?"

"Because then I'd have been ordered to leave immediately."

"Well, well!" The captain struck the arm of his chair with his open hand. "What makes you so certain of that?"

Kern was silent. When he and his father had first crossed the Austrian border they had reported to the police and had been put back into Czechoslovakia the same day. The following evening they had crossed the border again. That time they did not report.

"Isn't it true?" Kern asked.

"It is not your place to ask questions here. You just answer," the clerk said.

"Where is your father?" asked the captain.

"Back in Czechoslovakia."

"How have you lived?"

"I had some money."

"How much?"

"I have twelve schillings now." Kern reached in his pocket and showed the money. He said nothing about the fact that he had peddled soap, toilet water and perfume. If he had admitted that, he would have been liable to additional punishment for working without a permit.

THE captain got up and yawned. "Are we through?"

"There's one more downstairs," said the clerk.

"It will be the same story." He grinned at the lieutenant. "Lots of bleating and not much wool. Nothing but emigrants who have come in illegally. Doesn't look much like a Communist plot, does it? Who gave us that tip, anyway?" He noticed that Kern was still in the room. "Take him away. You know the sentence. Two weeks detention and deportation." He yawned again. "Well, I'm going out for some goulash and beer."

The policeman who had summoned Kern took him to another cell, smaller than before. There were four of the other prisoners there, among them the Pole who had been sleeping in the same room at the boardinghouse.

In a half-hour they brought Steiner in. He sat down beside Kern. "First time in the coop, kid?"

Kern nodded.

"Feel like a murderer, don't you?"

Kern smiled a childish smile that made him look even younger than he was. "Almost. Prison—you know, you get a sort of idea about that in your school days."

"This isn't prison," Steiner explained, "this is detention. Prison comes later, for the second offense."

"Have you been in?" Kern asked.

"Yes," Steiner's lips twisted. "You'll get a taste of it too, kid. The first time it will hit you hard. But not again. Particularly not in winter. At least you have peace while you're in. A man without a passport is a corpse on parole. All he's really expected to do is commit suicide—there's nothing else."

Kern stared straight ahead.

Steiner slapped him on the shoulder. "Keep your chin up, baby. In return for all this you have the good fortune to live in the twentieth century, the century of culture, progress and humanity."

"Isn't there anything at all to eat here?" asked a man sitting in a corner on one of the plank beds. "No coffee at least?"

"Ring for the headwaiter," Steiner answered. "Tell him to bring the bill of fare. There are four menus to choose from."

"Eating vairy bad here," said the Pole.

"Why, there's our Jesus Christ!" Steiner looked at him with interest. "Are you a regular guest?"

"Vairy bad," repeated the Pole. "Vairy leetle."

"Oh, God," said the man in the corner, "and I have a roast chicken in my trunk. When are they going to let us out of here anyhow?"

"In two weeks," Steiner answered. "That's the usual punishment for emigrants without papers. You know that."

"Two weeks," agreed the Pole. "Or longer. Eating vairy leetle. Vairy bad. Theen soup."

"Damn it! By then my chicken will be spoiled," the man groaned. "My first chicken in two years. I saved up for it groschen by groschen. I was going to eat it today."

"Postpone your sorrow till tonight," Steiner said, "then you can assume you would already have eaten it and that will make it easier."

"What! What sort of nonsense is that you're talking?" The man stared indignantly at Steiner. "That isn't the same thing at all."

"In theory it is. If you were in the hotel, by that time you wouldn't have it either."

"But at least I would know I had eaten it. And besides I would have saved a drumstick for morning."

"Gentlemen," said a pleasant bass voice, "why all the excitement? By good luck they gave me only a hasty going over and I got through with a bottle of Vodka. Vodka warms the heart. May I offer you some?" He uncorked the bottle, took a drink and handed it to Steiner. The latter drank and handed it on to Kern. Kern shook his head.

"Go ahead, drink," said Steiner, "it's part of this business. Take a small swallow. You've got to learn."

"Vodka vairy good!" agreed the Pole.

Kern took a small swallow and handed the bottle to the Pole who tilted it to his lips with an accomplished gesture.

"That Polack is swigging it all up," growled the man with the chicken, tearing the bottle away from him. He drank and handed it to the Russian. "There's not much left," he said regretfully.

The latter waved it aside. "It doesn't matter. I'm getting out tonight at the latest."

"Are you sure of that?" Steiner asked.

The Russian made a little bow. "Yes. I might almost say unfortunately. As a Russian I have a Nansen passport."

"Nansen passport!" repeated the Chicken reverently. "That makes you a member of the aristocracy of men without a country."

"I'm sorry you haven't the same advantage."

"You got the start of us there," Steiner said. "You were the first wave, then came the Italians, then the Germans—by that time everyone was tired—"

The Russian shrugged his shoulders apologetically. Then he handed the bottle to the last man in the cell who had hitherto been silent. "Please have some too."

"No, thanks," the man replied arrogantly. "I don't belong in your crowd."

They all looked at him.

"I have a passport, a country, a permit to stay here and a permit to work."

They were all silent. "Pardon the question," the Russian said presently in a hesitant tone, "but then why are you here?"

"Because of my profession," the man explained haughtily. "I'm no fly-by-night fugitive without papers. I'm a substantial pickpocket and professional gambler with full rights of citizenship."

AT NOON there was bean soup without beans. In the evening the same thing, only this time it was called coffee and a piece of bread came with it. The Pole beamed because this proved him right. It was more of a satisfaction to him than if there had been goulash

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and fried eggs. His was a moral character.

At six o'clock the Russian was released as he had predicted. He said goodby as though to old friends. "In two weeks I'll look around the Café Sperl about six o'clock. Perhaps by then you'll be there. Goodby."

By seven o'clock the substantial citizen and cardsharp was ready to capitulate. He brought out a package of cigarettes and handed them around. Everyone began to smoke, giving the cell an almost homelike air. The pickpocket explained that the police were just giving him a routine going-over to see if they could pin anything on him during the last six months. He didn't think they could. Then he proposed a game and conjured up a pack of cards out of his coat.

It had grown dark and the electric light had not been turned on. But the cardsharp was equal to the situation. He waved his hands again and produced a candle stump and matches. The candle was stuck to a ledge in the wall where it gave a dim, flickering light.

The Chicken, the Pole and Steiner drew up. "Aren't you going to play too?" Steiner asked Kern.

"I don't know how."

"That's something you'll have to learn. What else can you do in the evenings?"

"Not today—tomorrow."

Steiner turned around. The light dug deep furrows in his face. "Is there something the matter with you?"

Kern shook his head. "I'm a little tired. I'll lie down for a while on the cot."

THE cardsharp was already shuffling. He had an elegant, brisk way of letting the cards snap together. "Who deals?" asked the Chicken. The substantial citizen offered the cards around. Each drew. The Pole a nine, the Chicken a queen, Steiner and the cardsharp each an ace.

"A tie," said the cardsharp and drew again. Another ace. He smiled contentedly and offered the pack to Steiner. The latter casually flipped over a card. It was the last ace in the deck—

"What a coincidence!" laughed the Chicken.

The cardsharp did not laugh. He looked at Steiner reproachfully and uneasily. Then he drew—a seven. Steiner turned up an eight. He had won.

The cardsharp nervously handed over the cards. "Gentlemen." He glanced at the candle flame. "The light is very bad, you can barely see—but—after all we're all men of honor, aren't we?"

Kern lay down on his cot. He wasn't tired. Nor very hungry. He was just sad—full of an unformulated, gray sadness that held no hope. He was not even as depressed as he had expected to be at finding himself in jail. He had reckoned on that ever since he had been on the road. For more than a year.

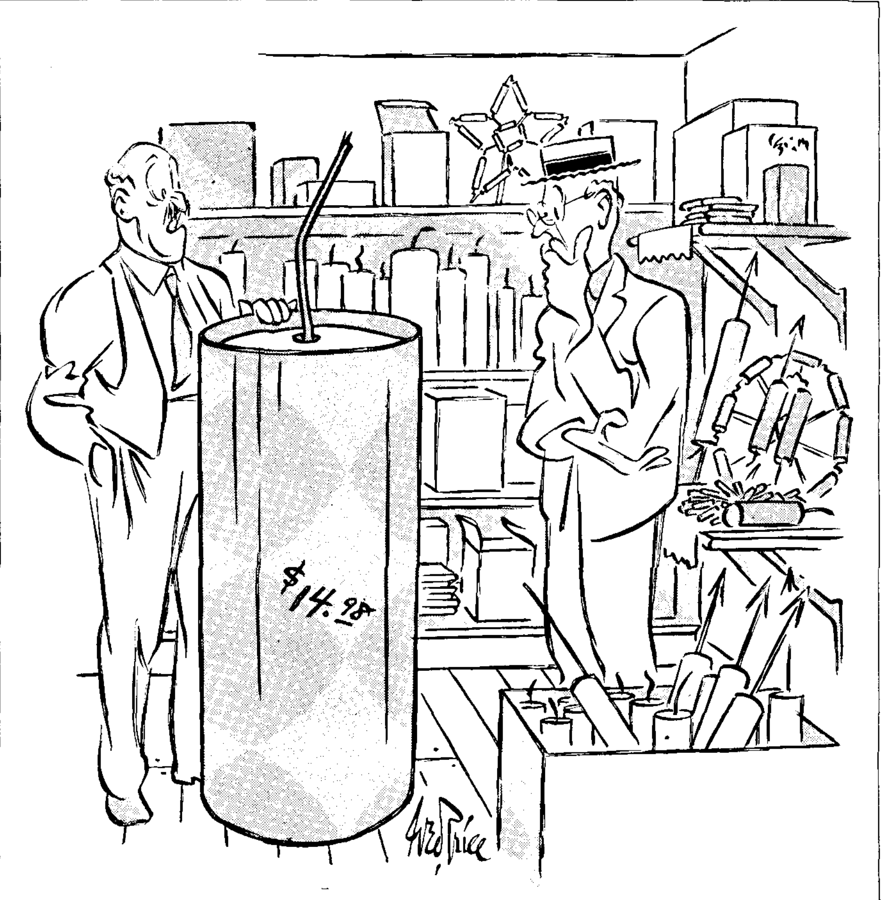
He had been in the graduating class of a high school in Dresden. The last year had almost broken him, for it was hard to find oneself shunned like a leper simply because one's father was a Jew. But he had gritted his teeth and stuck it out—he meant to graduate. In him was the old Jewish respect for learning. But in the end he did not graduate. There had come the revocation of citizenship, the loss of the passports—and a few days later the order to leave.

Kern shut his eyes. He saw his father as he had looked when he came back from the police station. A hunted face, feverish eyes; the tall, bowed figure, the restless, long, bony fingers. He had not dared to look at his wife and son, for it was he alone, he and his heritage, that had brought misfortune upon them. That night he took veronal. His wife found him in the bedroom next morning. She telephoned the nearest doctor. He refused to come because he would not treat a Jew. Then she telephoned the nearest Jewish doctor. He came and applied a stomach pump and brought him through.

A few days later they had to leave.

For two months they had been in Czechoslovakia where he and his father had tried to carry on a business in soap and toilet articles; they were caught and given friendly warning; then they had gone to Austria, had reported to the police and were forced to return to Czechoslovakia the same evening. Back to Austria again; danger again; then to Hungary where his mother had relatives. Two months, then the police came. The relatives had succeeded in keeping his ailing mother with them. Father and son had to go back.

Dry-eyed, Kern stared at the card players without seeing them. He wished he had something to read. That might distract him from the single gnawing thought that came again and again: What's the reason for all this? What's the meaning?



"Tell you what I'll do—I'll throw in a piece of punk"

GEORGE PRICE

He looked at his hands. They were clean, the nails were cut and tidy. The shirt he had on was clean too. He had only two left; one had been stolen in Prague together with a pair of shoes and his overcoat. His mother had told him when she said goodby that he must always take pride in himself and his possessions and he had tried to do it. He washed his shirts himself and took good care of his suit. He often remembered what his father had told him about the war and he tried to take things like a soldier. Tomorrow everything would be better. If only, while he was away, someone didn't steal the valise he had left behind in the rooming house.

THREE days later the cardsharp was released. Steiner was sorry to see him go, for he had picked up several new tricks from him. The deck, however, remained behind and in the next week Steiner taught Kern skat, poker, tarot and jass.

"Poker is international," he explained. "Skat is useful with German emigrants. Tarot in Austria, and you can make out anywhere in Switzerland with jass."

Kern applied himself to the new task with enthusiasm. He was eager to please Steiner. Hitherto his friends had been boys of his own age and even they had deserted him after 1933. Now he felt the superiority of this older, more experienced man and welcomed his friendship and the chance to learn from him.

AT THE end of two weeks Kern was again taken upstairs. He was led into a room where a middle-aged man was sitting. The place seemed gigantic and so brightly lighted that he had to squint. He had grown accustomed to the cell.

"You are Ludwig Kern, of no nationality, born November 30, 1916, in Dresden?" the man asked indifferently, glancing at a document.

Kern nodded. His throat was suddenly so dry he could not speak. The man looked up.

"Yes," Kern said in a hoarse voice.

"You have resided in Austria without reporting to the police—"

The man hastily read through the record. "You have been sentenced to fourteen days detention and have now served your time. You will be expelled from Austria. Here is the judicial order of deportation. You are to sign here in evidence of the fact that you have taken cognizance of this order and understand that to return will make you liable to punishment. Here at the right."

The man lit a cigarette. Kern looked in fascination at the pudgy, thick-veined hand holding the match. In two hours this man would shut up his desk and go to dinner. Afterward, perhaps, he would play a game of tarot and drink a few glasses of vintage wine. About eleven he would yawn, pay his check and announce: "I'm tired. I'm going home to bed." Home. To bed. At that time the woods along the border would be wrapped in darkness, strangeness, fear; and lost in them, alone, stumbling and tired, with a yearning for men and a dread of men, would be the tiny, flickering spark of life called Ludwig Kern. And the reason for this difference was that a piece of paper called a passport divided him from the bored official behind the desk. Their blood had the same temperature, their eyes the same structure, their nerves reacted to the same stimuli, their thoughts ran in the same channels—and yet an abyss separated them, nothing was the same for both; satisfaction for one was agony for the other, they were possessor and dispossessed, and the abyss that separated them was a scrap of paper on which there was nothing but a name and a few meaningless dates.

"Here at the right," said the official, "first and last name."

Kern pulled himself together and signed.

"To which border do you wish to be taken?" asked the official.

"The Czech border."

"All right. You will leave in an hour. A man will accompany you."

"I have a few things at the place I was staying. Can I get them?"

"What sort of things?"

"A bag with shirts and so forth."

"All right. Tell the officer who takes you. You can stop on the way."

A plain-clothes man from the criminal bureau came to get Steiner and Kern. Kern was excited. Once out of the building, he stopped involuntarily. The scene that met his eyes was like a soft breeze from the south. The sky was blue and early dusk was settling over the houses, the gables reflected the last red light of the sun, the Danube gleamed and, through the stream of people hurrying home or strolling about the streets, glistening busses pushed their way. A group of girls in bright dresses crowded by, laughing. Kern thought he had never seen anything so fine.

"Let's go," said the official.

ON THE way out of the city by trolley Kern suddenly felt very tired. The rattling of the car lulled him. As though in a dream he saw the houses file past, factories, streets, inns with tall walnut trees, meadows, fields and the soft blue dusk of the May evening. His thoughts became vague and shrouded in dreams—dreams of a white house among blooming chestnut trees, of a deputation of prominent men in morning coats come to hand him a scroll of honorary citizenship and of a dictator in uniform who got down on his knees and weepingly begged his forgiveness.

It was almost dark when they reached the customhouse. The official from the criminal bureau turned them over to the customs men and then plodded back through the lilac-colored dusk.

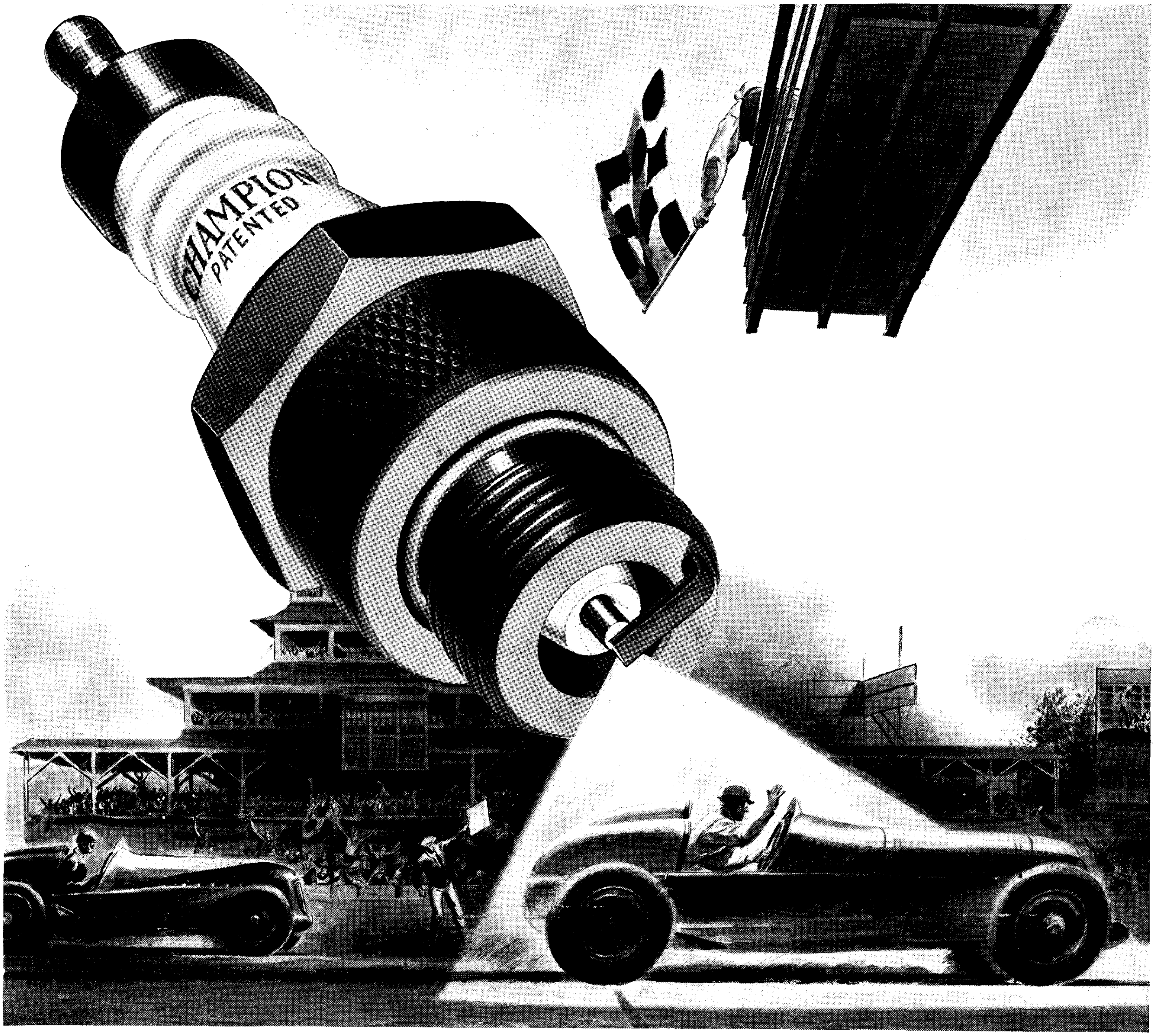
"It's still too early," said an officer who was stopping and searching cars. "About nine-thirty is the best time."

Kern and Steiner sat down on a bench in front of the door and watched the cars draw up. After a while a second customs man came out. He led them along a path between fields that smelled of earth and dew, past a few houses with lighted windows and a patch of woods and then stopped. "Over there's where you have to cross. Go straight along this path, then it's a hundred yards more to the border. Move fast until you get to the woods, then you can take your time."

The two started. Kern looked around once as they walked. The customs man was standing, black against the sky, watching them. They went on.

Beyond the woods they stopped under an old beech tree to talk things over. In front of them lay a gently rolling meadow. In the distance the lights of a village gleamed. Steiner opened his knapsack and searched for cigarettes. He looked at Kern's valise. "I've found a knapsack more practical. It isn't so conspicuous when you're crossing a border. People take you for someone on a walking trip."

"They check up on walkers too," Kern



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said. "Everyone who looks poor gets checked up. A car would be the best thing. My father had one once."

They lit cigarettes. "I'm going back in an hour," Steiner said. "And you?"

"I'll try to make Prague. The police aren't so bad there and perhaps my father can give me a hand."

"Do you know where he's living?"

"No. I'm hoping to run into him somewhere."

"How much money have you?"

"Twelve schillings."

Steiner searched his pockets. "Here are ten more. That ought to get you to Prague."

Kern looked up quickly. "Go ahead, take it," Steiner said, "I still have enough for myself."

He showed a couple of bills. In the darkness Kern couldn't see what they were. He took a deep breath and accepted the money.

"You'll be gypped out of part of it," Steiner explained, "because you'll have to exchange it on the sly."

Kern nodded and put the bills in his pocket. "Thanks," he said.

Steiner did not reply. He was smoking and the recurrent glow of his cigarette etched his face in light and shadow.

"Why are you on the road, anyway?" Kern asked timidly. "You're not a Jew."

Steiner was silent for a while. "No, I'm not a Jew," he said finally.

There was a rustling in the woods behind them. Kern jumped and half got up. "A rabbit or a squirrel," Steiner said. Then he turned to Kern. "Here's something to think about when you're feeling low, kid. You are out of the country, your father is out, your mother is out. I'm out too—but my wife is in Germany. I don't know what's happening to her."

The rustling behind them came again. Steiner stamped out his cigarette and leaned against the trunk of the beech tree.

A breeze sprang up. The moon rose, gigantic and red, above the horizon. A blood-red moon, the way it had looked on that last night—

AFTER his escape from the concentration camp, Steiner had hidden for a week at a friend's house. He had sat in a locked attic room, ready to flee over the roof at the first suspicious sound. At night his friend had brought him a bottle of water and food. On the second night he brought a couple of books. Steiner had read them feverishly, all day long. over and over, trying not to think. He dared not light a light or smoke. They had to be so careful, he and his friend, that they barely whispered to each other.

"Does Marie know I'm out?" Steiner asked, on the first night.

His friend nodded.

"Has anything happened to her?"

His friend shook his head and went away.

STEINER always asked the same question. Every night. On the fourth night his friend told him that he had seen Steiner's wife. Now she knew where he was. He had had a chance to whisper the news to her. Tomorrow he would see her again. Steiner spent the whole next day writing a letter, which the friend was to give her. In the evening he tore it up. Perhaps she was being watched. For the same reason he asked his friend not to meet her again. He spent three more nights in the room. Finally his friend came with money, a ticket and some clothes. He cut his hair and bleached it with peroxide. Then he gave the same treatment to the mustache he had grown. In the morning he left the house, wearing a laborer's jacket and carrying a box of tools. He had intended to leave the city immediately, but he weakened. It was two years since he had seen his wife. He walked to the market place. An hour later his wife came. He began to shake. She walked past him, however, without seeing him. He followed her and, when he was close behind her, he said: "Don't look around. It's me. Go on walking."

Her shoulders quivered and she threw back her head. Then she went on. But it was as if her whole being were concentrated in the act of listening.

"Have they done anything to you?" asked the voice behind her.

She shook her head.

"Are you being watched?"

She nodded.

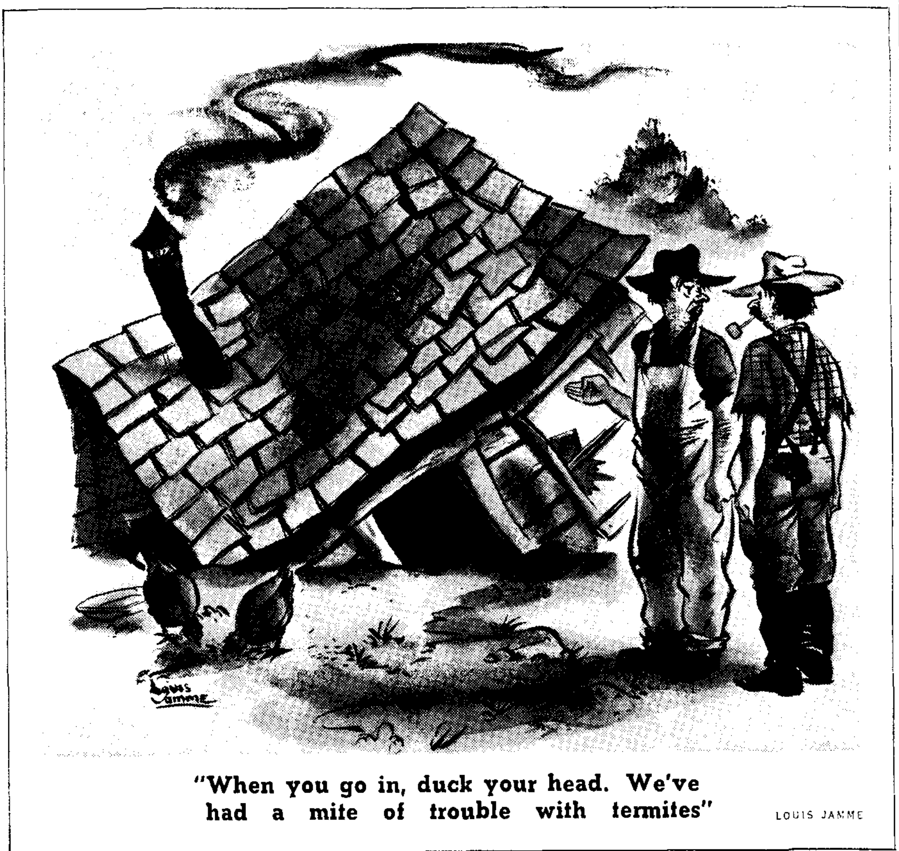
"Now?"

She hesitated, then shook her head.

"I'm going to leave immediately Make my way to the border. I won't be able to write you. You must divorce me."

The woman paused in her stride as though she had been hit. Then she went on.

"You must divorce me. You must go tomorrow and say that you want to divorce me because of my political views.



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Sergeant's

DOG MEDICINES

You must say that you hadn't realized before what they were."

His wife's head did not move. She walked straight ahead, holding herself rigidly erect.

"You must understand me," Steiner whispered, hoarse with urgency. "It's only to make you safe. It would drive me crazy if they did anything to you. You must divorce me, then they'll leave you alone."

His wife made no answer.

"I love you, Marie," Steiner whispered. "I love you more than anything in the world. I won't leave unless you promise. I'll give myself up if you don't promise. Do you understand?"

After an eternity, his wife nodded.

"You promise?"

His wife nodded slowly. Her shoulders sagged.

"I'm going to turn right now, along the walk between the butchers' stalls. You turn left and come around to meet me. Don't say anything, don't make a sign—I just want to see you—once. Then I'll go. If you hear nothing, it will mean I got across safely."

His wife nodded and walked faster.

STEINER turned and went up the alley between the butchers' awnings. There were crowds of women with market baskets in front of the stands. The butchers were shouting. The smell of the meat was unbearable. But suddenly all that ceased to exist. The hacking of the cleavers on the wooden blocks became the distant whetting of scythes. The step and face of his beloved brought with them familiar scenes—a meadow, a cornfield, birch trees, freedom and the wind. Their eyes sought each other's and clung, and in that glance were pain and happiness and love and imminent separation—the essence of life itself, caught in an instant, full and sweet and wild—and renunciation like a barrier of flashing knives.

They had stopped at the same instant, unconscious of what they were doing, and now they walked past each other, unaware that they were moving. Then suddenly Steiner's eyes were empty of sight and it was a while before he could even distinguish the kaleidoscopic colors that unrolled meaninglessly before him.

He blundered on, began to walk faster, as fast as he could without attracting attention. He knocked a side of slaughtered pig off a butcher's table and heard the curses of the butcher like the rumbling of a drum. He ran around the corner of a stall and stopped; and saw her walking out of the market place. She moved very slowly. At the corner of the street she halted and turned around. For a long time she stood with face upraised and eyes very wide. The wind tugged at her clothes and pressed them against her body. Steiner did not know whether she saw him. He dared not signal to her, for he felt she might run back to him. After a long time she lifted her hands and pressed them against her breast. She held herself toward him—she held herself toward him in an agonized, empty and blind embrace, with open mouth and eyes tight closed. Then she turned slowly away, and the shadowy ravine of the street swallowed her up.

Three days later Steiner crossed the border. The night was windy and a blood-red moon hung over the horizon. Experience had made Steiner hard. But once he had the border behind him, he turned, still dripping with cold sweat, and, like a man possessed, whispered back the name of his wife.

STEINER took out another cigarette. Kern struck a light. In the blaze of the match his face looked forlorn.

"How old are you?" Steiner asked.

"Nineteen. I'll soon be twenty."

"Well, well, almost twenty," Steiner smiled. "This is no laughing matter, is it, baby?"

Kern shook his head.

For a time Steiner was silent. Then he said: "At nineteen I was in the war. In Flanders. That was no laughing matter either. This sort of thing is a hundred times better. Can you understand that?"

"Yes!" Kern turned toward him. "It's better than being dead, too. I know all that."

"Then you know a lot. Before the war very few people knew that."

"Before the war! That was a hundred years ago."

"A thousand." Steiner laughed. "When I was twenty I was in a field hospital. It was there that I learned the most important thing in life. Do you want to know what it is?"

"Yes," Kern said quickly.

"All right." Steiner dragged on his cigarette. "There wasn't much wrong with me. A fairly painless flesh wound. But beside me lay my friend. Not just any friend. My friend. A piece of shrapnel had torn open his belly. Like a butcher's shop, as the soldiers used to say. He lay there and screamed. On the second day he was so hoarse he could only groan. He begged me to finish him off. I'd have done it, too, if I had known how. On the third day we had pea soup at noon. Thick soup with bacon, the kind we had before the war. Up to then all they had given us was a sort of dishwater. We gobbled it up, ravenously. And while I lapped up mine with delight, like a starving ox, I saw, over the rim of the dish, my friend's face with its split, gaping lips and I saw that he was dying in agony; two hours later he was dead. And I had devoured a meal, and it had tasted better than anything in my life."

HE PAUSED. "You were dreadfully hungry," Kern said.

"No, that's not the point. It's this: a man can gasp out his life beside you—and you feel none of it. Pity, sympathy, sure—but you don't feel the pain. Your belly is whole and that's what counts. A half a yard away someone's world is snuffed out in roaring agony—and you feel nothing. Half an arm's reach away lies a man with a hash of blazing iron and raw flesh in place of a stomach—and you see it and your stomach belches with enjoyment of pea soup. That's the world's misfortune. Make a note of it, baby. That's why progress is so slow and things slip back so fast. Do you believe it?"

"No," said Kern.

Steiner laughed. "All right. But think about it sometime. Maybe it will be a help."

He stood up. "I'm going. Back. The customs man won't expect me now." He gave Kern his hand. It was big and dry and warm. "Good luck. Perhaps we'll run into each other again. I'm often at the Café Sperl in the evenings. You can ask for me there. What's your name?"

"Kern. Ludwig Kern. I'll write it down for you."

"No need, Kern. I'll remember. My name is Steiner."

"Yes, I know."

"Well, take care of yourself."

"Thanks a lot. For everything."

"You'll have to break yourself of thankfulness. No, don't do that. Perhaps it will help you. I don't mean with others, that's boloney. I mean what it does for you yourself. Warms your heart when you can feel it. And remember this: anything's better than war."

"And better than being dead," Kern answered with a feeble smile.

"I don't know about being dead. But better than dying, anyhow. So long, baby."

"So long, Steiner."

(To be continued next week)

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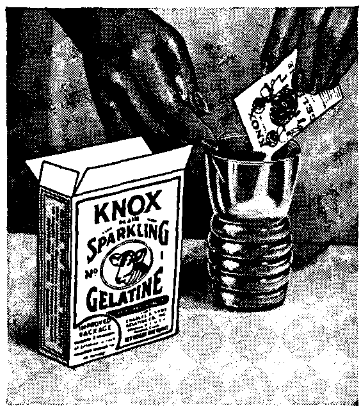

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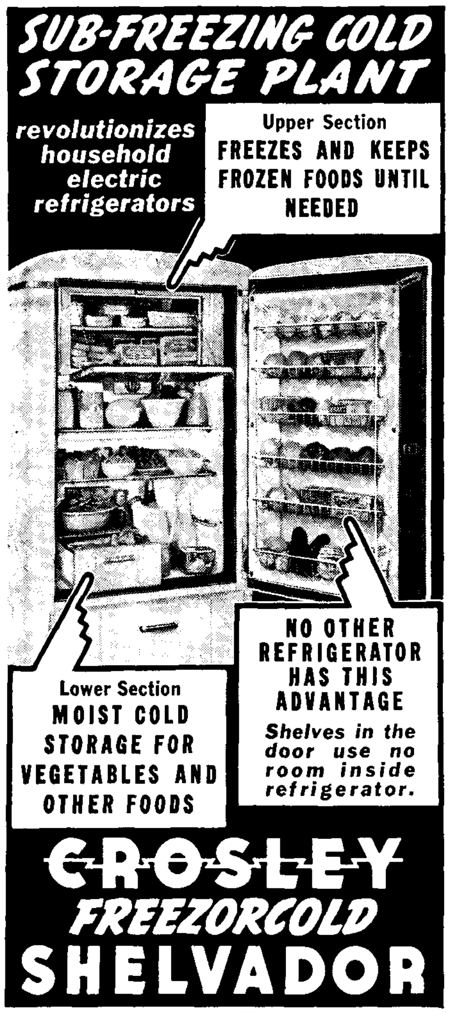
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GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE

The Bard's Girl Friend

Continued from page 11

his production of Richard II. Somewhat dictatorial himself, he handed her a working script that he had prepared.

"This is the way I want to do it," he said.

Miss Webster reported back in a few hours. "I think it's terrible," she said, "but if that's the way you want to do it . . ."

When rehearsals began a fortnight later, Evans found that a totally different and vastly improved version had been drafted by Peggy. After that, he left the arrangement of the play to her. She worked out the full-length Hamlet on the Riviera last summer. She toiled over Henry IV in her New York apartment in the winter.

Evans, Ffolkes and La Webster are a combination who blend fine production with penny-pinching. Working in harmony, as a rule, they are brutally frank toward each other. The result has been Shakespeare as a first-rate money-maker. This isn't easy because the average production costs as much as a musical comedy and yet must play to a $3.30 instead of a $4.40 top. Significant is the fact that John Gielgud's Hamlet of two seasons ago cost $52,000 to stage. Leslie Howard's backers spent $80,000. The Evans Hamlet, despite the fact that it was full length, cost only $32,000.

Born for the Theater

On the wall of the cubbyhole office at the St. James Theater, where Peggy Webster plans these economies, is an ancient theatrical bill that discloses why she prefers acting to directing. Dated 1856, it announces the appearance of Benn Webster in "a new tragedy, Medea," at the Theater Royal in *Adelphi. Benjamin N. Webster was a* leading English actor-manager and was Peggy's great-grandfather. Her father, also named Ben—somewhere the final consonant was dropped—is a famous Shakespearean actor today. Her mother, Dame May Whitty, is perhaps the best-known theatrical member of her family. But Peggy, herself, was prosaically born in New York City, in a house at Sixth Avenue and Fifty-eighth Street which has long since vanished. A parking lot is there now. Her mother and father were, at the time, living and touring in the United States.

A family tree festooned with such stars naturally turned the youthful Margaret's mind toward the theater.

"My parents objected to a stage career with the usual insincerity of theatrical parents," she has since observed.

Anyway, she went on the stage at the abnormal age of seven or eight under no less a personage than the great Ellen Terry. The production seems to have been vaguely on the Nativity pattern. Peggy's role was to recite a prologue, Miss Terry listening from the wings.

"Very good, Peggy!" came a rich, resonant voice when she had finished. Startled, Peggy stumbled and fell off the stage in the general direction of the audience. Her career was interrupted by school, by frequent long journeys with her parents and by certain inner doubts. When seventeen or eighteen, she contemplated, instead of acting, a course at Oxford and succeeded in passing her preliminary examinations. But she changed her mind and went to Paris, where she attended all the plays, visited galleries and absorbed culture generally.

In 1917 or 1918—nobody seems to remember precisely when it was—the trails of Peggy Webster and Maurice Evans crossed for the first time. Evans was then a publisher's clerk but he yearned for the footlights. An amateur company with which he was connected planned a production of Shaw's Major Barbara, and Evans, as the leading player, was delegated to find a theater. Peggy's mother was, at the time, running a dramatic school in which there was a small theater. Evans leased this and then remarked that they had found, as yet, no actress to play opposite him.

"Why not try my daughter?" Dame May asked.

Evans was greatly awed by Margaret, who had already made professional appearances, but they got along very well. The truth is that she wasn't much of a professional yet and paid jobs were very rare. By 1924, however, she was fairly well established and was with Sybil Thorndike in special performances of The Trojan Women. Next year she went through the ordeal of being a minor player with John Barrymore in his London Hamlet. She was a nun and supposed to be dignified. But this was difficult because John Barrymore was incessantly playing tricks when in the wings—innocent ones such as blowing his nose very loudly or pretending to have hiccoughs. They weren't particularly funny, but Margaret had, and still has, a tendency to laugh too easily. Thus she was in constant terror that she would giggle just as she walked mournfully on as a nun.

Meanwhile she had been drenching herself in Shakespeare, not because she had a mad passion for the Elizabethan drama but because she could get no other jobs. She toured nearly every village in England with Sir Philip Ben Greet and again her funny bone was a handicap.

In 1931 she played with Evans again, this time in John Van Druten's After All. Her decision to become a director resulted, the next year, from a tedious session in Richard of Bordeaux, which had a lengthy run. Her first assignment was with a stock company. After that, she directed a string of plays for the West End. All in all, her career was successful without being brilliant. She rated fairly well as an actress. She rated a little better as a director. The turning point was 1937. Evans, in New York, heard glowing reports of her talents and called her to direct Richard II. Her real fame—a rather jolly joke on England—came to her in America.

The point behind it all, naturally, is that the Evans-Webster-Ffolkes trio regard Shakespeare as a living playwright rather than a dreary museum piece. The actors in a Webster production are not allowed to declaim great lines, while the play itself slows down or stops entirely. It is an open secret on Broadway that Evans, himself, has been toned down by the energetic Peggy and tactfully reminded that he is an actor in a play and not an orator reciting poetry. The Webster productions move swiftly, lack the confusion so frequent in Shakespeare, are exciting and fresh. That is why they are making money.

The Story's the Thing

A story that Miss Webster likes to tell illustrates, possibly, why she is good at editing plays and putting them on. Lack of exact veracity, to be blunt about it, doesn't bother her. The story, as she tells it, is about the time years ago when both she and Maurice Evans were barnstorming, in separate companies, throughout England.

They met, one day, she says, at the railroad junction between Oxford and Cambridge. Evans had just been playing in Cambridge and she in Oxford. Now, the companies were switching theaters. During a second or two on the station platform, Evans and Peggy compared the two theaters.

"How is the one in Oxford?" he asked.

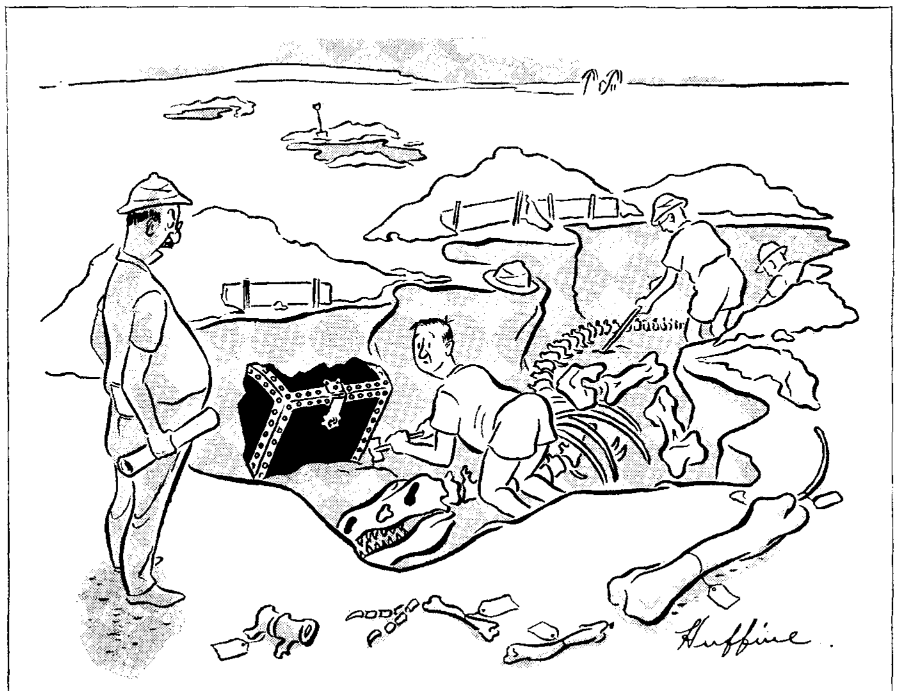
"Terrible," she answered. "How about Cambridge?"

"Remarkable," he said.

Arriving in Cambridge, she discovered what he meant. The theater had once been a mission. Above the stage door appeared the legend, "Jesus Only."

A conscientious journalist—as a matter of fact *this* particular journalist—attempted to confirm this story. Had it happened just that way?

"Well," said Peggy, "not *just* that way. It's true about the theater, all right, and it's true we met. But I really telescoped two stories. Mr. Evans didn't say it that way. But he might have, you know. As a matter of fact he did, when I mentioned that stage door the next time I saw him. I think it makes a better story the way I tell it. Don't you?"



"Never mind that, Alex—let's keep our minds on our business"

D. HUFFINE

What We'll Look Like Tomorrow

Continued from page 13

characters of *Pithecanthropus* that it may well be its offspring. It has been called the Modjokerto Child, if that will help you any. Explorations are still being made in Java, and it is safe to prophesy that more complete skulls will be discovered which may yield startling information.

Like the Dutchman Dubois, when I organized the Central Asiatic Expeditions one of our avowed objects was to find primitive man in Asia. We missed making the greatest discovery in the whole history of human ancestry because we stuck to an agreement we had made with the Chinese Geological Survey. I promised not to work in areas in which the Chinese were interested if they would let us explore in Mongolia. (When we made great discoveries in the Gobi Desert they reneged on their agreement, but that is neither here nor there.)

First Citizen of the Animal World

One day our chief Paleontologist, Dr. Walter Granger, was in the Western Hills thirty miles from Peking with Dr. J. G. Andersson of the Chinese Geological Survey. They discovered a deposit of fossil bones which eventually produced six skulls, several jaws and many teeth of more than twenty-seven individuals. This fellow was named the Peking Man, *Sinanthropus pekinensis*.

The Peking Man is probably just about as old as the Java Man and appears to be in the direct line of modern human ancestry. The Java Man may or may not be a degenerate offshoot that died without perpetuating his dynasty. But it is my personal opinion that further information will show him to be in the direct human line. The Peking Man might be called the First Citizen of the animal world.

Because of the wealth of material and the conditions under which it was found, more has been learned about his intelligence and cultural development than of any other of the most ancient types.

He had a good-sized brain—from 915 to 1,220 cubic centimeters—which puts him definitely within the range of human variation. Still he was not very intelligent. Had he lived today he would have been complimented in being called a moron. He had a very limited faculty of profiting by experience. His power of self-control, conduct and the other requisites of an acceptable member of modern society were sadly lacking. Had he been invited by some lion-hunting hostess to a dinner party doubtless he would have gobbled all the food within reach and made it a thoroughly disagreeable evening for the other guests. Still he was distinctly better off than the Java Ape Man.

There is a little rounded swelling in the forehead which indicates that our friend from Peking had begun to think. The posterior part of the skull shows that the brain was advanced over *Pithecanthropus*. In all primitive human and anthropoid types there is a comparatively great development of the central and back parts of the brain because these sections are responsible for muscular action and sensory impressions.

Naturally, humans that were virtually in an animal stage must have good control of arms, legs and body, and excellent eyesight, taste, smell and hearing. Thus the skull of Peking Man approaches a modern human in posterior development. Moreover, it foreshadows in the small frontal bulge the brain growth that enabled his descendants to dominate the earth.

Our Pekingese ancestor had a very weak chin, in common with other primitive types and the apes. Long after the teeth and skull had become definitely human, the chin remained recessive. Still I hardly think that we can safely predict what was the determination or will power of our primitive ancestors from the chins they left us as a legacy. Nevertheless, we do know beyond doubt that as the human race developed the chin became a really important feature of the face; it accompanied, in a way, mental development; so much so that the point of the chin is often referred to as the "mental eminence."

Peking Man's teeth tell a very interesting story. They are all big, the eyeteeth, while not fangs, are larger and longer-rooted than in modern types. Also the crown patterns are more complex and more like those of apes than the molars we chew with.

None of the many teeth discovered show any sign of disease—such as caries or pyorrhea—and Peking Man didn't have to worry about dentists.

A thigh and other fragments of leg bones show that Peking Man walked erect, not stooping over or shambling. Female thighbones indicate that Peking Woman stood about five feet four inches tall.

Peking Man knew the use of fire and this is one of the greatest forward steps of the human race. Many blackened bones and much charcoal have been found with the other specimens.

The Peking Man at Home

Also, we rather hate to think that he may have been a cannibal. The skulls and leg bones are broken in a way that suggests it was done to get at the brains and marrow. But there are bones of other animals evidently brought to the cave for food, and probably Peking Man also ate grubs, roots and herbs. Strangely enough, they liked the nut-like, oily seeds of the hackberry tree, for great quantities of the hard shells were mixed with the human remains.

One of the greatest discoveries are hundreds of stone implements. True, they are very crude and used only for scraping, cutting and digging, but they are undoubtedly human artifacts. Twenty years ago only very few scientists believed that a man of such an early period would have intelligence enough to utilize stones for implements. It is my belief that some day we will find that *Pithecanthropus* also knew how to make and use crude tools.

Did Peking Man have trouble with Peking Woman's talking too much? Probably not. No doubt she jabbered a lot but she could not have said much that was worth listening to. Although the physical ability to produce speech sounds may have been present, the mental capacity for symbolic thinking and for the invention and use of words just wasn't there. As a matter of fact, this applies equally well to all other very primitive types of men.

At about the same time, or possibly earlier, that Peking Man was running up and down the slopes of the beautiful Western Hills, another race was living in the forests of southern England. Mr. Charles Dawson found in a gravel bed near Piltdown Common, Sussex, parts of a skull, jaw and teeth of a very early type of human. Doctor Arthur Smith-Woodward named it *Eoanthropus dawsoni*—the Dawn Man.

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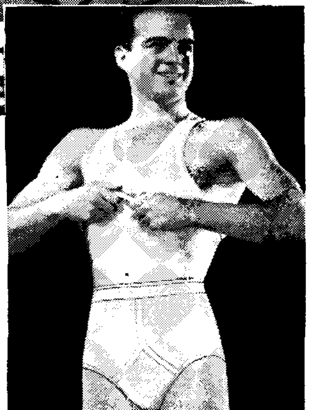

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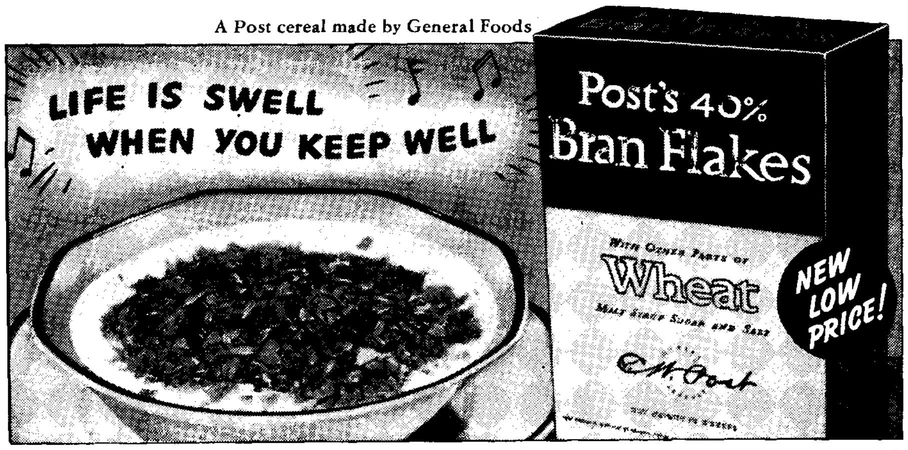
P. S. Sometimes Dot serves *bran muffins* made with Post's Bran Flakes. The recipe's right on the package—and what a grand and glorious treat they are!

A Post cereal made by General Foods



LIFE IS SWELL WHEN YOU KEEP WELL
Post's 40% Bran Flakes
With Other Parts of Wheat
Malt Syrup Sugar and Salt
NEW LOW PRICE!

IMPORTANT: Post's Bran Flakes, due to their bulk, are a *regulative* cereal. Constipation due to insufficient bulk in the diet should yield to Post's Bran Flakes, eaten regularly—as a breakfast cereal or in muffins. For cases not corrected in this simple manner, a physician should be consulted.

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others amazingly retarded—notably the jaw. It was the jaw that caused a bitter controversy, for while the two molar teeth are more human than ape, the jaw with its extremely receding chin is more ape than human.

Did the skull and the jaw belong together?—that was the question.

The controversy became heated. Scientists are just as human as anyone else and one Britisher and one American hurled broadsides at each other across the Atlantic through the medium of their respective national scientific journals. The rest rather stood on the side lines and watched the fireworks. Finally the contending parties became distinctly personal. They even expressed in public their opinions of the other fellow's brain capacity and implied that it compared unfavorably with that of *Pithecanthropus erectus.*

Piltdown and Neanderthal

At the end, the majority of those scientists competent to judge agreed that the skull and jaw did belong together and that Piltdown Man is a remarkable early human type with very thick skull bones and an apelike jaw.

Another specimen in the broken chain of human ancestry which helps to bear this out is the famous Heidelberg Jaw found in 1907 in Germany. It is extraordinarily massive, having definitely human teeth but with a chin which is less receding than that of an anthropoid ape.

Apparently the Heidelberg Man was a direct ancestor to a later type of which we know a good deal—Neanderthal Man. He persisted through the warm third interglacial stage of the Ice Age and much of the fourth glacial period and only became extinct at the time when true man, *Homo sapiens,* appeared in Europe. He may cover 100,000 years or more.

Up to this year, fossil specimens representing nearly a hundred individuals of Neanderthal Man have been recovered, scattered from Palestine and Crimea to Germany and Spain. Other primitive races resembling Neanderthals have been given different names such as the Rhodesian Man, Ngandong Man and the Mt. Carmel Man.

The skull of Neanderthal Man presents a strange appearance evident even to a casual observer. The face is large and prominent compared with the brain case. The huge palate and jaws cause the lower part of the face to protrude and the chin is sloping. A broad flat nose, large eyes overhung by heavy, arching brow ridges, receding forehead and a bulging posterior part of the skull make up a most unlovely individual. Although his brain capacity is nearly as large as the average for modern Europeans, the convolutions appear to be more gross and simple and the gray matter thus less developed than in our brains of today.

He varied in height from four feet nine inches to five feet four inches, was short and stout, had bent knees, a slightly stooping posture and a forward inclination of the head. Even if his mother, when he was very young, had continually slapped him on the back and told him to hold his head up straight it wouldn't have done much good. He wasn't built that way.

Neanderthal Man was a hunter. He fought the woolly rhinoceros and the mammoth with crude implements; lived under overhanging ledges and rock shelters and probably wore animal skins for protection from the cold.

It is believed that a high type of man, the Cro-Magnons, entered Europe from the east and drove out the Neanderthals about forty thousand years ago. They were a race of hunters, of painters and sculptors far superior to any of their predecessors. Their high intellectual foreheads offered a great contrast to the low brows and apelike orbital ridges of the Neanderthals. If a Cro-Magnon man dressed in modern clothes were to pass you on the street it is doubtful if you would give him a second glance. Probably blood of the Cro-Magnons runs in the veins of some of the existing European races. They left behind them a wonderful art heritage in paintings and sculptures on the walls of the caves in France and Spain where they lived during the close of the long glacial epoch. After them came our own immediate ancestors, probably also from Asia, who, because man is essentially a tourist, have spread to the uttermost corners of the earth.

The relationship, if any, between the Neanderthal and Cro-Magnon men is a highly disputed point. Several distinguished scientists maintain that Neanderthal man was a progenitor of the Cro-Magnon type, which belongs to the species of modern man, *Homo sapiens.* If so, there would be Neanderthal blood in our veins, way, way back. At any rate, the invading Cro-Magnons might well have interbred with the Neanderthals, lowly and unattractive as their women were, if they followed the custom of twentieth-century conquerors!

Other scientists, however, believe that the Cro-Magnon group developed independently somewhere in Asia. The fact is that the direct ancestor of modern man's species is not known. We are only certain that the Cro-Magnon and his relatives were the earliest representatives of *Homo sapiens* in Europe.

When man's evolution had progressed to the high stage of the Cro-Magnon, several other races were established in various parts of the world.

It Isn't All Guesswork

We have many species of lower animals. Take dogs for example. There are dozens of species and breeds from all over the earth and their history is pretty well known. Still it is absolutely impossible to state just what particular species was the earliest ancestor of living dogs. As with dogs, so with modern man.

In spite of all this we see that although the fossil record of our lineage is broken, the story of man's evolution is far from theory or guesswork. The main facts are definitely established material facts. They are far from satisfactory as yet and numberless details remain to be filled in to complete the picture, but these are being supplied with amazing rapidity almost every year as exploration carries on.

What caused different races of early man to develop and where that evolution first took place are fascinating questions to be answered in the future. As yet they are largely theory. By far the greatest number of authorities favor Central Asia as the place of man's earliest emergence from the primitive ancestral stock. A few believe in Africa and Europe or Mesopotamia as the paleontological Garden of Eden.

The great plateau of Central Asia offered ideal conditions for human development a million years ago. It was a savannah country, dotted with clumps of trees; it had an invigorating climate and game enough to present a healthy struggle for existence without too rigorous conditions. No men or animals reach a high development in a heavily forested or tropical country. Life is too easy, one has but to make the slightest effort to obtain fruit and other edibles sufficient for existence. Hot weather is not conducive either to body or brain activity. In our lives today the spur of necessity is needed to make the average man a credit to his kind.

Looking back at our ancestry of nearly a million years I often wonder what we will be like half a million years in the future. We have seen what unlovely specimens Neanderthal Men were, judged by our standards of today. Will we change as much in bodily structure in the next five hundred thousand years as we did in the past?

Probably not, but physical anthropologists avoid the subject as a rule. We saw how the brain of primitive man increased in size with almost every forward step in his evolution.

Doctor Harry Shapiro thinks that our hypothetical future man will have not only a larger brain case but a rounder one as well, if the rate of increase continues constant as it has been since the Java Ape Man. That would give us about 1725 cubic centimeters for the man of half a million years from now. Still such a chap would not be a balloon-headed individual, for there are many men walking the streets whose skull capacity even exceeds that figure. But a ray of hope is extended by the fact that there are indications that the *quality* of the brain may improve without change in size.

Score One for the Ladies

Doctor Shapiro also thinks that our brows will be smoother with less prominent eye ridges than are common today. At present the female of the species tends to have a brow that is more or less vertical above the eye, whereas in the male there is a moderate swelling above the root of the nose; on either side of this swelling vestigial ridges of bone still persist. In the evolution of the skull there has been a consistent expansion of the frontal region and a smoothing of the brow.

As a matter of fact, women are about half a million years ahead of men in this respect. If sex differences persist, however, females of the future will rejoice in an almost bulbous forehead, like a new-born baby's, by the time men have attained the smooth brow that women so dearly love at present.

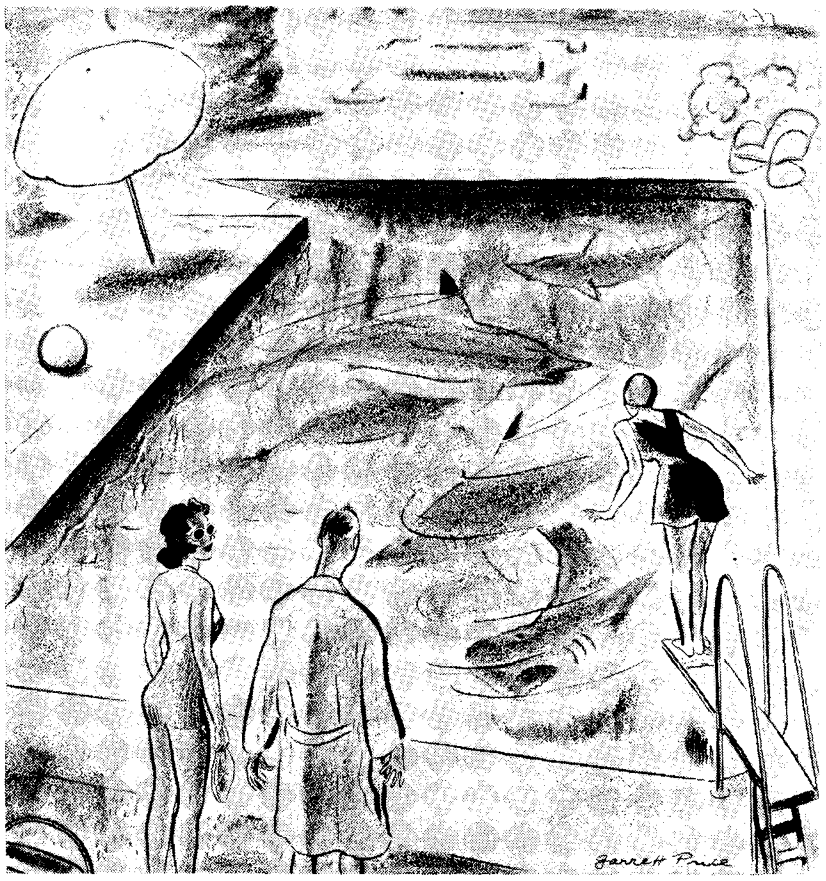
Doctor Shapiro is much concerned about the future of our teeth. He is convinced that decay, wrongly erupted teeth and crowding in so many of the infants of our species foreshadow a smaller face, jaws and teeth and the loss of our "wisdom teeth" and lateral incisors.

He thinks too, that man of the future will be taller than we are. It is a fact that the present generation is about 3.55 centimeters taller than their fathers, young sons are somewhat taller than their elder brothers, and the fathers are taller than their grandfathers. He will also probably have a stronger and better back. Nature has done a pretty good job in adapting a body originally intended to function on all fours to an upright posture. But the "small" of our backs still persists as a weak spot. We are quite likely to lose our last lumbar vertebra—or rather to have it fuse with the sacrum.

Our taller man will probably have either lost his little toe entirely or it will be only a nubbin. It isn't of much use to us anyway and we would not miss it if it were gone.

Most unhappy of all, man of the future is likely to have little if any hair on his body and become bald very early in life. So may his wife. In the course of human evolution the pelt has constantly diminished. We don't need hair to keep us warm when clothes do the job—therefore, why have body hair? Some races, like the Mongoloids, have advanced further in this respect than have white men, and their body hair has almost entirely disappeared. It is true also that baldness is much more frequent among highly civilized races of mankind than among the primitive people of nature. If we continue to remain civilized in the way we are today, physical anthropologists draw a picture of the man of thirty, five hundred thousand years from now, as having a head resembling the surface of a billiard ball.

We can remember, however, that our judgment of what is or is not beautiful will have changed with our bodily characters. The man of the future may well look back upon us with our big faces and small heads, with five toes instead of four, with all our teeth and with hair on the top of our heads, with the same amusement that women find in the hats their mothers wore in the gay nineties.



"George put them in there to prove that sharks don't attack human beings"

GARRETT PRICE

Lotta folks ain't gonna *know* me in this hat—

Well, howdy trouble! I been a-settin' round here a-pumpin' up tires and squirtin' the squeaks outa gas buggies since nineteen 'ought seven.

Last summer I gallivanted up No'th an' run into some of my Yankee pardners who sell the same brand of oil I handle.

Brother, they *got* something up there. One of them Nutmeg Staters lit into me, not knowin' I get the same catalogue from headquarters as he does.

"Mister," he says, talkin' through his nose, but pleasant. "Mister, do you realize you can cause fifty miles of wear in *one* cold start?

"Do you know that you have to have an oil that *flows instantly* to every movin' part when you start?

"Just think, in today's stop-and-go drivin' you face this here crisis maybe several times a day!

"An' you know that Golden Shell Oil, at 25¢ a quart, was *made* for just this trouble."

So I smiles an' says: *"Sure I know it,* but I can't *talk* it. Say, you teach me that sellin' talk and I'll have people comin' for miles around just to hear me *orate* on Golden Shell."

I been sellin' it by *personality,* not persuasion. Well, I'm puttin' on my persuadin' hat!

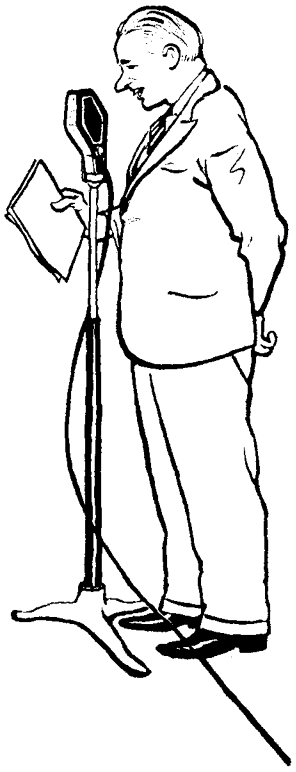
Sincerely,

Your Shell Dealer

P.S. Goin' to do a little tourin' over the Fourth? Well, if I or any of the other Shell Dealers can help you—why, just drop in.

Collier's
WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH, Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK, Editorial Director

YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN, SON



WE GROW more and more bored by the cracks taken at Elliott Roosevelt for having lifted his voice over the radio against some of the policies of his distinguished father.

What chiefly made the whole affair boring to us is the fact that the President himself doesn't give a hoot if the boy wants to run down the New Deal in public, and neither does Mrs. Roosevelt. Thereby they show themselves to be thoroughly up-to-date, understanding, realistic parents.

The people who are doing the squawking are people who hold themselves to be as liberals. Yet they try to make their squawks inflame nonliberal parents who think a son should never open his mouth in disagreement after the old man has spoken, especially if either the father or son or both happen to be prominent persons.

It will be too bad if that idea ever takes hold on a majority of Americans. This country will then become like poor old ancestor-worshiping China, where the noblest thing a man can hope to do is to avoid doing anything his father never did.

Conservative fathers in this country frequently find themselves with radical sons on their hands. Conversely, radical fathers often find the boy turning Republican or old-line Democrat or philosophic anarchist about the time he learns to put 2 and 2 together by himself.

It's a heartbreaking experience to a father who lacks a sense of humor and perspective. But disregarding the labels, all it means is that each of our generations has the courage and the curiosity to try something new—or something so old that it looks new. The courage and the curiosity are what count. They keep our society kicking ahead.

We say let son Elliott go to it.

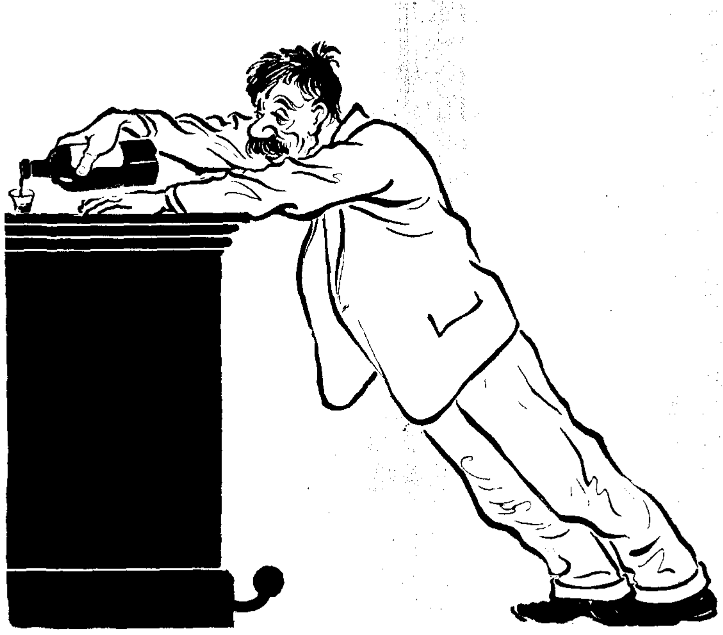
He has a perfect right to speak his mind—and he has a pretty good mind, judging from some of his radio speeches that we've read in the transcripts he mails around to the press.

For another point in his favor, he has more nerve than the typical rich or famous man's son who follows along carefully and comfortably in the ruts that pappy has mapped out for his convenience.

If Elliott makes a fool of himself, as he well may (he's only 31), judge him by ordinary standards. Don't make things tougher for him than they should be by insisting that some non-American code of conduct be applied to his case.

Elliott Roosevelt is entitled to a chance, like any other American, to make something out of himself by being himself and exploiting his own inner resources to the limit. Like the President and Mrs. Roosevelt, we wish him luck.

RAKE'S PROGRESS



IN THE middle-sized town where this reporter was born there used to be a Mr. Rufus J. Rake (fictitious name), and he surely was a case.

Rake's trouble was liquor. He was not one who could take it or leave it, as plenty of people can. Rake belonged to that smaller, more exclusive class of people to whom alcohol is a genuine narcotic, and who, therefore, should never make the mistake of touching even a glass of beer if they value their families' welfare and their own.

Rake's binges were legendary—week-long affairs, some of them, luridly studded with run-ins with the cops, nights in the clink, bleary-eyed police-court appearances, roadhouse brawls and after that heartbreaking hang-overs.

The hang-overs were the worst of the whole business, and yet, in an important way, the most hopeful part of it for a long time. During his earlier drinking years, Rake used to pass his hang-over periods telling himself over and over that he should never touch liquor, and resolving very solemnly that he would never take another drink.

As long as he felt that way during hang-overs, his friends felt that there was hope. At least he knew his weakness. Someday, therefore, he might conceivably make the supreme effort and conquer it.

Things panned out the other way for poor Rake. A subtle change at length worked itself in his spirit, nobody knew how or why. Simply, the time came when he took to regarding himself during his hang-overs as a smart and picturesque fellow for all that; took to priding himself on the iron constitution that had stood up through so many booze fights; took to planning his next big bat with pleased anticipation even while his head felt as if it would presently blow its top.

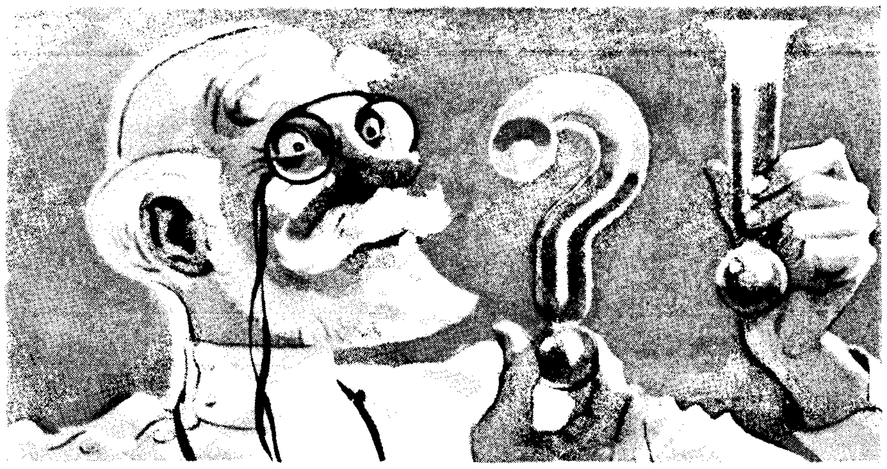
Rake's friends knew then that the die was cast. As soon as his mind came to view a suicidal weakness as something that was smart and admirable, all remaining hope for a comeback ended.

The last we heard of Rake he was in one of those sanitariums that specialize in alcoholic cases. The psychiatrists were sitting with him periodically, the orderlies dubbing emetics into what whisky he was allowed to have. He may have gotten out but we doubt it. If he did, our bet would be that he went back to drinking sooner or later.

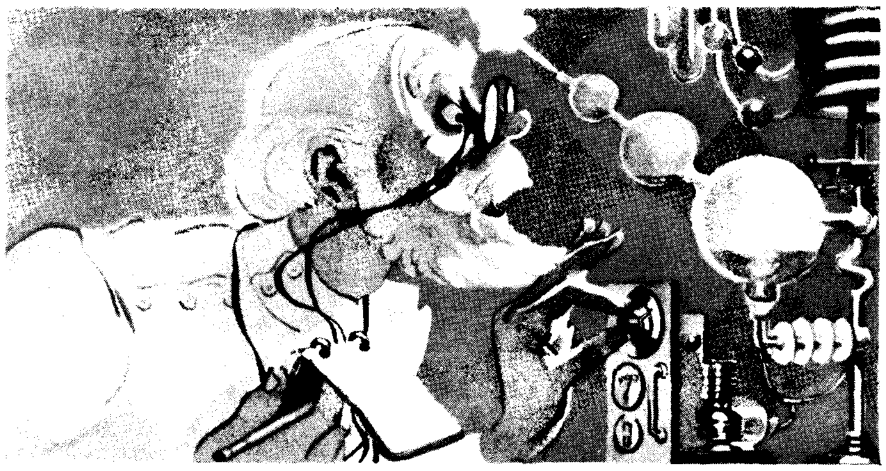
We were reminded of Rake's story when the Administration recently tossed overboard its old habit of deploring the necessity of spending astronomic moneys to lick the depression and promising someday to balance the budget, and took to bragging about its spendings, promising more of them, and hinting that the longer we put off balancing the budget, the better it will be for us.

2 ways of looking at a great whiskey

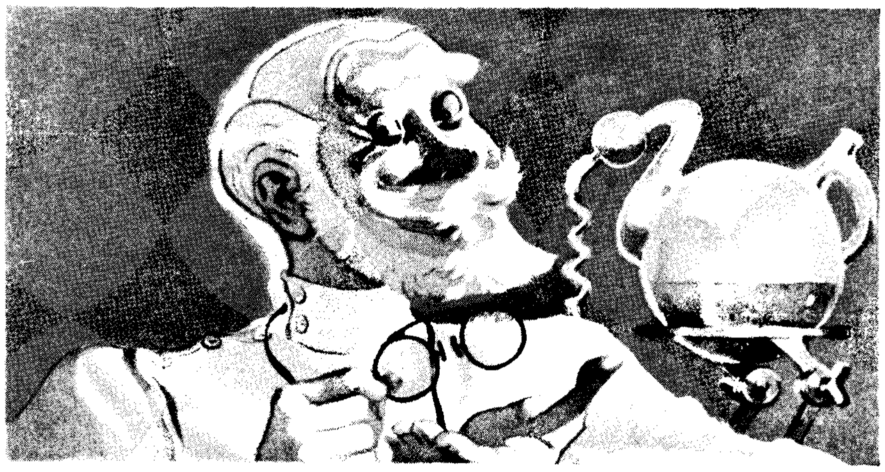
(ONE WAY)



1. **"The most painstaking tests** consistently fail to evince any evidence of even minute traces of sweetness in Paul Jones Whiskey."

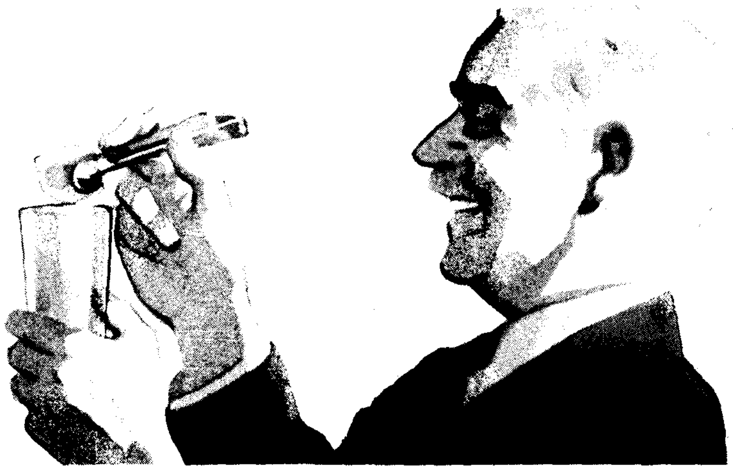


2. **"Further investigation,** nevertheless, reveals an abundance of those elements that endow a whiskey with distinctive character and an affinity for certain of the taste-buds."



3. **"Therefore,** it would seem reasonable to assume that Paul Jones Whiskey, when ingested, will in most cases actuate an emphatic approval."

(A BETTER WAY)



1. **"All you have to do** to find that Paul Jones is truly DRY—not the slightest speck sweet—is to pour yourself some and *try* it!"

2. **"With all its DRYNESS,** Paul Jones is full-flavored and satisfying—as a man's whiskey *ought* to be! Get a bottle and judge these qualities yourself."

Paul Jones
A Blend of Straight Whiskey

3. **"Just try DRY Paul Jones today**—at home or at your favorite bar—and you'll probably make it *your* whiskey for *life!*"

Paul Jones

*IT'S DRY**

Every drop is WHISKEY

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore

*DRY means not sweet

Drink
Coca-Cola
Delicious and
Refreshing

Face the day refreshed

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Now that "Old Sol" is getting out on the job early, get a head-start on the heat with ice-cold Coca-Cola. On a hot day, there's nothing like this cold drink. It's a refreshing way to start the day.

AND WHEN YOU ENTERTAIN...
SERVE COCA-COLA COLD...ICE-COLD